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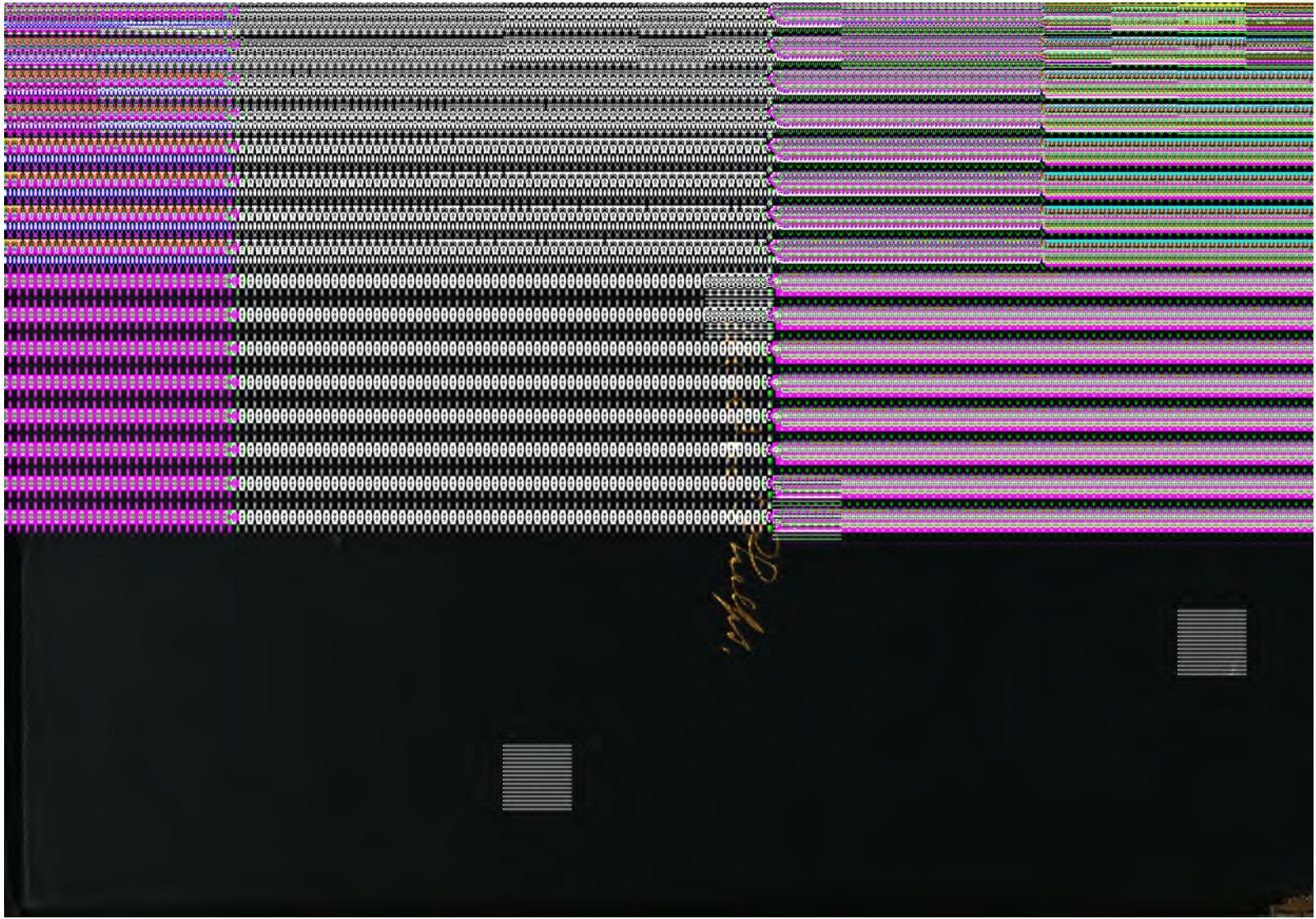

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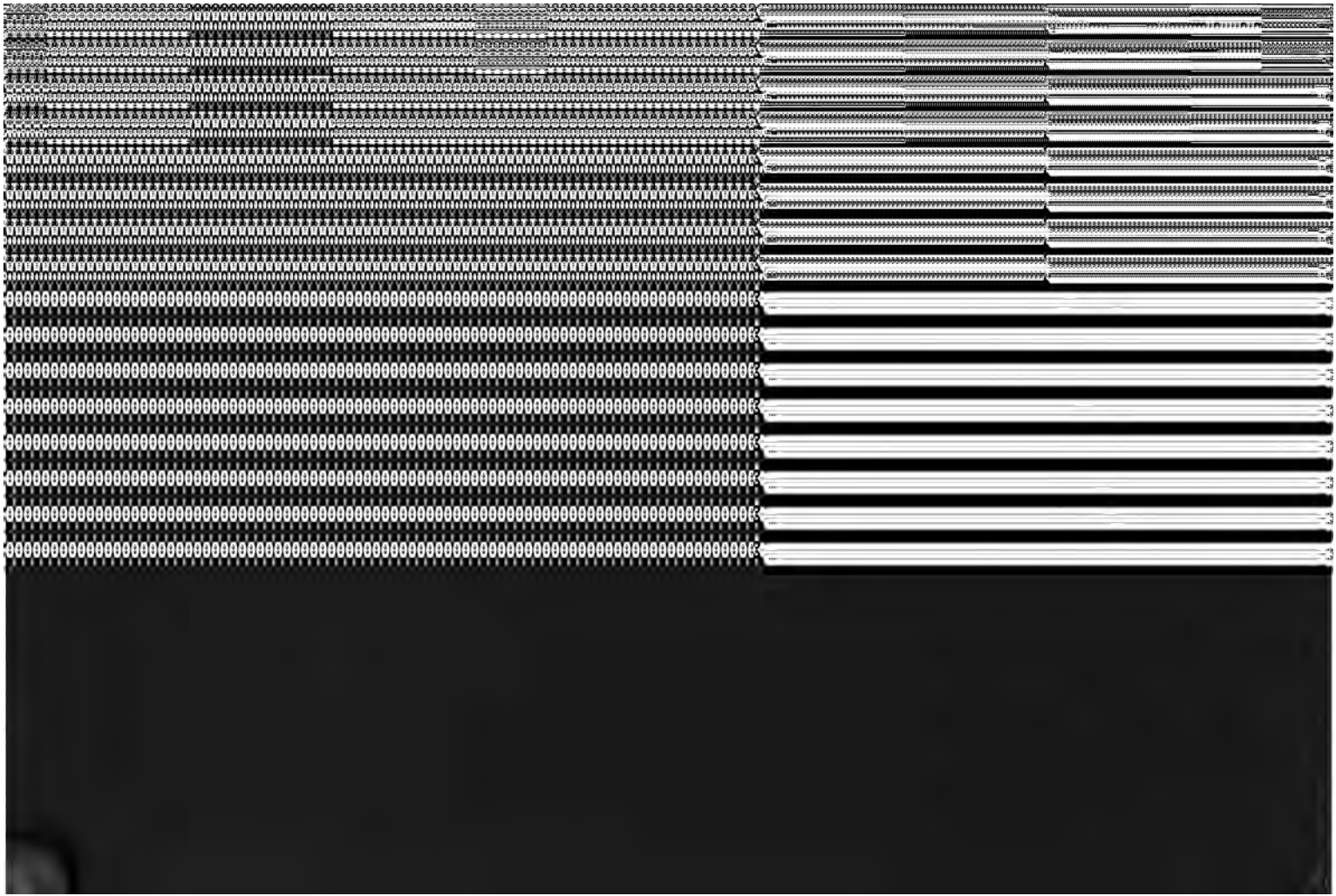

AUSTIN PHELPS

Phelps.

AUSTIN PHELPS

A Memoir

BY

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Univ. of California

NEW YORK
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1891

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

"Now I begin to live"

THE LAST TELEGRAM

M135305

PREFATORY NOTE.

It is sometimes complained of a biography that it follows too closely the ancient maxim: — De mortuis nil nisi bonum. On the whole, we may find this rather a noble specimen of human philosophy, and one which we need never be ashamed to respect.

The writer of this memorial has not thought it necessary to call attention to defects in the character which she has sought to portray. Whatever such existed, it has not seemed to her the duty of a daughter to seek for them; nor is it in the power of his daughter to recall them.

E. S. P. W.

Gloucester, August, 1891.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

AUSTIN PHELPS: A MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARENTS; AND THE CHILD.

THERE may be two reasons for writing a man's biography. His public service may have been of so valuable a kind as to create a public demand for the details of his history. Or, his private character may have been of so rare an order as to add the materials of inspiration to the public ideals.

Sometimes it happens that these two motives unite in the formation of one memoir.

In the case of him whose life these pages will commemorate, the sacred task is made easier to the pen which attempts it, by the assurance that this dual reason for doing so exists in fine proportion. What he *did* has created the readers who will care to know what he *was*. His professional eminence is reason enough for the appearance of this memorial. But his personal character is as much a greater reason, as character is always greater than reputation, and private nobility than public honors.

Austin Phelps was the child of a strong and also of a sensitive ancestry. He never placed great emphasis upon his genealogical antecedents, but treated

them very much as well-bred people treat social position, — a thing too evident and satisfactory in itself to call attention to, and therefore not worth mentioning. So far as is known he was contented with his ancestors, but fully aware that one's family tree is not likely to be a subject of general interest. Sometimes, when we asked him, he would tell us something about the vague figures of our forefathers, whose footprints on the sands of fact seemed less real to us than those of Robinson Crusoe's Man Friday, and whose relation to ourselves seemed of less importance than the movements of Mr. Greatheart in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Certain of these forefathers seem to have been, in the remote past, connected with the Guelphs of Guelph and Ghibelline history; and while he never found it necessary to deny the diluted drop of royal blood in the family veins, he knew too well how little ancestry signifies to the live people and the live work of America to-day, to inculcate in his household much interest in such matters. It was with his own keen sense of the ludicrous that he detected and exposed the little vanity of one of his children who boasted to a mate of being "descended from Queen Victoria!"

The family, like most American families who have amounted to anything, sprang from that "one settler" who figures so prominently in genealogy, and who came over so early and proved so useful and so eminent in his day. Such items are not of public interest in a memorial like this, except so far as they can give a definite impression of the kind of stock to which the subject of the biography owed his temperament.

In a few words it can be said that it was sturdy, clean, intelligent, "well-connected" stock; we find magistrates, members of legislatures, a trustee of the colony, or, what was considered an equal honor in those pious times, deacons of the church, and so on, — a comfortable, honorable record: the men usually eminent for something in local history; the women domestic, gentle, modest, and always very religious. Indeed, the stock was devout from beginning to end, with only scapegraces enough hanging to the branches of the tree to serve as a foil to the general color of the blossom and flavor of the fruit.

The father of Professor Phelps was the son of a Massachusetts farmer of some local importance and influence, — a man whose neighbors called him "Squire," and who gave his sons a college education, and started them well in life. Eliakim Phelps became a clergyman of the Orthodox Congregational Church, and was a man of ability and of its proportional success: both these facts go for what they are worth — in this case they were worth decidedly something — in the history of the son.

Dr. Eliakim Phelps was a man of sanity, both of soul and body; without an untuned nerve, without an undue prejudice, firm, fearless, equable, and lovable. 'He had the originality to belong to the underground railroad, in the times which tried the fibre of men. Clergymen did not necessarily find it their duty in those days to protect a fugitive slave in peril of his freedom and his life. Dr. Phelps did consider it his; and that bit of blazonry on the family escutcheon shines as brightly to our eyes to-day, as the useful little religious tale, with the large cir-

culation, for which Dr. Phelps was responsible, or the great "revivals" which occurred in his ministry. Possibly this view of the case may be shared by greater and wiser eyes than ours.

Dr. Phelps's name has been somewhat distorted from its natural association in the public mind, by the painful experience of house-possession, similar to that afflicting John Wesley, which for seven months haunted Dr. Phelps's household, and for thirty-seven years has haunted the columns of the American press.

This unpleasant fact, it is as well to note, was only an episode in the history of a useful and level-headed man, who bore himself through it with a serenity, and good sense, and simple, undeviated Christian faith, which, taken together, compose the chief moral of the situation.

Of his father, Professor Phelps[1] himself says: —

"I have never known a man — I have known a few women — who had a more profound reverence than he had for the office and work of a Christian pastor. To him they were above all other dignities on earth. So persuasive was this conviction in the atmosphere of his household, that I distinctly remember my resolve, before I was four years old, that I would become a minister; not so much because the ministry was my father's guild, as because he had taught me nothing above that to which ambition could aspire. Was not ours the house of Aaron, and ours the tribe of Levi?"

"I remember once riding with him six miles into the country in search of a man, not one of his con-

[1] *A Pastor of the Last Generation*, "My Portfolio."

gregation, but who professed to be an infidel, and whom my father claimed on the principle which he often affirmed as the rule of his pastoral labors, — 'The man who belongs nowhere belongs to me, and I must give account of him.'"

We learn that Dr. Phelps was one of the first men in the county to establish a Sunday-school, much to the disapproval of his deacons; but he "started one the next day after he heard of such a thing."

He "organized a temperance society, on the principle of total abstinence, when only one other member even of the Brookfield Association of Ministers supported the movement. He was the first clergyman of the county to remove the liquor-bottles from his sideboard. He bore calmly the charge that he did it from parsimonious motives.

"An aged clerical associate, who had more than once been seen to stagger up the pulpit stairs on a Sunday afternoon, begged of his young brother not to be wiser than his fathers, nor more temperate than his blessed Master. For one, he wanted no better example than the Lord Jesus."

"My father, by natural temperament, was not a conservative, and he was not a radical. . . . But if the course of events compelled him to side with either extreme, he was apt to drift toward the side of the radical. He refused his pulpit to an abolitionist lecturer, . . . because, he said, his people had rights there which he was bound to respect; but, if a fugitive slave applied to him, . . . he fell back on first principles, and bade his fellow-man welcome. . . .

"He once employed for several months a runaway negro as a laborer. One morning the rumor came

that John's master was at the hotel, within a pistol-shot of the parsonage, that he had obtained a warrant for the arrest of his chattel, and that he had a leash of dogs on hand for the hunt. Geneva attracted slave-hunters at that time; because, besides being near the border-line of Canada, it was the seat of a negro colony of some three hundred, nearly all the adults being runaways. I suppose it would have cost the pastor his pulpit, if the deed of that day had been known. The United States marshal of the district was one of his parishioners. It is sufficient token of the dominant politics of that period, that it was on the eve of the election of Martin Van Buren, a favorite son of New York, to the presidency. Among the pastor's flock were magnates to whom the 'Union and the Constitution' were second only to the oracles of God.

"But the shield was turned now in his vision; and John appeared to have rights, which, pulpit or no pulpit, must not be ignored by a minister of Christ. He resolved that John should have fair play. He asked him if he wanted to go back to Maryland. John thought not. But had he not left a wife in Maryland? Yes, but he had 'anoder one' in Geneva. She was 'black but comely,' and had borne him two children. His Maryland master had not taught him very clear notions of the marriage-tie. On the whole, he thought 'he'd sooner die than leave the pickaninnies.' 'If he went back, his master would sell him South.' 'He'd rather go to hell.' 'He reckoned he wouldn't be took alive.' 'He'd take his chance with the hounds.'

"As the market stood in those days, he was worth

taking alive, if the hounds could be kept off from the jugular vein. He was a stout 'six-footer,' in the prime of manhood; a bright mulatto, with white brains, sound in wind and limb; his teeth would bear counting on the auction-block, and he was a trained mechanic withal: in return for some teaching which I gave him, he had taught me how to shingle a barn. The master's title, too, was beyond a doubt: his broad back was branded very legibly. My father told him he hoped nobody would have to die; but he added some advice, in tones too low for me to hear, but with a compression of the mouth which was well understood in the discipline of the family. He then told John to take to a certain piece of woods, and wait there, while he himself went to the hotel to reconnoitre.

"John crept around the barn of the hotel to a little cabin, where 'the pickaninnies' were rolling in the dirt, and was soon ranging the woods. A few hours after, the pastor returned, with lips more sternly compressed than ever, and proceeded to make up a basket of food for John. He brought it to me, and told me to go with it, and find him. My father's eye silently answered mine when I observed that the knife was not the mate of the fork, that it was too large to be covered in the basket, that, in short, it was the largest carver in the house, — the one with which John had not long before slaughtered a pig. It was as nearly a facsimile of a bowie-knife as the credit of the parsonage ought to bear. I found John. His eye, too, alighted first on the familiar knife. The grim smile of his savage ancestors gleamed around his white teeth. He played with the food, but treasured the

knife in his bosom. Said he, as I took his hand at parting, 'Tell your fader that he is a Christian and a gemman, ebery inch of him.' His ideas of what Christianity *is* may have been rather mixed (he had learned them at the whipping-post); but his half-savage intuitions of what Christianity ought to *do* for a hunted man were not far wrong. So, at least, the pastor thought. It was well for dog and master that they did not find John's trail. Indeed, I suspect the dogs were left at the hotel. Even Martin Van Buren's constituents in a livery-stable would hardly have winked at that business on the soil of New York. Human nature has an innate reverence for the jugular vein.

"My father's prayer with us that night was unusually solemn. He remembered *both* the slave and the slave-hunter."

In regard to the phenomena at Stratford, to which reference has been made, Professor Phelps among other comments makes this one: "That the facts were real, a thousand witnesses testified. An eminent judge in the State of New York said that he had pronounced sentence of death on many a criminal on a tithe of the evidence which supported those facts. That they were inexplicable by any known principles of science was equally clear to all who saw and heard them, who were qualified to judge. Experts in science went to Stratford in triumphant expectation, and came away in dogged silence, convinced of nothing, yet solving nothing. If modern science had nothing to show more worthy of respect than its solutions of Spiritualism, alchemy would be its equal, and astrology infinitely its superior. . . .

"To my father the whole thing was a visitation from God. He bowed to the affliction in sorrow and in prayer. He never gave credence to it as a revelation of religious truth for an hour. The only point in which it affected his interpretation of the Scriptures was that of the biblical demonology. When science failed to give him an explanation which deserved respect, he fell back upon the historic faith of the Christian Church in the personality and activity of angels, good and evil."

It is one of the truisms of biographical literature that men of eminence owe their most marked qualities to their mothers.

There looks down upon the writer from the old-fashioned frame of an older-fashioned portrait, one of the purest, most beautiful, most devout faces that ever bent with happy tears above the cradle of a first-born son.

Sarah Adams was at once a saint and a beauty, a belle and a devotee; and when she married the energetic young minister, and went from her village home in Wilbraham, Mass., to his first parish in Brookfield, she took there the best blessing that the sternest law of heredity can select for unborn children, — the mental and spiritual harmony of a perfect married love.

In the aged hand of her widowed husband we find quaint tributes to the wife, whom, perhaps, he never viewed apart from the conventional feminine ideal of his times, but whose rare quality he felt to the day of his death, like the perfume in the atmosphere left by the lily of a vanished angel.

He tells us what a "domestic and affectionate disposition" she had; that she "was never known to have an enemy"; that she was "fond of books and retirement." He adds with a touch of pardonable vanity that she was "taken to be thirty when she was fifty, and when travelling with her eldest son was often judged to be his wife." She was the "idol of her household," and she "entered into that higher life, the privilege of which few Christians enjoy." He adds by way of climax, that she "had a remarkable sense of propriety, and was never known to do a foolish thing."

Quite as vivid a picture of this lovely matron used to come to us from his own lips, which never tired of saying, — and we wondered sometimes why they should tremble when they said, — "We lived together in conjugal happiness for almost thirty years. I never knew her, in all that time, to do one unkind or impatient thing; and I never heard her speak an irritable word to any human being."

It seems, indeed, that she was really one of the few mortals of whom it is not excessive to speak in superlatives.

In Brookfield, Mass., in the parsonage of his father, Austin Phelps was born. It was the year 1820, — the month was January, and the day the seventh.

Into the bitter climate of one of the coldest sections of Massachusetts there ventured one of the tiniest, most unpromising babies who ever defied the prophecies of wise women or the despairs of anxious parents. It was one of the family traditions that the child was so small that he was put at an early age into a coffee-pot; and the mischievous interest which his

own children took in this bit of genealogy, especially the astonishing legends with which they ornamented it, never failed to light his sense of humor. The coffee-pot story was one of our little devices to divert the tides of dark hours which always yielded to the ingenuities of tenderness.

Like many children who "begin hard," this very little baby continued to meet with discouragements, and celebrated his infantile career by a fall from the arms of a careless nurse upon a stone hearth. Convulsions followed, and imminent death threatened the child for some time. He himself believed that much of the physical suffering which shadowed his mature life owed its first cause to this accident. However that may be, the child, having made rather a sad entrance through the gates of a life which was to know its full share of human pains, passed on, stoutly enough, to a period of good health and good spirits and good promise.

We are told that when he was "two or three years old"—the record is a trifle vague just here—he began to read; and it is noted, without surprise or comment, that this baby "learned all the letters of the alphabet, but three, in one day!" Precocity followed precocity. At the age of four he reads the Bible at prayers with the family, apparently as well as anybody else. At eight he can do any sum in cube root and explain every process in the operation. He himself tells us that he distinctly remembers a great public event which occurred when he was about a year and a half old. This characteristic sub-consciousness is conscientiously explained in the autobiographic notes, which he left at the urgent

request of a member of his family, and which, as he will be always left to speak for himself in these pages, when he can do so, are herein reproduced, (with a few omissions) as they stand.

CHAPTER II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC. — BOYHOOD.

"*Reminiscences of my Life.*

"It has often occurred to me that one of the temporary and early occupations of a redeemed soul in heaven may be a review of the life spent here on earth: a review in which at least the illumination of a spiritual state, if not indeed some special revelation from God, shall be thrown back upon these earthly scenes, their mysteries explained, their trials interpreted, the exigencies and divine deliverances which they involved disclosed, and the ways of God vindicated to the wondering and grateful spirit.

"Then the thought has come to me that some remote approach to such a review may be made by a man in this life; after the chief struggle of life is over, his mind is matured, and he can look back with a quiet spirit upon the perturbations of the past.

"It is with this rather vague purpose that I jot down in these pages some glimpse of my outlook upon my past life as it seems to me at the age of fifty-six.

"I was born in the year 1820, in the parsonage of West Brookfield, Mass., which my father had then occupied about four years. The place itself made no impression upon my mind which was permanent except the shining of the sun-light on the broad com-

mon in summer and the raging of the snow-storms in the winter, both of which are among my earliest recollections. Of Brookfield localities and scenery those are the only two things which have entered into my character — the green common in July and the white common in January.

"Of the people of the village I remember almost nothing, having left them at the age of six years. . . ." Here follows an earnest protest against "the vulgarity, the profaneness, and the obscenity" of the average country district school. "The innocence of rural life was not illustrated in my early surroundings. I never found afterwards in colleges or in cities such corrupting and vulgarizing influence. . . . To me they were a source of discomfort, even of suffering. My earliest impression of social life was that of my own solitude. I felt no sympathy with my companions, and they none with me. As 'the minister's son' I was a marked boy and suffered no little torment from the rudeness of the rest.

"My early experience in this respect has led me to question the correctness of the common opinion of the superior vileness of cities and purity of country villages. The absence of social caste in villages and farming towns removes a protection against vice which in cities a Christian family may have. A child is subject to a knowledge of all the wickedness there is in a democratic American town of small population. Everybody knows everybody. The worst have access to the best. The consequence is that a child has no protection through ignorance of vice. I question, too, whether the comparative solitude of country life does not promote the growth of lower and more unmanly

forms of vice than the same rank of families would encounter in cities. At any rate, I count it as a deliverance for me morally that I was removed from the social atmosphere of my birth-place before the most perilous period of my youth came upon me.

"My memory goes back to a period earlier than that of the majority of children. I distinctly remember my father's announcing one day the death of Napoleon, of which the news had just arrived. Yet that event occurred before I had finished my second year; making allowance for some weeks elapsing before the news could have come from Europe to this country, I must still have heard it some months before I was two years old. The tones and look of my father in speaking of it are very vivid to my mind to this day. . . ."

The baby seems to have had some imagination as well as a phenomenal memory, for, contemporary with Napoleon, in the intensity of life-long impression, is the sting of "a calico bumble-bee." The record turns aside to this bumble-bee, as if to allow the relief of a little laugh before proceeding gravely.

"The two things which most deeply impressed me in my Brookfield life were my father's preaching and my mother's songs. Both developed in me very early the religious instinct. My mother was a beautiful singer, and my father, even to my childish sensibilities, was a magnetic preacher. The best parlor of the parsonage, rarely opened to me except on Sundays, was hallowed in my thought by my mother's sweet voice in Watts's hymns and in the rehearsal of the Westminster Catechism, only about the first half of which I was thought able to comprehend. It was

a great deliverance when my half was finished and I was let off to some more congenial occupation, while my elder sister was obliged to plod on through mysteries incalculable.

"I very early got the notion of my extreme sinfulness, — too early for *such* conceptions of guilt as those which tormented me. My father was not a morose preacher, and personally he was one of the most genial of men. My mother was a woman of excellent balance of mind and of gentle sensibilities. I cannot think that they were aware of the despairing theology in which at that time I lived. I distinctly believed myself to be the most wicked being alive. I had not a doubt of it. My mind went through the proofs of it again and again. I was the child of Christian parents, born in a Protestant land, a New England child; and none such ever conceives it possible that any other spot on earth involves the responsibility of such religious privileges as those which belong to a Yankee born and bred. I was the son of a Christian minister too, and this was the height of responsibility, and if not improved in the result, it involved the extreme of guilt. Over and over again I queried whether anybody ever could have sinned against such light as mine and could have been as great a sinner, and my answer was uniformly the same. It was for years a profound reality to me, unhealthful in its influence upon me, and in the result corrupting to my conscience. All forms of religious despair are so. When in later years I became familiar with the life of the poet Cowper, I detected in that many points of similarity to my own. Yet my mother has told me that at

that period I was to all appearances a happy, gleeful child.

"I do not remember that the possibility of repentance ever occurred to me as a reality. I was out and out a fatalist. Doomed to sin, and doomed to suffer, yet with no thought of injustice in it all, I was a curious personification of the dominant theology of that time in New England. It was not until my nineteenth year that I discovered the practicability of repentance.

"One impression made upon me in the infantile fragment of my life was a morbid sense of the horror of death. It was appalling to me, without a ray of light to illuminate it. Nothing beyond it could surpass it in my conception of its horrors: and nothing of joy beyond it could assume any reality to my childish faith, so long as it must be approached through such fearful portals. A funeral was the symbol of all that was repulsive, and to my thought uselessly so. I was compelled to attend funerals, in the hope, I suppose, that familiarity would overcome my morbid antipathy to such scenes. They only aggravated it. At last, it became my habit to play truant and hide myself whenever a funeral was in the prospect. I hear to this day my father's deep voice calling me to the sacrifice, while I lay concealed in the barn, or under the hill. It was an unspeakable relief to me when I saw the funeral procession winding its way to the village graveyard, too far away for me to be caught in its anaconda folds.

"The morbid interest in funerals which is common in rural villages was intensified on its terrific side to

me by the popular hymnology on the subject of death and its concomitants. The hymn,

> 'Oft as the bell with solemn toll
> Speaks the departure of a soul,' etc.,

I was taught to repeat, and it was my regular tribute to the occasion when the church-bell proclaimed the awful event. I have never recovered from that timidity respecting death and the grave. To this day I seldom see a dead body without having it fastened upon my vision for days afterwards in all sorts of repulsive and hideous postures and grimaces. I never look upon a corpse if I can with decency avoid it. My dearest friends have been laid out of my sight without a look from me into their coffins. Were it not that in my later years my conceptions of heaven as a place, as a world of organized society, in some respects not unlike this world, have become equally vivid, I think the single fact of Death would have made my whole life undesirable to me, as it did make a portion of my childhood. . . ."

Alluding to the effects of the fall from his nurse's arms upon the hearth, he says: —

"For the first ten years it was no uncommon thing for me to lie awake at night long after a well child should have been asleep. Then began that peculiarity by which no small portion of my waking life has been spent at night, when the world around me were unconscious.

"The second period of my life was a brief two years spent at Pittsfield, Mass. My father removed to that place in 1826, as the principal of the Young Ladies' High School, which afterwards became the

present 'Maplewood School,' if I have the name correctly. The great event of that period to me was the fatal illness of my only sister, who died of heart-disease about a year after our family left Pittsfield. The sadness of that affliction brooded over our household, and by absorbing the time of my mother, left me very much to myself.

"Then began my acquaintance with men of distinction as educators, under whose influence the remainder of my youth was passed, and to whom I can now trace very valuable results in the forming of my mind. The chief of them are the following: Rev. Dr. Chester Dewey, principal of the High School for Boys at Pittsfield; Rev. Dr. Wilbur Fisk, president of the Wilbraham Academy; Rev. Asa Messer and Rev. Justus French, masters of high schools at Geneva, N.Y.; Hon. Horace Webber, professor in Geneva College, and afterwards at the head of the College of New York City; Professor A. D. Bache, of the University of Pennsylvania, and afterwards of the United States Coast Survey; Professor Henry Vethake of the same University, and an author of distinction in political economy; and Professor Henry Reed of the University, and editor of the Works of Wordsworth in this country, and author of several valuable volumes on English literature; and Dr. N. W. Taylor of New Haven.

"I count it among the providential and signal blessings of my life that, in the forming period of my mind, I was brought in contact with so many and so diverse men of high endowments, rich in scholarly acquisitions, and all of them reverent students of the works and ways of God. From them I gained very

early in life a reverence for learning, and a lofty estimate of mind, which have entered profoundly into all my experience. It was of inestimable value to me to have such specimens of mental culture to look up to through those creative years. The influence was such that I do not now remember an hour of my life in which the temptations of wealth, which turn aside so many educated young men from literary and professional pursuits, had any sway of my mind at all, or stirred my ambition. I have had years of oppressive poverty, but my aspirations never wavered from the scholarly and religious aims with which I began the work of manhood. I attribute this, under God, to the decisive and formative influence of those of my instructors who were truly great men and rich in culture.

"Pittsfield was the scene of the first awakening of my mind to ambition for distinction in anything. It is a great thing for a boy, before religious principle has become fixed and ascendant in his character, to have his ambition roused. It matters little what the aim is, if it be intrinsically worth striving for. It is a great protection against vice and against mental degradation.

"In my own case, the object of aspiration was excellence in elocution. Why this rather than any other aim quickened me, I cannot say, but so it was. At the age of eight years I became, in the circle of schoolboy life, a distinguished speaker. I revelled in declamation. It was for years the great delight of my days, and often the subject of my dreams. At public exhibitions I was in demand. Usually my name closed the list of speakers. I remember the hour

at which the conception of a good speech dawned upon me. It was the opening of a new world. For weeks after I lived in the joy of it, more luxuriously than if it had been a mine of gold. To the elocutionary enthusiasm of those few years I can trace some of the most powerful *jets* of influence upon the subsequent formation of my style as a writer. At that period the hope of being some day an orator in public life was my North Star. The loss of it would have been a great sorrow. Declamatory soliloquy became one of my chief amusements. As an elevating and protecting power it was in some respects a grand substitute for religious principle. Vice in deed or thought was an appalling contrast, in my view, to the moments of glory in which I experienced the joy of successful declamation. Of original thought and utterance at that time I had no idea.

"To the brief period of life in Pittsfield there followed a still briefer one of one year, as a member of the Wilbraham Academy in Massachusetts. There I continued the classical study, in preparation for college, which I had begun under Dr. Dewey. That year was marked chiefly by the death of my sister.

"In 1830 I removed with my father's family to Geneva, N.Y., where he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. There were spent the following five years of my life. Most eventful years they were, too, in the development of my mind and character.

"I became almost immediately sensible of the strange excitant power of a new country. Western New York was at that time of comparatively recent settlement. Land-offices existed for the sale of lands

by the first purchasers from the government. Large tracts of forest remained, and of pastures picturesque with the stumps of trees. Everything was thrifty, bustling, pushing. The character of the people, though they were largely emigrants from New England, was that common to emigrant communities. Character in extremes abounded. Extreme sin, extreme piety, contended for the mastery. Revivals of religion swept over the whole region. A very powerful one occurred under my father's ministry.

"So impressible a nature as mine could not but feel the power of the change from a staid New England village. I was distinctly and positively conscious of rapid mental growth. The beauty of Geneva Lake was the first thing that gave me any notion of æsthetics. The name I knew not, but the thing developed itself with great force. For a time it overwhelmed me.

"A similar growth in the power of application in study took place. Mathematics was my favorite department. Of literature I had no conception, except of those qualities of style which make good material for declamation. My chief interest in preaching at that time was in 'eloquent' passages, which I listened to with the zest of an expert. That early taste for declamation, I think, was the root of the chief defect and the chief excellence of my own style for years after I entered the University. Its turgidity was due to the fact that my taste recognized nothing as superior in quality which would not declaim well. A keen critic of my early sermons once said of me, 'That young fellow preaches as if he lived on the "Paradise Lost."' It was true. Mentally I did live

on sonorous periods. I preached a great deal of nonsense in blank verse. But on the other hand, the same taste, extreme though it was, kept my mind for years on the strain against humdrum. Perhaps in the long run the one effect offset the other. Of the fact that the early opening of my powers to mental production was ruled by the school platform, I have no doubt. The same elocutionary taste continued to act as a protection against degrading vices. Among my competitors in declamation in those early days was Bishop Coxe of Western New York. This was at Pittsfield, however.

"The revival of religion which took place, I think, in my twelfth year, affected me powerfully for the time. I went through the usual excitement of such scenes, attended children's prayer-meetings, took prominent part in them, prayed much in secret, and thought of little else than the salvation of my soul. If any one at that crisis had kindly diverted my thoughts from the idea of regeneration to that of simple *right living* in the ways natural to a child, I think I might then have become a child of God. What I needed, as I now look back to the state of my mind, was to be made to *believe in* truth-telling, honesty, honor, unselfishness, care for the happiness of others, *as well as* love to God and trust in Christ, as *Christian things*. I had no conception of them as such. They were of the earth, earthy. I longed for, and prayed for, and, worst of all, *waited* for, some sublime and revolutionary change of heart; and what that was, as a fact in a child's experience, I had not the remotest idea. If I had been trained in the Episcopal Church, I should at that time have been confirmed,

have entered on a consciously religious life, and *grown up* into Christian living, of the Episcopal type. It was to me a sad misfortune that my Presbyterian culture had not, in *addition to* its high spiritual ideal of regenerate character, something equivalent to the Episcopal ideal of Christian growth. For the want of that I floundered about for a while in the ebb and flow of the revival, without one jot of good that I know from it. Many of my companions thought they were converted, and they exhorted me accordingly. I never so far lost my head as to believe that I had met with any such change as I supposed regeneration to be. I knew too much for that, and my companions found it out for themselves, after a time, and gave up their illusive hopes.

"My belief is that hundreds of older people did turn to God in that revival. But I have yet to learn of one of my own age who was at all benefited by it. To me it was an unmitigated evil, hardening in its effect on my religious sensibilities, and the prelude to a period of worldliness in which I lived without prayer. That experience has colored my convictions in subsequent life, of the unnaturalness of subjecting very young people to the usual stimulant of a revival. The natural avenue to God for a Christian child is the Christian home, the family altar, the social amenities of life suffused by the love of God and man — not the flaming excitement of the inquiry meeting and the place of public prayer. To push a child forward into such scenes involves a fearful peril.

"Indeed, my whole experience in life — and I may as well record it here — has impressed me, not with a sense of the superiority of the Episcopal policy as a

whole, but of our urgent need of those parts of it which contribute to Christian *nurture*. There is such a thing as coming up into religious living in a *natural* way. There is an unconscious growth possible to all. The family is the nursery of it; and the Church is but the family on an extended scale. The Episcopal Church realizes in the life more of the elements of such *natural* Christian training than any other. The rite of confirmation, the division of the Christian year, the observance of certain *natural* anniversaries, and the policy of keeping in the background the idea of regeneration in the experience of the children of Christian families, are expedients which I am sure would have been a valuable help to me.

"The toggery of Ritualism, the strut of ecclesiastical authority, the fawning upon culture and wealth, the handling of the poor and the ignorant in an authoritative way and at arms' length, and the intense exclusiveness and bigotry in religious fellowship, which are found in some sections of the Episcopal Church, have through life repelled me from it. But my experience has, beyond all question, suffered for the want of its power of Christian nurture, involved in its theory of conversion, in some of its ceremonies, its love of ancient ritual and song. I sometimes query whether mine would have been the gain or the loss on the whole, if at the time I now speak of I had been transferred to the Episcopal Fold.

"I well remember hearing Dr. Finney preach at that time of which I now write. He was then at the zenith of his fame as a revivalist. Western New York was all aflame with the excitement produced by his 'protracted meetings.' He and his measures were

the standing theme of debate among the ministers who often assembled at my father's house. My father sympathized with and defended him. Others were warmly opposed to him. My boyish opinions went through some pretty severe fluctuations as I listened silently to the clerical talk.

"I think I received at that time a tendency which I have never lost. . . . For my own religious growth, I do not think I have ever felt the need of the usual methods of revivals, nor have I been conscious of development in them. For others, I accept them and believe in them. But my own soul craves a different discipline."

CHAPTER III.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC. — EARLY MANHOOD.

"I WAS fitted for college at the age of twelve years, and entered Hobart College at Geneva in the year following. I was well fitted according to the curriculum of that period, and was able to sustain a good rank in my class, usually being recognized as its head.

"I am deeply indebted to the Hon. Horace Webster, then professor in Hobart College, for certain awakening and cheering influences upon me. He gave me lessons in advance of my class and heard me recite them in private. I was greatly aroused by once hearing that he had said to some one else that 'the world would yet hear from young Phelps.' I inwardly resolved that it should.

"In view of the fact that so much of my later life has been devoted to literary criticism, one other fact in my college life at Geneva is worth recording. My tutor in the languages I observed watching me very narrowly for many days, when I was called up to recite. At length he directed me to remain after the class had retired. I did so; and he questioned me closely as to my methods of study, and specially inquired whether I sought aid from translations. I could truthfully answer that I did not. He accepted my word for it with evident pleasure, and told me

that my translations were so critically accurate that he feared I was using illegitimate helps. I hardly knew what he meant: the virtue was an unconscious one; but I suppose that whatever success I have since then achieved in literary work is in part due to an innate taste which was then beginning to develop itself.

"Geneva College was not at that time a safe place for a lad of my age. I entered at the age of thirteen, and found myself in the midst of a rather corrupt life. Many of the students were from the South; very few were Christians, some were intemperate, some have since then died drunkards. My age, the restraining influences of home, and my ambition served to protect me from degrading vices. I do not remember that I was ever solicited to participate in the revels of my companions.

"Why my father removed me from Geneva College I have never known. But near the close of my second year there, I was sent to Amherst, with the expectation of remaining there through the remainder of the course. The change was to me a very painful one. I was not only the youngest in a class of eighty, but my classmates were all full-grown men. My chum was nearly ten years my senior. I had no chance for distinction among such mature minds. If I had remained, I should not have risen above mediocrity. I was not at all tried by my peers. The effect was perilous to me morally. The chief protective influence which I had hitherto felt, that of my scholarly ambition, was discouraged by the impossibility of excelling; and I had as yet no religious principle to take its place. At that time, seven-

eighths of the students in the college were professing Christians; yet I was really in greater peril of falling into irreligious and immoral ways than I was at Geneva. My invincible homesickness caused me great misery. I was there but six months; and I cannot recall one happy day in the whole time. Nor do I now recall any special influence upon my character which was lasting, though I felt a profound respect for the Amherst Faculty of that period. I was not there long enough to form such relations as had existed between Professor Webster and myself, and afterwards did exist with Professor Henry Reed. Yet I had a splendid set of classmates at Amherst. If I had only been their peer, I could not have asked for more stimulating surroundings. Among my associates there were the Hon. Ensign Kellogg of Pittsfield, Hon. Mr. Doolittle of Wisconsin, Hon. Daniel March of Pennsylvania, Hon. Judge Williams of Pittsburgh, Rev. Dr. Poor of Philadelphia, Hon. E. B. Gillette of Westfield, Professor Haven of Chicago, and many other most estimable men or scholarly clergymen. I say associates — they were *there* and *I* was there: that is about all. I had no *companions*, properly so called. I lived in absolute mental solitude.

"In December, 1835, when I was within a month of the completion of my sixteenth year, I was removed from Amherst College to the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. The change was due wholly to considerations of my father's domestic convenience. He had just removed to that city to reside; and, there being a good college there, I naturally went home, and finished my college course

there. I think that the day I arrived in Philadelphia was one of the happiest of my life. In all respects the change was a most valuable one for me. The unnatural solitude of my life at Amherst was broken up. The novelties of city life were a marvellous and healthy stimulus to me. In college I found myself again among my equals in age and culture, and my literary ambition revived. More than all else, the influence of two men became to me an awakening, a corrective, and in every way a creative power to my mind.

One of those was Professor Henry Reed, who then held the department of English Literature in the University. He first opened to me the 'well of English undefiled.' His classic and quiet taste was the first corrective I ever felt to the declamatory tastes of my youth. His enthusiastic admiration of Wordsworth, whose works he edited in this country, first taught me to appreciate that wonderful mind, and that kind of literature which his poetry represented. I spent hours in the privacy of Professor Reed's study, while he patiently explained to me wherein consisted the superiority of the Wordsworthian type of literature. I have often thought since that I must have bored him with my crude inquiries. If a grateful spirit in mature years could be any compensation for his scholarly patience, he certainly has had some reward from me. I look upon him as one of the rare minds whose influence was ascendant in my early culture.

"He once gave me a richly deserved reproof, which was characteristic of the man. I had been required to present an essay for criticism. The sub-

ject I do not remember. But at about that time I had read with great admiration an address by Edward Everett to some college society in New England. The whole country rang with Mr. Everett's literary fame at that period. The oration in question had taken possession of my mind; and in my own essay I had made use of fragments of it in a way quite beyond the liberty of quotation. I had not distinctly intended to plagiarize. But I had no definite conception of what constituted plagiarism; and I had given way to my admiration of the production of that gifted pen by drafts which I have since suspected *were* plagiarisms of a glaring type.

"My essay went before the gentlemanly professor, and in less than an hour was returned to me, with criticisms more abundant than usual upon those pages which were unquestionably original with *me*, and not one word upon the rest. At first I was confounded. But I must have had some obscure consciousness of wrong, for it was not long before the idea dawned upon me: the professor does not mean to criticise Edward Everett. Not one word did he ever say to me on the subject afterwards: no solemn reproof; no charge of conscious wrong which would have humiliated me; and no disclosure of my error by public reproof. When, a few days after, I met him, half expecting to be arraigned for literary theft, he met me as if I had been his literary equal. It was a life-long lesson to me. I never afterwards even blundered into plagiarism, so far as I know; and the professor's considerateness of my youth and ignorance gave me a new conception of a scholarly gentleman. Alas! Poor man! Years afterwards, I followed the track of

his travels in Europe, searching gratefully for his beloved name in the registers of hotels, and mourning over the loss of him by shipwreck on his voyage home. The same ship which had borne me safely to the Old World — the *Arctic* — was wrecked with him on the voyage back. He met death, with his sister's hand clasped in his, with the same serene faith which characterized his literary tastes all through life.

"The other mind before which my own made reverent obeisance, during the years of my life in Philadelphia, was that of Albert Barnes. Probably I owe more, all things considered, to his influence over me in those formative years of my youth than to any other one man except my father. Yet I find it difficult now to define wherein his great power over me lay. I surely have known greater men than he, more original thinkers, more accurate scholars, more instructive authors, and, as the world judges, more powerful preachers. I did not get so near to him, in social intercourse, as to some other men. Still, he represents the focal power over my culture in those six years in which I was one of his parishioners. I found myself drawn by a singular affinity to the *man*. His personal qualities fascinated me. My mind seemed spontaneously to be working towards the same plane of things which he had reached. My thinking ran naturally in the same grooves. His tastes, his opinions, his aspirations, his literary and professional aims, — in a word, the make and culture of the man, — seemed to form a world of thought and feeling in which I felt *at home*. Whatever he said and did seemed to me just that which it would have been natural for me to say and do, *if I could*. Then there

was a profound intellectual and moral *sympathy* between us. I say 'moral,' because it extended to the type of his religious character, as well as to his intellectual being. This was true of our relations, from the first time I ever saw him to the last. Even when I had long since learned to differ from him in opinion, my sympathy with the make of the man never wavered or grew less. His preaching in those years moved me as that of no other man ever did before or since. I have heard the ablest preachers of this country and Great Britain, but never one of them has risen so near to my finished ideal of a Christian preacher as he did.

"In the University of Pennsylvania I was restored to the society of my peers. The unnatural mental solitude in which I lived at Amherst was broken up. Though I was still the junior of all my classmates, yet I was not so vastly below them as to discourage effort. I took rank at once among them as one of the born scholars of the class. At my graduation, the valedictory was assigned to me, but it was not there, as in New England, the sign of the headship of the class in classical learning. Eminence in composition and on the platform was taken into account. As a classical scholar, I took rank as number two — there being above me two men who divided number one between them.

"I suppose that there was as much vice in college as in other city colleges, but I was never brought into contact with it in a solitary instance. Three men were my most intimate associates — John Bohlen, John Clayton, and John Neal — three Johns; and so far as immoralities were concerned, they might

all of them have ranked with their saintly namesake. They were pure-minded fellows. I never heard an oath or a questionable story from the lips of either. Yet at that time they were all young men of the world. Bohlen became afterwards a very earnest member of the Episcopal Church, and having inherited a large fortune, he had great influence in that church. He was the founder of the 'Bohlen Lectures' in Philadelphia. Clayton was a practising lawyer there (since dead), also a member of the Episcopal Church. Neal became a professor in the Medical Department of the University, and had a large practice in his profession (dead). The influence of these men upon me was good, and only good.

"It was under the preaching of Mr. Barnes that I made a profession of religion, at the age of eighteen years. What shall I say of that momentous period? To this day it is a mystery to me. It was no fault of my pastor, or of my parents, that I went through a period of despair. My old notion of conversion as a re-creation of moral nature caused me untold misery. It clung to me like Hugo's devil-fish. The make of my mind required a calm, slow, thoughtful conversion, like Baxter's. Instead of that, I tried to force upon myself an experience like Brainerd's and that of the elder Edwards. 'Edwards on the Affections' was my model. And because that ideal of a change of heart was not *in* me, I mourned in bitterness of spirit. I read all the theology in my father's library. My own theology for a lifetime was formed in those throes of agony. I do not exaggerate. For nearly a year the struggle continued. It was a struggle against nature. After joining the church I sought release from the sacramental vows. . . .

"The first relief I obtained was from Rev. N. W. Taylor, of New Haven. He first gave me a glimpse of a theory of conversion which at length rid me of my servitude to the ideals of Brainerd, Edwards, and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' But full deliverance came in the only way in which it was possible to a constitution like mine, — through the slow process of mental and moral *growth*. I have ever since looked with very grave doubts of their value upon the whole class of biographies and manuals which represent conversion as a creation, and the Christian life as an emotive ecstasy. To many they may be real, but they have been very hurtful to me. It was an injury that I was taught by them to exalt an emotive experience above that of a *will* to serve God. If I know anything of 'experimental religion,' it is in the form of a principle of consecration to God, which has grown up as my mind has grown. I have never had an hour of ecstasy, never a vision or a dream. If I am a child of God, I am sure that the change did *not* occur at the time when I once supposed it did. Nor do I know the time when. I suspect that filial obedience to an earthly father is often the medium of regeneration. Piety is character. Like other developments of character, it is a growth. To this simple, unpretending end all my experience has led me. I look upon the old frantic despair of my youth as a revolt of my nature against a false ideal of a soul's relations to God.

"That experience emphasized in me the theory of revivals, to which I have already referred. That these agitations of the popular mind are often the work of God, I do not doubt. But that they are

intrinsically the best methods of growth to the Church I do not believe. They are rather a condescension of the Spirit of God to weakness and vagaries of the human spirit, and to the wild freaks of the human conscience. Large classes of mind, and these the most thoughtful and solid, furnish no natural material for such awakenings. Our youth will come under a broader and more healthy range of religious influences when the Church makes less of revivals, — talks less and prays less about them, — and concentrates its thought upon the simple everyday life with God, which enters into common affairs in even and gentle flow.

"Of this liberty in Christian living I knew nothing till long after I entered the University. Looking back now to that dim 'middle age,' I can see that my conscience suffered some violence in its struggles. It was benighted and had to wait for the dawn. At one period the strife within me assumed the distinct form of a conflict between conscience and common sense. Conscience commanded one thing and lashed me for disobedience, and good sense commanded the opposite. Generally conscience gave way. This was an unnatural contest. The real truth of God could never have instigated it. . . .

"I graduated at the age of seventeen, in 1837. Then followed a year of historical and literary reading under the direction of Professor Reed, a most valuable supplement to my collegiate course. It was during and after that year that the religious struggle above referred to took place. When it had in some measure subsided, I went to the New York Seminary, where I studied Hebrew under Dr. Nordheimer for

several months. In 1839 I became a member of the New Haven Seminary, and there took complete notes of Dr. Taylor's lectures. At that time I accepted his theology with implicit trust. I have outlived it, in part, but it was then a very timely help to me against infidelity and despair. If he had not thorough scholarship he had marvellous intuitions; and his quickening power over young men was unequalled by anything that has come under my notice.

"In 1840 I was licensed to preach by the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia. I preached my first sermon in the Old Arch Street Church, Philadelphia. I was then twenty years and three months old. I have never ceased to regret that I entered the pulpit in such a juvenile state of culture. My mind was in a chaotic state of growth. My opinions were prejudices. I was utterly unfit to assume the religious guidance of others. My own judgment declared this, but friends thought otherwise, and I blundered on to my destiny. My Presbytery sent me an admonitory letter, advising my immediate settlement as a pastor. Albert Barnes was the only man who voted against it. Dr. Hawes of Hartford, and several other clergymen, — my father included, — sent me the same counsel. Mr. Barnes and Professor Stuart were the only two men who strengthened me in my purpose to spend the full three years in study, which are commonly given to theological preparation.

"From the first, I was kindly received by the churches. Lenient judgments of my preaching encouraged me. I think I must then have expended a great deal of nervous vitality in my elocution. I cannot otherwise account for the favorable reception

I met with. Overtures were made to me from," — here he mentions some half-dozen prominent city Churches, — "all of which I declined, for the sole reason that I was not prepared to settle anywhere.

"In March, 1841, the Pine Street Church, Boston, invited me to settle with them, and I declined for the same reason as before. After waiting a year, they renewed the call, and I accepted, and was ordained in April, 1842. I may mention here, in token of God's great kindness to me, in giving me the confidence of the churches, that, in the course of the first dozen years of my professional life, I received overtures for settlement from churches in" — he appends a list of towns, including New York, Philadelphia, and Boston; "also from the theological seminaries at —— and —— to fill their theological chair. With the exception of the last two, and two or three of the others, the overtures were informal. It has never been my way to encourage formal calls to a change of service, unless I thought it probable that I should accept them. I name them here, only to record my thanks to God that the Church of our Lord has so uniformly extended to me a kindly hearing. I have never had to wait an hour for something to do in her service.

"As years passed, and my judgment has matured, I have found it impossible to look back upon the years I spent in Boston with any satisfaction. My people were the kindest in the world. Their judgment of my service was lenient in the extreme. In character, in numbers, and in social rank, they were all that I desired. I record it with supreme gratitude to God, that I had the affection of such a people.

After the lapse of thirty years, their faces remain very vivid in my eye, and I love them. I can ask no more attractive service in heaven than the privilege of ministering to such minds — why may I not say, to those very men and women? The testimony of some of them on their death-beds, to the good they believed they had received from my words, is very precious to me. God forbid that I should undervalue anything that was good and true in that period of my life!

"Still, turning to my own side of the reckoning, as I remember it, I feel only sadness and self-reproach. My mind was unformed, my spiritual culture almost infantile. I had to carry on my work for others, alongside of and under the dead weight of the struggles of an undisciplined and uneducated mind to work its way to intellectual manhood. My ideas of composition were crude and false. My theory of preaching was for a time still more so. That anybody can have been really benefited by my preaching is inexplicable to me. I cannot see the crevices through which the blessing could have found its way. It was a cruel thing to set so juvenile a mind over such a people in a Christian pulpit. The first night after my ordination I spent in mute despair, so profoundly sensible was I of my intellectual unfitness for my work. Yet I had not religious culture enough to make that sense of unfitness a means of trust in God, so as to get repose in my work from that source. I had no repose in it. I found only the struggles of a wounded spirit, which could find rest nowhere. My experience there is a very sad proof of the need of well-educated *mind* in the pulpit. Without some

good degree of thorough education, which shall give a man confidence in his own mental operations, nothing but ignorance of himself and of his work can give him religious confidence. He is exposed to fanaticism of the wildest sort, as the only refuge open to him from his own self-distrust.

"I was saved from that extreme, but my intellectual and my religious culture were at open war with each other. My conscience condemned what my intellect craved, and my intellectual aspirations crushed my conscientious convictions. Repose in my work was impossible. My sermons were — what they were. Three hundred of them I afterwards burned. Those which were most useful to my people were those which I elaborated least.

"My removal from Boston to Andover was a revolutionary change for me. I had never anticipated it, nor were my tastes and training adapted to the new duties. My whole being was adjusted to the duties of the pulpit. I revered them as I did those of no other profession. Pastoral life ran in my life-blood. It was an inheritance from my honored father, whose success in it bordered upon inspiration. I do not remember ever to have had the extravagant estimate of a professorship of anything, as compared with the pastoral office, which is common among the clergy. My later wisdom has not essentially changed my early convictions on this subject.

"It was not that I was conscious of any peculiar genius for pastoral duties. On the contrary, some of them were a drudgery to me. The habit of personal conference with men on the subject of religion was never attractive. I shrunk from it with exceeding

distaste. I was not expert in it, and knew that I was not. I whipped myself into it whenever I attempted it. My chief usefulness in pastoral service, so far as I could judge of it, was not there, but in the pulpit. I think now that I may have underrated myself in respect to the private ministrations of a pastor. My old people have spoken to me of them as if they were not a waste. But I do not clearly know what they mean by such commendations. Nothing in my remembered consciousness sustains them.

"The thing which bound me to the pastoral office was a downright reverence for it as the first of all human avocations, with no reference to any success of my own in it. Professorship and collegiate presidencies never had, to my vision, the glamour which they have in public opinion.

"I therefore received the offer of service at Andover with immense surprise. I felt no prepossessions in its favor. I had never sought the office. So far as I know, no friend of mine ever sought it for me. Professor Stuart, who was the only man who would naturally interest himself in my election, has been heard to say that he had no hand in it whatever. I have always supposed that it came about in this manner, viz.: —

"The pastors of Boston had delivered, in the winter of 1841–2, a series of doctrinal discourses in the Old South Church, each preaching on the subject assigned to him. The subject which had fallen to my lot was that of the 'Sovereignty of God as related to the Responsibility of Man in the Work of Salvation.' I did the best I could with a theme so vast and so complicated. I had a packed audience. Among my

hearers were Ex-Governor Armstrong and the Hon. William J. Hubbard, two of the Andover Board of Trustees, who happened then to be desperately at their wits' end in search for a successor to Professor Park in the Professorship of Homiletics. My sermon at the Old South impressed those two men very favorably. Governor Armstrong said to Mr. Hubbard: 'We have found our professor for Andover. There was no nonsense about that sermon. A man who can preach it can teach others how to do it.'

"My name was thus carried to the conclave of the Andover Trustees. They had recently elected Dr. Hopkins of Williams College, but knowing quite well that he would not accept the office. Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn, was a favorite candidate with some of the Board, but his acceptance, too, was beyond hope. I have been told that the name with which mine came into special competition was that of Professor ——, now of New York. He was in reality by far the better qualified man of the two.

"None of my friends understood the state of my mind on the subject of the scholastic office. Everybody assumed that I should accept. It was a foregone conclusion. I could get no help from advisers, in deciding the question, because they all assumed that I needed none. My apparent doubts appeared to them a coy sport with an offer which secretly I meant to accede to. I was in no such state of mind about it. My doubts were real, and my adverse preferences strong. I delayed nearly two months in making up my mind. The chairman of the Committee of Election said to me at last: 'What are you waiting for? I do not see what ground you can

have for an hour's doubt.' So felt all my friends. It was a grief to me that they would give me no aid. The gist of all they had to say to me was, 'Go? Of course you will go.'

"Not so spoke my own judgment and conscience. I believed in my heart that I was made for the pulpit, and nothing else. I felt no inclinations whatever to the professor's chair. When, at my graduation in college, my president had proposed to me to study for a chair in the University, I did not look at the proposal one minute. Something, I remember, seemed to lay a prohibitory hand upon me, and say, 'Not that! Not that!' I saw neither usefulness nor honor in professional duty, as compared with that of the pulpit. My grand ideals of the greatest men were not chiefly statesmen, nor scholars, nor philosophers, but preachers. I record this now, not to argue the abstract question, but only as a fact in my experience at that revolutionary juncture in my life. I knew that the change, if made, would never be reversed. I should never return to the pulpit, if I once abandoned it. It was like giving up one's first and only love, when the glamour of it was fresh and sovereign in its sway over the imagination. . . . The course of some young men in accepting a pastoral charge beneath their ability, and then waiting and watching for a professorship, seemed to me supremely puerile. After six weeks of distressing doubt I was no nearer a decision than at first. When I had written my affirmative letter to the Committee, and had gone in person to Governor Armstrong's door to deliver it, I backed down the steps, before putting my hand to the bell, and walked back and forth, hoping for some providential

indication which would turn the scale the other way. But I saw no cross in the sky; I heard no voice in the air. The plain truth is that I never *wanted* to be a professor at Andover, or anywhere. I wanted to stay with my plain people. I loved them; I revered my pulpit as I did no other spot on earth; I wanted to abide there and lay my bones with those of the men and women who had chosen me as their spiritual guide. I made the great sacrifice of my life in deciding to accept the call to Andover. I felt so then; I feel so now; I have never seen the hour when the change did not seem to me a retreat on the march of life.

"Why, then, did I make the change? One word answers the question, — Health. I knew that I could not much longer stand the strain of the pastorate in Boston. Though up to that time I had scarcely had an invalid day, yet I felt it coming. The break-down could not be far off. I saw that in scholastic retirement I could work longer and more efficiently than in a pulpit which so exhausted my nervous vitality. If I could have had half the confidence in my physical endurance that I had in the relative value of service in the pulpit, I should never have left it for any other profession. My judgment of my prospects at that time is the same now as then. Its accuracy as a foresight of coming events is indicated by the fact that on the morning of the day on which the Council was called for my dismission from Boston, I woke from a sound sleep with a disease of one eye, from which I did not recover for four years. It is confirmed by the fact that since that time, with all the sanitary helps of professional life and a country resi-

dence, I have had more than twenty years of infirm health, followed by premature retirement from professional service. My experience at that critical juncture was a conflict of judgment and conscience respecting usefulness and duty in the abstract, with the certain prescience of ill health in the near future.

"My convictions, confirmed by my own experience and all my observation of the several departments of clerical service, are such that, with few and peculiar exceptions, I have never been able to advise a young man to surrender the pulpit for a professor's chair, other things being equal. That the common opinion of the relative dignity of the two positions is erroneous, I am as sure as I can be of anything of like nature."

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE; AND THE BOSTON PARISH.

HERE the record breaks. Whether the characteristic objection to discussing himself made too heavy a burden of that autobiographic reverie in which so many minds find holiday, or whether the advance of physical suffering put an end to these notes from sheer weariness, it is impossible to tell. The regret that the manuscript did not cover that later and most pathetic period of experience which would teach us how a man in the prime of his powers bears it to be stricken from their use, is as vain as the effort to break the unfathomable silence, or ask the reason why. Ours is only to take up the broken skein, disentangle the knot, and simplify as well as we can the pattern of a story which has a certain delusive character not to be expected of it at first sight. It would seem an easy matter to relate the events of a devout life which had not a mystery, hardly a secret in it. In truth, the sources of knowledge, covering some of the most interesting portions of his experience, are so few and vague, that the pen almost falls in discouragement before them.

Not one member of his father's family is now living. Most of his near friends — of intimates he had so few as to deepen the preciousness of his friendship — are dead. Groping among the tombs for

glimpses of his early life, certain winged shadows flap us lightly in the face, and flit away — whither? It seems as if a dead man would speak, if ever, when the office of giving his personal history to the world has been entrusted to living hands.

So much as this at least we know: beyond all the delusions of love or the enhancement of time, without question or exaggeration, it is true that he was a child almost without a fault, a youth almost without a spot. In fact, he was so blameless that one feels a certain compassion for this unnatural superiority of character at an age when it is natural to be naughty. What must it have meant of moral solitude, what must it have signified of spiritual sensitiveness, to be so little, and yet so large; so young, and yet so old!

His old schoolmate and life-long friend, Bishop Cleveland Coxe, writes of him: —

"I wish I had time to put on paper all I *could* say of your most honoured father. . . . I loved and appreciated him heartily. . . . He and I were 'rivals' in Dr. Dewey's School, Pittsfield, A.D. 1828–29, in the matter of elocution and composition. Of course he beat me. A pale, thin, delicate little fellow, with fire too much for his physical power, I thought. All that was good and lovely I could say about him."

His father often said of him: "Austin never was a child like other children. He was born a man."

His only brother (who survived him but a few months), in one of the last letters which he was able to write, said: "When father was in his last illness, he called again and again for 'the son who never did wrong.'"

It is well to think that the theological torments, the throes of the too delicate conscience, the death of the little sister, the unboyish anguish of sensibility which at once created sufferings and enhanced those that already existed, were shadows brightened by their own light; that the inherent tenderness which quivers so easily into pain had its own correlative delights; that the beautiful mother, who sang on Sunday nights like an angel, and never scolded week-days like a woman, knew, at least, how to "mother," if not to understand, her first-born boy; and that the adoration in which he held her like a Madonna to his last hours, and the fact that she did undoubtedly deserve it, were sources of comfort to the lad.

Too early he left her. While yet a child, he was thoroughly fitted to enter any college existing in his day. The standards have changed, it is easy to say. But even as they stood then, what significance in the fact! His own review of the situation is more pungent than any guess at it.

He has omitted to notice all reference to the corroding economies which the minister's son was expected in those days to practise at college, and which a conscientious youth like this one would be sure to overdo. No thoughtless demand upon the father's scanty purse came from the boy "who never was a child." It might have been better if there had. The college club, where rice (boiled, or half-boiled, as luck had it) formed the sole staple of too many a meal, was a poor place for a growing lad with a forehead like his. He has been heard in later life mildly to refer to the proportion of salt pork on which he was

fed in boyhood. But he always added quickly: "My father did not understand. He was a little differently constituted. He was perfectly well. . . . He was not to blame."

We laugh at these old-fashioned deprivations, — they had their funny side, — but there was a deal of unrecorded heroism in the patience with which such silent, unexacting boys bore them.

It is enough to say of this student's educational experience that he lived through it, and left it with the first honors of his class; and so, pushed to the front a decade too soon, he entered upon a man's most solemn task when he should have been still serving moral apprenticeship in a boy's irresponsibility.

At twelve (as we have seen), ready for college; at thirteen, matriculated; at seventeen, graduated; at twenty, having finished his post-graduate course and licensed to preach, — thus open the early chapters of one of the most ardent lives that have consecrated themselves to the mission of a Christian preacher in this country.

A small portrait in water color by Staigg gave the young preacher of this time to us with successful vividness. The face — delicate in coloring, delicate in the lines of the lip, delicate in all those lines and contours where any hidden coarseness or rudeness of nature would be sure to tell with the terrible frankness that no amount of culture can silence — looks, nevertheless, with an almost startling power, from a forehead marked and full, and strongly developed above the brows; the eyes are blue, bright, and "look straight on"; they have a firm directness and

fearlessness, an expression which seems to scorn his own youth, yet lightly enough, as if it were a fact hardly worth that trouble. The intensity of the face is marked; its consciousness of responsibility is almost stern; it might pass for an imaginative sketch of the Future in the masculine type; yet one believes that it might melt into a sunbeam of tenderness or playfulness at the right touch.

This sketch of a sketch, alas! can be only drawn from memory, for the beautiful portrait set in the large gold locket long worn by the wife of his youth, and always treasured by his family, was stolen from his house by burglars a few years ago. Nothing exists which can replace it. One wonders sometimes how these gentlemen of the light fingers and easy consciences may like the look of those grave young eyes. Men of that calling are by no means lost to the appreciation of such impressions. Perhaps they may have turned the face to the wall, as in one instance known to the writer, they did so dispose, in a robbed house, of a little bust of Guido's Christ.

At the age of twenty-one, Mr. Phelps accepted the call to the Pine Street Church of Boston, — his first and only pastorate. And here the boy who "was born a man" assumed, and for six years successfully sustained, the exhausting demands of a city parish, which other men, even though of marked ability, do not undertake until years have given them the passport to such responsibilities, and experience the materials for supporting them. But the boy was man enough to comprehend his position perfectly. It is with respect as well as compassion that we read in his own words how he "spent the night before his ordination

in mute misery," at his consciousness of his "own unfitness to be the spiritual leader of men."

It is pleasant to know that this spiritual anguish was at least lightened by the consummation of a deep and fortunate human love.

While in Andover as a student in the Seminary, Mr. Phelps had met the eldest daughter of Professor Moses Stuart. The home of the distinguished Biblical scholar was about as untheological and merry as any eminent home that ever was turned topsy-turvy by seven lively children, who thought their own preferences quite as important as a Hebrew education, and a good frolic more to the purpose than the new German lexicon which the head of the family was the first to introduce into this country. The scholarly father might frown from the study. The sweet invalid mother might mildly protest from her sick-room. But the young people of that family knew what a good time was, and had it when they wanted it. The Professor's parlors were favorite sources of entertainment to the sedate young men of theological inclinations; and the Professor's daughters — four in number — were among the sirens of Andover Hill who beguiled the devout mind from Justification by Faith to what they called "justifiable recreation."

The eldest daughter had a vein of gravity in her vivacity which must have early attracted the too grave young student. She could understand him while she laughed with him, or even laughed at him; her cheerfulness was good for him; her own intensity and intellectuality affiliated with his; they loved — and considered their love thoughtfully, after the fashion of their people and their times — and decided,

after the fashion of all people and all times, to spend their lives together. They were married in her father's house on a September day of 1842, and made their home at once in Boston.

In the parsonage in Harrison Avenue, long since given over to the Philistines, six busy, blessed years followed. Elizabeth Stuart had been a dignified girl, and she was a royal wife. "To the day of her death she was as much a queen to me as she was the day I married her," he said in one of those rare moments of confidence which were given only to a rare confidante. Neither time nor change touched this aureola of youth and the first allegiance of a chivalric homage which few women can command, and fewer men render. Something of Mrs. Phelps's strong individuality appeared in her queenly carriage and finely poised head. Many called her a handsome woman; others withheld the adjective. The old daguerreotypes bear it out easily; but these were taken before care and illness had touched a face whose beauty depended largely upon its mobility of expression, and upon the color and *verve* which health and happiness must supply.

It has been somewhat superficially averred that everybody's mother is a remarkable woman. Not to linger to dispute a quite disputable assertion, it may at least be said that the memories of a child left motherless at eight years are not likely to be pronounced enough to have much value as first-hand testimony either way; and that the impressions rather coolly and dispassionately formed from objective data have something which may be called a disinterestedness of their own. I do not think that any one who

knew the wife of Mr. Phelps's youth will incline to deny that she was brilliantly adapted to it and to him. Pegasus makes a fine yoke-fellow sometimes, proverbs to the contrary, notwithstanding. Bright blood sets itself to dull duty with a throbbing nerve. The genius which was in due time to find a world-wide expression and welcome in "The Sunny Side," gave itself in those early years of wifehood and motherhood utterly to the sweet ingenuities of love. Few women can have brooded over a happier home. She was a home-maker born. She poured the opulence of her deep nature right royally and gladly into that one channel of womanly tenderness. The keen intellect which could intelligently criticise the young preacher's sermon on Saturday night was quite able to discover ways of amusing and resting him on Monday morning; and in the inventions of little pleasures and ready hopes she was an adept. Domestic trouble and fret she knew how to carry alone. Home comfort she sprang to offer him as the sunshine sprang into the dark city rooms after a cloudy day. Her nature was rich in expedients, in courage, in imagination, and in that womanly common sense whose absence or presence makes the creative intellect either a torment or a blessing to live with. Marriage under such conditions becomes no idle or leisurely dream. To the usual struggle, to the common human battle, is added a fine, high fever of aspiration, a silent determination to achieve a supreme result, to "be what woman never was before," and to do "what love has never done." Under the movement of a nature like hers a woman may make a man divinely happy. But she may die in trying to do so.

In Boston their first child, a daughter, was born; and parentage came, as everything else came into that household, with a conscientiousness so devout as to tip the scale between the privilege and the responsibility somewhat to the graver side.

That matchless fatherliness in Professor Phelps, of which we shall have occasion later to speak fully, began with characteristic sensibility. From the first hour when the young father watched by the side of the crying baby, authoritatively removed to his care that the mother might have a chance of rest, and when he lay in sleepless sorrow compassionating the week-old infant "because she was so homely," and seemed "so unhappy," to the last "God bless you, my child!" — the last words written by the dying hand, — his sense of duty to family ties was something supreme.

It is to be feared that they weighed a little heavily upon his nerves in those early years of professional struggle and private care; but the wear and tear of natures like his, in a life like his, is as unavoidable as the friction of steel machinery upon silk caught within the wheels.

Meanwhile the young pastor was setting his shoulder to those other wheels which move "the first parish" up the hill of difficulty; and his success as much surpassed his sober expectation as it probably did surpass his comprehension. Too modest ever to rate himself as others rated him, too severely conscientious ever to indulge himself with an achieved ideal, he gave himself to his people utterly. He was a careful pastor. It is not known that he suffered his tastes — which set strongly toward the intellec-

tual side of his mission, his duty as a preacher, his privilege as a student — to deflect his career from its pastoral orbit. The homes of his people knew him, and their hearts cherished him. Their anxieties, their temptations, their bereavements, never found the young scholar too absorbed to give all that his youth could render of the sacred sympathy of the office which it was born in his blood to set above every other on the earth.

To this day, after forty-three years of separation, such of the old Pine Street Church as are left in the land of the living to mourn his departure from it, hold his memory in the affectionate pride of an aged and scattered people, as if but yesterday bereaved of him.

An interesting incident comes to us in the story of a member of the Pine Street Church who had "fallen away" into rationalism, or transcendentalism, or some other kind of "ism," not consistent with any pretension to a Christian faith; and the delinquent, after the fashion of the times, was summoned by the ecclesiastical law of his sect, before the church for examination and discipline.

The offender appeared upon the appointed evening, bringing with him, as by the Congregational polity allowed, his own chosen counsel to defend his case. The dismay of that comfortable Orthodox committee may be imagined, when the counsel of the skeptic proved to be none other than Wendell Phillips.

Gray-headed deacons shivered in their pews, and cast quavering glances at their twenty-one-year-old pastor. What would happen? What *could* happen? Visions of impending ecclesiastical chagrin blurred

before keen eyes that had believed themselves to have discerned the qualities of his position in this boy, their spiritual leader. There was a breathless moment in the old vestry of Pine Street Church.

In that moment the scholarly orator of a national reputation and the youth of a year's experience in the pastorate of a quiet church regarded each other. Then the young pastor spoke — gently, with dignity, without embarrassment or hesitation. He turned to the erring brother.

"Mr. ——," he said quietly, "our business is with *yourself*, not with your friend." Mr. Phillips made two or three attempts to be heard; then bowed silently, and retreated from the field as courteously as he had been warned from it. Since, by the ecclesiastical law, the counsel of an offending member must be himself a believer of sound position in a Christian church, Mr. Phelps was as just as he was adroit. It was said that Mr. Phillips afterward paid a manly tribute to the self-possession of the young clergyman.

"The most remarkable trait in Mr. Phelps," says Mr. Charles H. Warner of Boston, one of his former deacons, and for life his loving friend, "the most striking thing about him was his *maturity*. He was not like other young men. His maturity and his *gravity*, — these are the points I remember most vividly about those years. He was always in earnest about everything; always took the serious view of it."

Mr. Warner further says: "His connection with the Pine Street Church was a very happy one, and the people were warmly attached to him. His manner in the pulpit, though grave and dignified, was

pleasant and attractive, and his sermons indicated a maturity of thought much beyond his years. He was in no sense a sensational preacher, but solemn and earnest.

"I do not believe he ever preached a hastily prepared sermon."

Mr. Warner recalls also an incident connected with a revival in the church, which bears out the theories expressed by Mr. Phelps elsewhere.

The excitement had waxed to a pitch where the young pastor thought proper to check it. Without hesitation he did so. The church, unused to such a view of the prevailing fashions of emotional excess in religious culture, sent a delegation to the minister to remonstrate with him. He listened quietly, but wavered not an inch. The case was argued, but he remained firm. After the delegation had talked itself out, the pastor explained his own position at length, in his own quiet and painstaking way. The delegation went away acquiescent, if not convinced. He had no more suggestions on that point from his people, but trained their "revivals of religion" after his own rational and natural methods.

Mr. Warner adds: "I do not think your father would have been called a popular preacher, but his sermons were thoughtful, spiritual, and helpful. 'I have heard the best sermon that has been preached in Boston to-day,' was the remark of a distinguished preacher (Professor Park) who was present one Sunday morning.

"I do not think his people ever knew how painful to him was his separation from them, when called to Andover.

"The manner in which he regarded his ministry at Pine Street, in subsequent years, was characteristic of him. 'I would give anything in the world,' he said, in one of his letters to me, 'if I could have the opportunity of living over again my six years of ministry at Pine Street Church.' Only about a year before his death he says in one of his letters, 'I am never able to look back to that period of my life with one particle of satisfaction. My ministry there, as it lives in my memory, was a moral failure, which ought not to gratify a Christian pastor; it had in it so little of Christ, oh, so little of Christ! I think I have been forgiven, and God will not fling it in my face when I stand at His bar. He is a magnanimous Judge and I have peace in that assurance.'

"I need not say that his people formed a very different estimate of his preaching."

A few years before his death, on a New Year's eve there came to his house in Andover one of the mysterious packages of the holiday time. The sick man, haggard and patient, sat by the fireside where his family loved best to watch his dear and honored face. His happiest moments, we believe, were spent then and there with his dearest near him. His best stories, his most stimulating suggestions, his merriest jests, — and no man could be merrier when the mood came, — were all aroused by such hours as those. The play of the generous fire which he heaped lavishly upon the hearth, the respite from care, the approach of sleep, the chatter of voices that he loved, all helped the sufferer, and gave him, we are fain to believe, some comfort and much peace.

From one of these quiet moments the New Year express aroused him. He had been suffering more than usual, and was sitting with closed eyes listening to our idle talk. He opened the package languidly.

It contained an album of the photographs of his old Pine Street people, all the living who could be found, all the dead whose portraits could be copied. Their pastor's own young face headed the gallery.

Professor Phelps took the book, turned the pages; we saw his hands tremble violently; he did not speak. In a moment he broke down utterly, and went sobbing from the room.

So profound, so pathetic, was the yearning of his heart toward his only people, and the personal ministry of the faith of Christ. God only knows how much it had cost him to leave it and leave them.

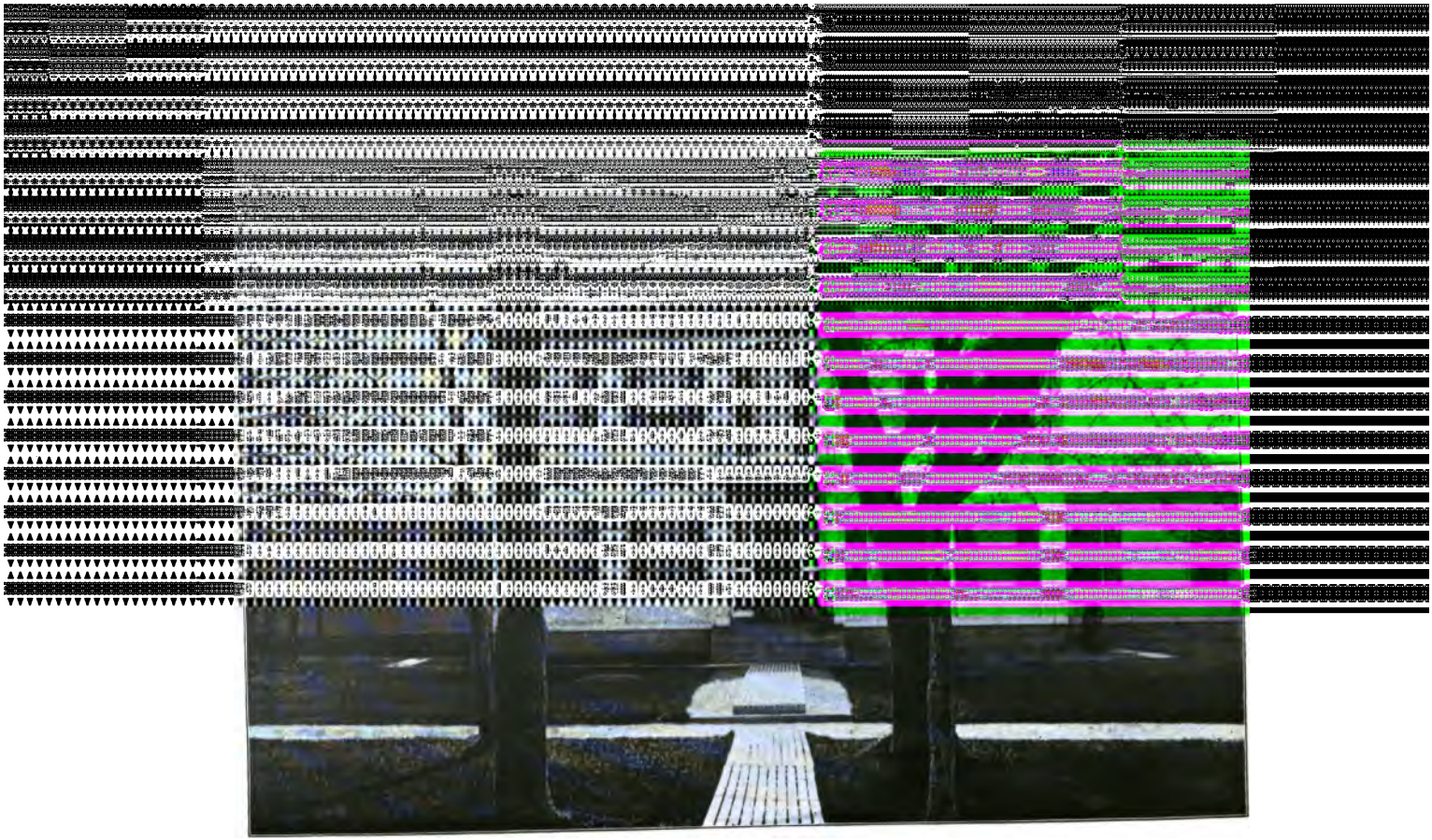
Not an honor in his professional life, not a tribute to his literary success, ever took the place of the love of that "plain parish." To the day of his death he went uncomforted because of it.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BOSTON TO ANDOVER.

WHAT he was as a preacher, in his pastoral days, is told in the simple fact that he left the pastorate as he did, for the end he did.

It is almost impossible, so wide has been the havoc wrought by death and change upon his people, to find any such account as we could wish, of the pulpit work of those six years. The most that we know of it is that the Trustees of the Andover Seminary, upon an accidental hearing, elected him to fill the Chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Homiletics; and we may fairly draw our own conclusions. His own impression of the three hundred youthful sermons which he burned, without remorse for the deed, may pass for what it is worth. That *auto-da-fè* was very like him. His own account of the conscientious and prompt self-distrust with which he was moved to decline the election, and of the almost piteous indecision with which he reconsidered, and finally accepted it, are more to the purpose than any words of ours. No young man, harassed by the early decisions of life that gives us so little light upon our choices, while yet so severe upon our blunders, can read without a thrill of sympathy Professor Phelps's description of his going up and down Governor Armstrong's doorsteps in the dark,



THE ANDOVER HOUSE.

with his letter of acceptance in his hand; unable to bring himself to ring the bell; not daring to cast the die which should place him in one of the most brilliant positions that his ecclesiastical constituency had then to offer to any man young or old. Of "position," and what was "brilliant," and what was successful or important in the worldly way of looking at things, he seems to have thought not at all. Of his own ability to do an eminent thing, he seems to have had small opinion. He was a man never without the ambition natural to an intellect like his; but it was, from the first, an ambition so sanctified that it passed into aspiration, and was hardly recognizable by the other name. As he paced the sidewalk on Beacon Street before the Governor's door, in irresolute anguish, no vision of name or fame seems to have visited him; only the angels of a devout heart consecrated to "that something not ourselves," which lifts a man's life above all the self-seeking, small, and satisfied of his kind.

That prayer to God for guidance, for a single sign from heaven, for a fleck of light on the problem of life, was answered only as God answers most of us in our direst needs. By the resources of our own natures the reply must come.

Mr. Phelps went to Andover; and the reverence of more than a thousand pupils whom he trained to the cherished work which he had abandoned for their sakes, justifies his trembling choice, blessing it and him to-day.

In a private diary, or record, discovered among his papers, and bearing the date of the year which took him to Andover, we find an analysis of his

own motives so scathing, so honest, that it seems to leave little for the Judgment Day of the biblically trained imagination. In summing up the situation he says: "I think that I feel a strong sense, especially at times when my impressions are the most vigorous, of dependence on God in the effort I am about to make. I am to meet toil, difficulty, criticism, comparison with other men, and God only can sustain me and give me success, and He will not probably do it unless He sees that I am in a measure true to the *spiritual character* of my work. It is my strong desire to be enabled to combine the true characteristics of an eminent Christian with that of eminent intelligence and mental discipline."

Professor Park of Andover, being one of the few friends left who can contribute memories of that early period to this memorial, has sent the following reminiscence:—

"When Mr. Phelps was ordained pastor of Pine Street Church in Boston, I had been intimate for more than ten years with members of that church. I have seldom known a layman so well acquainted with eminent clergymen as was Eliphalet Kimball, Esquire, the Senior Deacon at Pine Street. He had 'searched the country round' for men fitted to be pastors in a city like Boston. Whenever I met him, his favorite topic of conversation was 'our young minister.' Other ministers were young, but were not profound; other ministers were profound, but were not young. . . . I was pleased to see a large proportion of strangers in the church. They appeared to be men of more than common intelligence. They listened thoughtfully to the sermons, which were fitted to encourage

and reward the most earnest thoughtfulness. During the sessions of the Massachusetts Legislature, many senators and representatives frequently listened to the discourses of the deep and youthful preacher. Hon. Mr. Calhoun of Springfield, President of the Senate, was enthusiastic in praise of the young divine. Rev. Joseph B. Clark, D.D., was a member of the Pine Street Church, and was an admirer of Mr. Phelps. When consulted on the question of calling so young a man to the Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric at Andover, Dr. Clark said: 'Mr. Phelps is older in mind than in body. His youth will expose him to no danger. His pupils will look up to him as a man of wisdom and experience.'

"The style of Professor Phelps in his later years differed somewhat from his earlier style. There were various causes of this change. One of them was his discipline in studying the materials for the 'Sabbath Hymn Book.' He frequently referred to this discipline as having made an epoch in his use of his mother tongue. It led him to place a lower value than formerly on the Latinisms of an English sermon, and a higher value than formerly on its Saxon idioms. His health had begun to decline, but his language gained a new raciness and grip. Some of his latest letters to me were more powerful than any of his earliest. In one of them, after alluding to the 'Sabbath Hymn Book,' he wrote words of uncommon vigor and terseness in regard to details of his own history. They were strictly confidential, but if given to the public would attract as close attention, and excite as deep an interest, as perhaps any of the illustrative paragraphs in our books of rhetoric. They

flowed from the fountain of his own thoughts, and not from any reservoir of graceful phrases. They were specimens of natural eloquence."

At the age of twenty-six the young man took the chair which Professor Park had vacated for the theological department destined to become so distinguished under his leadership. At best, this was no ordinary step. At most, it was no small risk. The junior of his colleagues and his comrades, here as everywhere, Professor Phelps had still the old familiar battle to fight. It is to be observed of many lives that their discipline has a curious monotony; the same kinds of difficulty dog them throughout. The strain, not to say the bane, of precocity which had followed the boy, the student, and the pastor, pursued the young professor. He met it with that startling maturity which had so impressed, one might almost say so awed, his people in the Boston parish, whose local poet sang on some ceremonial occasion about—

> "The fountains of that mind
> Whose mighty current mocks thy youth."

This affectionate poem, by the way, was found, twenty years afterwards, hidden away among the sacred things in the Andover study.

As quietly as if he had been trained from infancy to fill Homiletical Chairs at snap-shot notice, Professor Phelps shouldered his life's work. He went in May of 1848 to Andover, with his wife and little daughter, and moved into the old white mansion, the home of his department and the home of his heart, which he occupied for forty-three years.

Thus stood the situation at this time. Of especial

preparation for his department the young incumbent had absolutely none. It was our American "way"; let it go for what it was. But a year or two of apprenticeship for an academic chair is now, at least, usual enough to save us our reputations and those of our institutions. In those days the breathing-space before the spurt was not so comfortably found. At all events, in this case there was none such. Without training, without experience, without rest from the exhaustions of his parish, he took his duties upon him. With the almost incalculable amount of labor necessary to such a situation staring him in the face, Professor Phelps stepped into it. Then came the blow — one of the blackest of his sorely disciplined life, and one which was enough to have crushed the heart out of almost any young man of a temperament far more sanguine than his own, never too hopeful, and never gay.

For now his eyesight suddenly and utterly failed him. The oculist pronounced it a case of amaurosis, gave small hope, and strenuous commands, and with the preposterous *sang froid* of science when brought face to face with the practical facts of life, ordered absolute cessation from work as the only chance of salvation from blindness.

There he stood: his lecture-room waiting, his department to build — nay, to create; himself to educate for its occupancy; his institution to be honored by its venture; his trustees to be justified of their daring choice; his family to be supported; and — but this is the more usual American calamity — he with not a cent in the world.

All our troubles are relative matters, and most of

us have as much as we can bear; but this *was* no very common emergency; and to the day of his death, though "acquainted with grief" as he was, he never could refer to that period of his life without deep and tremulous emotion. It was the time when the waves and billows went over him.

He came up out of it, it is hardly known how. To the kind consideration of his trustees who, during his long career in their service, never failed to do the pleasant thing by him, and with whom his relations were always genial, he owed something of his escape from the apparently hopeless complication. To his own unflagging will and the habit of a scholarly and devout life, he owed, at least, as much more. The Seminary waited; the professor — what *did* the professor do? One who knows anything of his personal religious impulses can divine what his prayers were like in that hour of blackness.

At the first moment when the leash was broken he sprang back upon his books like the tiger on the prey left for dead, shut himself into his study, and came forth from it white, hollow-eyed, feverishly determined, and victorious. His lecture-room received him with acclamation; and so his work began. What that work was, the religious world of America knows.

A merely filial view of it is the least that can be brought to the story.

In the later years of his professional life he was accustomed in one of the closing lectures of the curriculum to remind his students who were the lights of the profession. Duly and modestly he instructed them that Professor So-and-so of Such-a-place headed the department of Sacred Rhetoric and of Homiletics

in this country. The statement was received with quiet smiles and jotted down in the class note-books with exclamatory points. It was well understood that Professor Phelps stood without a peer in the line of his life's work.

I have heard him speak with stinging recollection of the toil involved in those earlier years, when he and the Rhetorical Chair eyed each other like duellists. It has been hinted that he had the department to create. This was to a greater measure true than may be lightly understood. The literature of the department was so deficient that, at the time he undertook to fill it, the young student was sometimes at his wits' end for the barest materials of construction. A few antiquated text-books on rhetoric, and fewer on the art of homiletics, comprised his external resources. He smarted under the limitations which so dwarfed his scholastic training for the work for which his taste instinctively and imperiously claimed a scholastic ideal. A lower ideal, an "easier" nature, a less urgent inclination toward "best things," would have settled comfortably in the old white mansion on Andover Hill and jogged over to the lecture-room till death stayed the satisfied feet unspurred by the angels of high vision. But to Professor Phelps they came with a kind of remorseless motion; they were like the "swift one" who visited the prophet of old. With toil "eternal," benedict, "heavy," he struggled after his own unaided and personal conception of what his department ought to be. This, from the first hour, was unsparing and high. To teach young men as they ought to be taught how to preach the Christian faith as it ought to

be preached, he regarded as — next to the privilege of preaching it one's self — the most solemn choice that a man might make in this life. In this spirit he set himself to the work, — a youth among the youths he taught, — and in this spirit he wrought till he read, with broken voice, and bowed, gray head, his last lecture to his last class, from whom the sick man was compelled to part for life's sake.

It is more than possible that the very deficiency of building-material, to which we have alluded, resulted in creating some of the most marked and useful features in Professor Phelps's department work. Thrown back, as he was, so largely upon his own nature, it led him into the goodly places where his taste and intellect were at home. Thrust upon his instincts, the *scholarly* ideals reinforced the religious ones. The tendency of certain religious classes to underrate the value of the intellectual element in the religious occupations of life is something which we all feel, but seldom like to say.

An eminent theologian once said of a student who was neglecting his class-room for missionary prayer meetings and sewing societies: "He is ruining his theological education for what he calls *doing good*." Professor Phelps brought to his life's work the simple, human, common-sense standards which regulate the other educated professions. What he was as a Christian teacher, his old pupils turn with tears to tell us; and of that these pages will elsewhere testify. But what he was as a Christian *scholar*, it is well that we do not forget.

It must be an inspiration to any young man who ever knew or loved him, to know how voraciously he

fed the training of those early years at the sources of *literary* culture. Why should not a Christian sermon be a work of intellectual art? Could not a parish discourse aspire to be a finished oration? Must a man be slip-shod, hasty, verbose, satisfied with the hortatory, and as shaky in his rhetoric as a morning paper, because, forsooth, he would preach the Gospel?

The professor in the lecture-room taught the class better than that. The professor in the pulpit on Sunday, when "his turn" came to preach in the old, brick Chapel, told the class other than that. From the first, his ideal of homilectical instruction was, beyond the traditions of the department, a cultivated one, and years enriched it to the end.

Study enough, toil enough, thought enough, power enough, gift enough, and success enough, went into that Andover professorship in the thirty years that he filled it, to have honored any secular chair in any university in the world. Nor is it given to us yet to discover that the scholar was ever the less of a Christian for the scholar's privilege, and pertinacity in the use of it.

Professor Phelps showed quite early in his history evidences of that something indefinable in presence, but unmistakable in absence, which we call the literary quality. Into the humdrum task of teaching a motley crowd of ignorant young men how to write sermons, he poured this precious elixir, and the common toil was sublimated. Add to this the intense consecration of intellect, to which we shall have often occasion to refer, the unswerving devoutness, the passionate religious dedication, and we have the elements of a unique career.

His lecture-room became the altar of his life. Nothing was suffered to blaspheme it. No little diversion or controllable exhaustion deterred him from it. His students may have suspected, but never could have comprehended, the throes of conscience and the pangs of toil which went throbbing into those daily lectures. These were written and re-written and written again.

Every year saw the beautiful manuscript (who that has ever seen it forgets that handwriting, as clear as print, and more unerring?) remodelled from introduction to peroration. No class ever heard just what another class did. Each audience received the tribute of a special revision adapted to itself. There was no shiftless handling of the old duty. The familiar theme was called, like a convict, to the bar of the lecturer's maturing judgment, for every fresh group of hearers. No weariness of soul or body excused the incumbent to himself for any neglect to polish his professional jewel. The too short vacations found the too tired professor doggedly working over the year's lectures. All observers familiar with the life of university towns know how easy it is for the classic ivy to clog these venerable chairs in which the incumbent leans back to take his ease, not for lack of love of motion, but for lack of the necessity for making any. The case of a medical school known to the writer, in which the professor frequently went to sleep while lecturing, and the students picked up the book which his unconscious hand had let fall to the floor, is, fortunately, too extreme for any illustrative value but that of the laugh; but there is a

subtler slumber, an easier desuetude, and the nerve habituated to a dull routine may fall into it and may never know the difference; nor (which is the worst of it) the student either.

But Andover was not a somnolent place. A live professor makes a live class. Nobody went to sleep in that Senior lecture-room. The air palpitated with excitement. Pens ran fast over those old note-books. Now and then the eyes of the writers lift themselves to take treasured glimpses of the professor's face; and other "notes" than the students' scrawl are carried away to help a man in the long battle for which he needs all that he can get of other things than mere instruction in the science of his sacred art.

The professor, who always stands at his desk, — no weariness nor any conquerable illness allows him what he would call the laziness of a seated lecture — the professor, who will take as much trouble to be a finished orator before a few score students, as if he were delivering the election sermon before the Legislature of the State, or the installation discourse for some distinguished divine, — the professor rises before the perceptive eye like one of the young prophets of Hebrew history; his face flushes and pales with emotion; his blue eye fires; his fine lip trembles; his unyouthful gravity quivers into something too solemn to be lightly explained or lightly forgotten. The pen falls from the hand of the pupil who loves him best. Upward to the face of the young master the young student gazes in a sudden hush. What manner of man is this who teacheth me the way to the holy

war of my life's work? What unimagined halo falls upon that work! Is *this* what I have chosen? What am I that I should choose it? What am I about to do? Whom do I serve? Almighty Father of spirits! Guide *Thou* the service, or I have put my hand thoughtlessly upon the Ark of God!

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROFESSOR.

TIME surprised no suspension in the onward movement of his professional career. It cannot be remembered that he suffered himself to fall into any of those siestas of content with achievement, to which the academic more than any other kind of life is exposed. "Death, oblivion, or a professorship, has engulfed them all," says Colonel Higginson of certain of his college-mates. There is truth as well as wit in the epigram. In these quiet shades dignity may slip into dulness, and what of it? There is something of the danger as well as something of the peace of the cloister in the life of a religious institution.

Professor Phelps had many of the monastic qualities in his temperament. But, as we have hinted, he was too live a man to make a good monk. All the pulse of his youth and his prime bounded into his aspiration to *sustain* the vigor of his department, and throbbed there to the end. We have seen how he created his work. Let a few of his pupils tell us something of the manner in which he maintained it: —

"The intense seriousness of Professor Phelps," says Rev. E. P. Thwing in the *Congregationalist*, "impressed me from the time he first met our class in the lecture-room. His vocabulary was opulent

and his speech vivacious. His mind was alert, sometimes elate, but the uniform color of his thought was of a deep, sombre hue. He taught us that life, duty, time, and eternity were solemn verities; preaching was a vocation, not a profession merely; that eloquence was a virtue, not an accomplishment; and that only as our discourses vibrated with moral convictions, and our whole being was tremulous with their sway, could we move and master men. On one occasion he exclaimed, — I quote from my notes taken at the time, — 'God means to convert the world by truth. We need not mince it, paint it, inflate it!' He had no patience with pettiness or prettiness, with tepid or torpid souls. He veiled under a quiet exterior profound emotions. His imperial personality he impressed on the class of 1858. They loved him; he loved them. On one occasion he wrote: 'They seem to me to be *elect* men, set apart for a service which has no equal. . . . God will not suffer one of them to drop out of His hand.' It was an elect class. It has made a noble record. He inspired us all with exalted ideas of God, of the work before us and of its sure success. To our secretary he sent these words: 'Tell your brethren that I have none but hopeful visions of their future. I cannot well express to you how intensely I live in their lives. Their success is my success, and their trials are my trials, though I cannot know them in detail. It is a grand life to live at such a period as that now passing in the history of the Church. Their work is to have a grander ending by and by. God's acceptance of imperfect service seems to me a glorious thing. Work which you and your classmates ask pardon for He is able

to bless with unparalleled dignity in the estimate of angels. You all have a glad surprise before you in the great day. Your works will follow you, and you will no longer be ashamed of them. Such is the vision which always comes to me when I think of meeting my pupils at the last tribunal.'

"As our rhetorical professor, he was in written communication with us, and so brought nearer to our practical work than the others. Type-writers, amanuenses, and other literary luxuries were not as common then as now. The amount of manual, as well as mental, labor involved in correcting the plans and sermons of a class of thirty students was great. The patience, the exactness and thoroughness of this service, amazed us; for our teacher made all things new, and returned to us our productions so entirely reconstructed that they could hardly be recognized. He was very considerate, both in his public and private criticisms. The poorest plan received some commendation to begin with, to soften the rigor with which it was afterwards dissected.

"Professor Phelps, like Nehemiah Adams, was a master of the sensibilities and knew how to evoke, control, and use the deep, tidal emotions of our nature. He urged us to recognize the subtle, recondite factors of pulpit power. Spiritual life and personal magnetism 'are a conglomerate that lie molten together.' A magnetic line, he told us, could be laid down the first five minutes which would vibrate with electric responses all the way through."

Dr. Charles Ray Palmer in the same paper says of him: —

"Very vivid is my recollection of his form, his

mien, his features, his voice, his smile, as he then was — the very model, as it seemed to me, of the refined and cultured scholar, the modest and dignfied gentleman. Then began an acquaintance which ripened into one of the most helpful and delightful friendships which ever influenced my life. What he first appeared to me I ever found him. The reverence and the love he won abide with me. He lives in my memory as one of the most admirable of men.

"I imagine that those who were his pupils at Andover, in the high noon of his life, say from 1850 to 1870, will always believe they knew him at his best. It is the teacher, the critic, the counsellor, the friend, that they found in the chair of rhetoric, and in the delightful 'study,' of which he has written so charmingly, whom they still revere and love, and now mourn with an abiding sorrow. Of that lecture-room in which they used to meet him, I have written elsewhere words I may be permitted to repeat here. Never did more felicitous relations of instructor and pupil exist than were illustrated there. Never were instructions more quickening, more sympathetic, more genially adapted to find out, and to fetch out, the best of which a pupil was capable. The courses of lectures always seemed to glow with the heat of recent thinking. They were wise, conscientious, scholarly, exhaustive discussions.

"Of course, a large part of the labor of the professor with his students was expended in the criticism of sermons, especially of their own early experiments in sermonizing. Every man who remembers his first attempts at all will admit they were often feeble and faultful enough. The thoroughness, the relentless-

ness, with which the professor dealt with these rudimentary efforts were only equalled by the marvellous tact with which he saved the *amour propre* of the embryo preacher. None escaped the ordeal unscathed, but never was one humiliated or disheartened by reason of it. The worst hatchelling left behind it a conviction that the victim's case was by no means hopeless. Sometimes it not only ministered to hope, but inspired it in a heart which had been desperate.

"Another illustration of the benign personal influence of this professor was noteworthy. In the final year of the seminary course, or the post-graduate year, there are many experiences of students in which they need and seek private counsel. Professor Phelps's tact and patience with such as sought him in this way were unique. When you went to him, he seemed to you, by a wonderful intuition, or a wonderful sympathy, or a wonderful combination of both, to place himself on the interior side of your experience and see it precisely as you did, and then bring the wealth of his wisdom to the solution of its problems. It is safe to say many of his twelve hundred students remember such interviews as turning-points in their lives. They profoundly appreciated his affectionate fidelity to them. They profoundly loved him. They were conscious of such 'undulations' from his life into theirs as permanently uplifted them. Many appreciated in their later years more than in their seminary life their indebtedness to him. They felt, as he felt, as if there were a certain continuity between their ministry and his. 'I live over again,' he wrote of one of them, 'in the work of such men as he is.' And, again, in a wider outlook: 'My pupils at

Andover, some hundreds of whom are in the thick of their labors, are a very precious subject of prayer to me. They are beginning to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their settlement, or ordination, and they are kind enough to write and tell me of it, and to recall Andover gratefully. I live again in their life.'

"He was most catholic in his intellectual and his religious sympathies. He was impatient of narrowness and of denominationalism. As is shown by his paper on Congregationalists and Presbyterians, he believed those two great communions were naturally one, and would have all consciousness of differences dismissed. He was wont to speak of the rise of Methodism as one of the great eras in the history of Christendom. His 'Study of the Episcopal Church' was so sympathetic with much which is characteristic of that communion that some made haste to conclude his face was set that way. He never found occasion to emphasize any difference of his with those whom he always called 'our Baptist brethren.' It was not in censure, but in regret, that he spoke of the last-named communions as 'the foci of sectarianism in America,' 'the Ehrenbreitstein and Strasbourg of religious seclusion.' He regarded the divisions of the Protestant world as grounded partly in differences of temperament among men, partly in accidental differences of historical development, partly in a providential calling of certain men to emphasize some truth in danger of being forgotten. These differences seemed to him of little real significance. 'At the core of character they mean little more than red hair or a birth-mark.'

"The religious experience of Dr. Phelps flowed in a deep, a still, a somewhat shadowed, current. His melancholic temperament, his extreme refinement of sensibility, his early sorrows, his later physical infirmities, the great trial which he so pathetically describes in his paper, entitled 'The Premature Closing of a Life-work,' all had their influence in giving a tone to his religious life on its interior side, which was more subdued and plaintive than those who most loved him desired. But his confidential letters reveal that in his last years there was more and more of the peace which passeth understanding, and of the inward light by which the darkness is chased away. It was with no hesitation that he walked into the valley of the shadow of death."

From among the loving personal tributes which have poured in to tell us what Professor Phelps was to the men to whom he gave his life, a few have been selected, each for some reason which gives it an individual value.

As these affectionate words are taken from private letters and have been as spontaneous as tears, the names of the writers are not attached to them. It is enough to say that they cover a wide range of character and of service. Professors in other seminaries, colleagues in his own, and pastors of busy churches, represent a diversity of gifts and graces; but are alike in this: that they were all his pupils, that they loved him, and have wished to tell us why, and how much.

"If there is any man whom I hold in more profound respect and affection than any other, it is your father; I shall pray to live long enough to read his life."

" . . . Professor Phelps, whose matchless lectures and wise counsels and beautiful character have contributed so largely to the fame and usefulness of the seminary at Andover."

" I revered him as a Christian of unusual spirituality, a writer of rare beauty and force of expression, and an instructor of marvellous ability."

" I can say this as part of the truth: his life was the best part of his life-work, grand and rich as that work has been. Up to the last, anything from his brain and heart had commanding power. He can never cease to help us."

" Of all I owe him, of how much I loved him, I cannot now speak. He was for many years the one I thought of as my wisest adviser and truest friend. . . . He wrote to me (in my bereavement), ' So *you* have entered into that great and terrible solitude which no man knows until he has found himself in the depth of it.' . . . Long ago I hung upon his lips as upon those of a prophet."

" He was a rare man. His memory is an inspiration, and the thought of the gentleness and sweetness of his spirit has been over my life as a benediction.

" He was so true — so loyal to truth — so faithful in friendship — and in everything artless and guileless as a little child. . . . He had a large place in the Church. He was a prince among preachers. His wisdom was widely acknowledged in the affairs of churches. His learning was profound, and he had wide influence through his writings. . . . I cannot tell you how much I loved him."

" I listened to his sermons in boyhood. . . . His

character helped to make Andover a grand place to be born and grow up in."

"I went to Andover in 1867 mainly for the purpose of placing myself under Professor Phelps's instruction and influence. Long before that time his little classic, 'The Still Hour,' had wrought itself into the very roots and fibres of my being. His lectures at once threw their spell over me so irresistibly that I have never escaped from it. They are still my constant study, models, and inspiration. . . . His words of counsel to me as an individual have been a perpetual incentive and benediction in all the years of my ministry. His face, as I knew it, has always hung in my library. . . . I have read with avidity and preserved with affection every scrap of his published writings since my seminary days."

"A great teacher, to whom my debt is wide as life itself. . . .

"A more polished intellect, a more elegant erudition, a more enchanting rhetoric, than Professor Phelps's I never met. The influence of these rare gifts charmed and roused every one of his pupils. They were peerless and priceless.

"He was a critic, generous, sympathetic, humorous, thorough, and helpful. He was a preacher of devout tone and impressive manner, whose diction of beauty knit to strength, and whose doctrine of granite lined with gold, furnished us with the best of models. He was a counsellor on whom the doubting and perplexed could lean securely, even as he leaned on the strong and tender heart of his Master. He was a man with his feet solidly on the earth, with his head sincerely in the skies, a fervid lover of his native

land, a theologian absolutely true to his convictions, an author whose literary and devotional magic have made him a sort of seraphic doctor to thousands of aspiring souls. How well I remember the favorite phrase of his class-room prayer, asking that his pupils might be 'wise to win souls to Christ.'"

This summed up his holy personality.

"I represent a host of men, now out in the ministry, who are quick to accord to him the power of a master. He had an almost divine felicity in touching the springs of the hidden life within, that set us agoing. I do not recall another man among teachers, in college or seminary, his equal in commanding a universal authority and admiration. Most men who are eminent have certain drawbacks, but as man, teacher, friend, he had none. It was a mystery to see him set aside in what we would call his meridian by his illness; but how abundant and helpful has been his service to the world since!

"They tell us that when Bunyan died his parishioners besought that they might be buried near him, and I confess that I should like to rise with Professor Phelps when Gabriel's clarion rings."

Reference has been made by one of his now gray-headed "boys" to the labor which he performed upon the sermons of his class. But no one not behind the scenes can form a just impression of the amount and kind of toil which went into their drudgery. Nay, by the time it left his throbbing brain and patient heart and hand it was no longer drudgery. He lifted that dreary task. He sublimated it. A thankless business, verily, to criticise the callow starts of fledglings too young at their

flights to know the sky from the tree-top! But the professor performed it with a fidelity and a *respect* which won the gratitude of the student whose much-marked manuscript came back to him with the severest reviewing in the class.

Those of us who crept silently into the study, and sat patiently waiting for the moment when the criticism should be done, and the dear voice could speak, can testify with what loyalty he treated his students' work. Never in a single instance can I recall his having betrayed, even in those intimate moments, the *name* of any pupil whom he might find so discouraging, or so amusing, that the pen dropped from his hand, and the impulsive exclamation from his lips. Good work inspired him, and he labored over it with a kind of fatherly pride. A poor sermon seemed to take the life out of him; but he was quite true to the writer. We have been told that his students have cherished the professor's criticisms — the professor's plans — till they were themselves gray pastors. We cannot be too often reminded that work always tells in this world; and the sheer amount of faithful toil put into that critical assistance aroused always more gratitude than resentment from the criticised. This custom of Professor Phelps's may be better estimated if it is said that such is by no means universal in the homiletical instruction of theological students. There is many an easier way of passing the point. He chose the hardest, and his works do follow him. He told me once that he had carefully corrected in this way, with written critiques, I think it was sixty sermons a year, for — I will not say how many years. Really, it may be said that no phase of

his professional work has lasted longer in the memories of his students.

Of one other habit of his we cannot omit to speak, before we pass out of the lecture-room. This, too, is tenderly recalled. I refer to the prayer with which he opened his lecture. Nothing was suffered to prevent the invocation, which nothing ever seemed to make monotonous. I have listened to it day after day, in the summer, when the lectures on English style crowded the lecture-room with outsiders, — residents and strangers, both men and women, who came to hear him, — and no filial appreciation can overstate the manner with which those prayers were received.

Brief, solemn, low of voice, thrilling in intensity, the few words consecrating that service vibrated from heart to heart. With a power which lifted the daily toil into a glorious opportunity, the life's work into a sublime mission, that prayer touched the secret of the heart — his old students will remember how. The professor ministered like a priest before them. That battered old desk was an altar, and it seemed to smoke before the eyes with sacred fire. Sometimes, not often, — weary with what personal burden or untold anguish? — his voice broke. A hush wrapped the lecture-room. The bowed heads lifted themselves slowly. Eyes too dim to read the notes bent to the page. Thoughts and vows too solemn to be told sprang to the heart. In a kind of awe the students considered what he who taught them meant by consecration.

"It is enough for me," said one of them, "to take off my hat when I see him go by. I would give ten

years of my life to live one year in immediate sight of that man's Christian character."

His unconsciousness of the personal affection which followed him in every relation of life was the most beautiful thing about it. Once, when some one told him of the admiration, not to say adoration, of a person almost unknown to him, sudden and rare tears bathed his face, and in a voice broken till it was almost inarticulate he murmured: — "*When* saw we — Thee — an hungered?"

Upon the same page in which this little scene was recorded, I find that I have taken further notes of a conversation in which he said: —

"I think it is reasonable to bring to bear upon ourselves the same *principles* of judgment that we bring to bear upon other people. Therefore it may be — as artless perfections are the highest — that we have some of the very graces of which we are unconscious, because we are unconscious of them."

". . . Yet for me, as I look back upon my life," he added, with that quick, eager wave of his hand which all who knew him well remember, "I see that it must be blotted out as if it had never been. . . . And I believe it will — I *believe it will!*"

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOME STORY.

THE old metaphysical problem of the duality of consciousness is not more interesting than the dual expression of any common life. The poet was a philosopher who wrote of the two natures: —

> " . . . One to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her."

The private life of a man of public importance is always approached with eagerness, often with uneasiness, sometimes with the confidence that waits upon the believer who sees the veil drawn from the presentation of some mystic religious ceremonial in which acquaintance has taught him to trust.

In dealing with the home life of Professor Phelps, the story must of necessity be gathered, and dropped, and resumed, as the pressure of the professional career infringes upon it; but it will be found, if rightly proportioned and interpreted, to present a narrative not without significance peculiar to itself.

While the professional struggle and success ran their course in the Andover lecture-room, life went in the Andover home after the manner of professional homes in New England, — hard, but happily. Up to a certain point it did not depart from the more usual incidents and accidents in the lives of brain-workers, and when the divergence came it may be said that

it came from causes hardly recognizable at the time by the actors in the drama.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was well past thirty before either the home or the world found out that she was destined to be anything other than the homekeeper. An ideal one she was, and the imagination of her husband, who always retained something of a feudal view of the lines of feeling and action which should be found natural to women, rested in her fireside graces, "nor ever looked beyond." It is entirely probable that, if the genii had never burst from the bottle of domestic life, the professor's history had been a different one to tell. It is more than possible that if she had never written a book, the wife of his youth might have lived to share his age. But life and death tell their own secrets only to each other, far beyond our eavesdropping, and to speculate on the "ifs" and "thens" of existence is as unsatisfactory, though it may be as interesting, as an interview with a medium of the spiritualistic persuasion.

Genius was in her, and would out. She wrote because she could not help it, and her public read because it could not help it, and asked for more and got it. A wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a hostess, in delicate health, on an academic salary, undertakes a deadly load when she starts upon a literary career. She lifted it to her frail shoulders, and she fell beneath it.

Turn back a page or two, and follow the tale before it deepens to its end.

In the thick of the struggle, while those first years at Andover were at their hardest, the eldest son was born. This is he who was named for his

grandfather, Moses Stuart, and whose life was as gracious and orderly as his death was shocking to the imagination, and cruel to the heart. His father, from the first, adored the child.

He was a peculiarly sunny-hearted baby, and his mother took great comfort in him. The corroding cares of maternity gnaw softly when eased by so devout a child-worship as was always given to this happy boy. But love and sacrifice and delight are not nerve and muscle and heart-beat, and the corrosion of strength may bite on, although the soul is blessed.

When "The Sunny Side" was published, it bounded to a sale of over one hundred thousand copies, and a popularity which lasted for many years. The author was besieged by the first publishers, and welcomed by the first critics in the land. The result was inevitable. Volume followed volume,— "The Tell Tale," "A Peep at Number Five," and plans and projects of literary work whirled through the burning brain and exhausted nervous system which needed the impossible, for life's sake, and instead, performed the possible.

Professional families know — no other can — what the life of the mistress of a household is, and was, in these scholarly homes with unworldly salaries, incessant entertainment, country service, and little enough of it; often but one maid-of-all-work, to help lighten the relentless drudgery of domestic toil. In the large, white house on Andover Hill the woman's work of which she wrote in the "Angel over the Right Shoulder," was heavier than in most other homes of its kind. The house was built for a

mansion, and architecturally meant to be inhabited by a fortune. Mrs. Phelps was too good a housekeeper to be "easy" in her environment. She was too conscientious a mother to let her children "go." She was too tender a wife to forget the tired professor. She was too hearty a hostess to neglect the least of the thronging guests to whom the household of a professor in any university town is incessantly and remorselessly exposed. And, alas, she was too successful a writer not to write.

Who could foresee? Who could prevent? Who could understand? Not even the husband whose foresight and insight were only equalled by his tenderness and self-sacrifice. Everything that love and little leisure and less income could do, was done to ease the condition of the wife and mother, who dared, with a physique like hers, to be anything else; but she had put her hand upon the sacred fire, and it smote her.

In August of 1852, her third child (named for a family friend, Amos Lawrence of Boston), was born. Her physicians expected the best results from this event. During that year she had lost strength rapidly. Straight through the burning Andover summer she worked on copy and proof of her last book, which was announced for the autumn press. She seemed better for a time after the baby's birth; and life looked strong and sweet and possible.

Suddenly the overtasked nature began to give way. There was some suspicion that a forgotten congestion of the brain, dating years ago, had bestirred itself to cast the last blow at her enfeebled strength; but this was not conclusively proved.

Her husband removed her to Boston, that she might be near her physician, a man of eminence in his time, and because she snatched at that pitiful experiment which the sick call "a change." There, all the last expedients of love were tried, and the last delusions of hope pursued.

She fought for life with a memorable pertinacity, of which her husband himself has written: "Then began her calm, conscientious, determined *struggle for life.* 'Now,' she said, '*my duty is to live, and you must help me.*' She concentrated the whole strength of her being upon the struggle. Sometimes so stern was the conflict that those she loved best could scarcely catch from her a word, a smile, a look. . . . They feared that she might pass away in the silence of those dreadful hours, unable to speak her last message. . . . Her silent thoughts of her own family would sometimes break from the restraint she had imposed on them. In one instance, when her infant child was taken to her room, it seemed to unlock her prisoned affections — her face lighted with tenderness, her eye assumed that depth of meaning which none but a mother's eye ever has, and for a few moments she poured forth her love in the dialect which only mothers know how to use, then fell back as if to renew more resolutely the struggle against the disease that consumed her. . . . She would herself give directions as to the various remedies she needed, and would mark the time, minute by minute, when the remedy should be repeated. . . . On such occasions there were moments when, as if to proclaim its own immortality, the soul seemed to come forth from that dimmed eye, and, in almost visible pres-

ence, to *strike at* the unseen foe. . . . For more than thirty days she thus maintained the unequal conflict. At length her hope began to wane. 'If it were not for my children,' she said, 'I would not struggle any longer.' It was not till the evening of the twenty-ninth of November that she became convinced that the struggle was a hopeless one. . . . She then gave up all with scarcely a moment's agitation. 'Without a tear her eye turned on Death. She placed her hand in his.' The closing scene was just like *her*."

Few who were present have forgotten — we are often reminded of it still — the pathetic scene on her funeral day, when the bereaved husband, with his motherless children about him, brought the poor baby in his arms that the child might be baptized — as she had asked — beside his mother's coffin.

The haggard, tearless face of the father, the little hands of the three-months old child clinging to his cheek and breast, long remained vivid to those who could appreciate the touching sight, in which it was not difficult to see the symbol of that self-obliterating tenderness which made, for the greater part of his life, a gospel out of the divinest attribute in the man — his fatherhood.

There is a pleasant story told us by one of his oldest friends and Andover's greatest teachers, whose observant eyes were the only ones to notice that the western sun had stolen into the windows of the sad room, and, slanting across in one long ray, sought out and rested upon one object only. This was *her* portrait. As the sacred water touched the forehead of the motherless baby, and the sacred words, consecrating him to the love and to the service of the God

who giveth and taketh, fell upon the hushed room, a glory struck upon the pictured face, which smiled as one may who understands and is content.

The family festival in the white house fell at New Year's time. If this were a relic of the old Puritan objection to Christmas, we never knew it. It only occurred to us that we had a better time than other children, and, naturally, deserved a different day. Perhaps it struck us as rather an honor than otherwise; as if New Year's Day, and all that was therein, were our personal property. At all events, the merry-making, inaugurated when the first-born was in long clothes, and thus antedating the memory of all the children, went bravely on, come joy or anguish, life or death. He was the soul of it. He was the fun of it. It was he who planned the wonders and performed the miracles, who held the child, too sick to lift its head, before the New Year's tree, or romped with the well ones while they tore the strings from the little gifts that were always neatly wrapped by his methodical hands, to deepen the mystery, and prolong the ecstasy. He *was* New Year's Day; and to him the motherless children turned as confidently as ever, sure of their frolic on that gray morning which ushered in the first New Year in which she had ever left him to trim the "tree" alone.

We waked, and watched down stairs for him, at some incredible hour long before dawn; "to catch Papa" first, being the great honor of the day. He slept in the bedroom opening from his study in the wing; and while it was yet dark, we heard him stirring. He came out shivering — it was bitter cold

— to go down and start the furnace fire, as he was used. We peered at him through the window as he trod heavily down the long hall. He had his study lamp in his hand. Its light struck a face so gray, so ghastly, so drawn with sleepless grief, that one at least of the children shrank with a sudden divination of the truth. The "Happy New Year!" faltered on her lips. What was she doing? Was the "happy" gone from the year, for him? An awed consciousness of the suffering that never showed itself to make the children gloomy, suddenly befell her. Then he heard the little voices, and his own rang back, instantly, merrily, tenderly. His face relaxed and shone. The sweet smile that never failed us, answered to our ignorant joy; and the dear kiss that we never had to wait for, blessed the strange New Year.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORY; AND THE HOME.

PROFESSOR PHELPS was easily a hermit, and inevitably a home-loving, home-staying man. His first (indeed his only) trip to Europe was to his temperament, and in his time, something of an event. Nowadays, and to the other kind of man, it would be nothing but an incident. People did not run over then as they do now. We talk of "the other side," as an Andover professor of those days might have spoken of a ride to Lawrence, or a picnic at Haggett's Pond. The overworked, struggling man, driven by the lashes of his bereavement, like so many another solitary traveller, found and took his first opportunity to travel in the year succeeding the death of his wife.

"It is a good thing to see the world we live in," said the much-travelled Longfellow, and it was a good thing for the lonely professor; yet he seems to have had rather a dismal time of it. He was too much alone to begin with. He sailed in the *Arctic*, upon the last voyage which she made successfully before she went to the bottom. He was a miserable sailor; of four hundred passengers, the sickest man aboard. Among the letters to his children will be found a vivid and amusing account of his misfortune; he was able to crawl on deck just before putting into port, and,

mustering such courage as an exceptionally seasick and sleepless man may possess, conscientiously "did" the European tour of his times. He was desperately lonely; he could not converse in any of the Continental languages; he was taken dangerously ill in a little Italian town, quite alone; his letters of credit gave out; he was too ill to renew them; a lout of a landlord threatened to turn the fever patient out of doors. He did not have a very gay trip, and it is my belief that he often wished himself home again. This he never admitted, but when his duty to that form of culture was performed, he set a joyful face toward old Andover, by whose sedate, scholastic fireside he rested with the inexpressible comfort of the home-loving nature.

In April, 1854, he married the sister of his wife,—Mary Stuart. She was in consumption when he married her; he wished to care for her, and he did so devotedly to the end, which came in a year and a half. His affection for her had been a tender one, and the renewed solitude did not seem to be any easier because it was expected and inevitable. Sickness, watching, care, death, burial, came to seem the natural scenery of the Andover house. It was not that his fate was worse than many another man's, nor did he ever, at his darkest moments, have the weakness to call himself a man afflicted above his fellows; but it is true that the current of his life was unfortunate for a temperament like *his*. He was not by nature joyous. His view of moral responsibility was too grave to permit him to be what is called light hearted. His personal sensitiveness was too exquisite to allow him to be blunt of sympathy; and

a man of the most refined sympathy *cannot*, in a world like this, be a glad man. A little easier life, a more natural, unbroken story, less bereavement, less ill-health, less of what we call Providential darkness without, and consequent sadness within, more serene human blessedness, — these things, it seems to *us*, would have been better for a soul so delicately poised and quiveringly clouded. But God wrought upon him according to His own unfathomable comprehension of the relation of individual comfort to the general need. It is left for us to suppose that the man's work required the sacrifice of the man. However that may be, the story of Professor Phelps moves from sorrow to trial, large and less, revealed and concealed. With the fearless force of the Greek drama which is never afraid of tragedy, nor anxious about "a good ending," life bore him steadily from discipline to discipline, to its trustful, uncomplaining end.

In June, 1858, Professor Phelps married Mary A. Johnson, daughter of Samuel and Charlotte Johnson of Boston. This union, which gave him a great deal of happiness, lasted thirty-three years.

Of this marriage were born his two younger sons, Francis and Edward. The former is now resident in Baltimore, and the latter, who is a journalist by profession, in Chicago.

The home of Professor Phelps at Andover has an interest somewhat peculiar to itself. Many an old theological tradition clings to those stately walls. The mansion, by all odds the most attractive in that town of broad horizons, and comfortable homes, was built by the first incumbent of the department,

with a naïve disregard for the pocket of the institution, and a definite consideration for his own tastes as well as for the present and prospective domestic glory of the chair. The house was, for those days, a palace. Its massive foundations and architectural solidity, the landscape gardening of its large grounds, its terraces, and arbors, and summer-houses, its coach-house, and other worldly superfluities, shocked the religious sensibilities of the pious brethren who held the bag. It is one of the legends of the mansion that the reverend builder put upon the walls of the north drawing-room a papering which cost the then unparalleled sum of one dollar a roll. The scandal which followed was so active that the unlucky incumbent became frightened, and to atone for his extravagance forthwith purchased a cheap paper with which to cover the sight of his economic blunder from gods and men. This, I think, still remained upon the room when Professor Phelps's family took possession of the house, and it was held to be quite a point in antiquarian research to peer after signs of that "ungodly" papering, when later (and more modest) ventures in household decoration replaced each other, in process of time, upon those lofty walls.

The house was large; its rooms fourteen feet high; its hall of a princely size for its times, and generous for any times; the wood-work, all carved in those days by hand, was rich in ornamentation both without and within. I think the simplicity of the Hill was even a little disturbed by the bell-ropes. Should a professor of the Faith ring for his servant like an unregenerate man about town?

The house was as uncomfortable as it was imposing.

For years the New England winters had it all their own way in the great hall and gaping rooms. Tradition tells us that a former incument, being of a "near" disposition in the matter of fuel, hung his hall with bed-spreads, and what are called in the country comforters: these were suspended upon ropes to break the draughts, as the freezing inhabitants dared the climate of the lower halls, or tested the thermometer of the upper stairs. Many other traditions follow the house, more or less of interest, according as one cares for that early Andover life. Perhaps the best of these is that of the pious occupant of the feminine gender, who prayed with everybody, and on all occasions, filling the village with awe. One unlucky girl, being invited to spend her birthday in the mansion, is said to have unwarily accepted the invitation, to find herself locked into the study by the hostess, fed on bread and water, and warned to think of her sins.

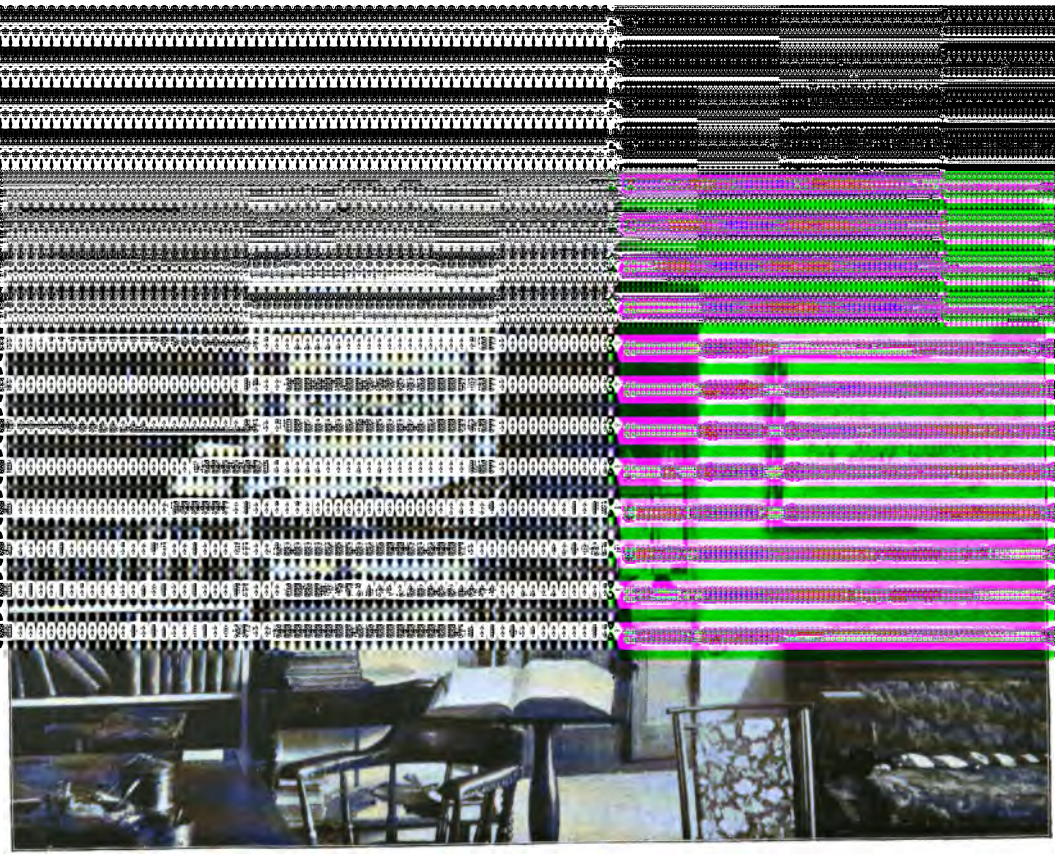
Professor Phelps had a genius for home comfort, and he made the mansion, which he thoroughly renovated, the delightful one which it is to-day. Nowhere else do we see such supplies of wood, heaping the big woodsheds. Who else builds such open fires nowadays? Save where one must, or dispense with what one might, one need never be cold in that house. The fire-places and the hearty Franklin stove in his study never failed to help out the big furnace when the bitter weather blew from Wachuset a straight blast, uninterrupted, against the western side of the house. The dearest memories of the family warm themselves forever before his glorious fires. He used gently, sometimes, to compassionate a certain class of people who "could not afford" to keep their chil-

dren warm and cheerful by that one bright expedient, while a little paring of the upholstery or millinery bill would have filled the happy hearth.

His own study was in the southern wing of the house. Here the sun followed him as if it loved him, from dawn to dark. Here his books in their simple, painted shelves ran to the ceiling, and his plain table and old-fashioned, rather hard, revolving-chair, stood to their daily toil with sober faces. This room itself was full of shadowy values, dating far before his time. He used to speak with emotion, of the fact that the origin of the great Foreign Missionary Association of America dated from that room; in which was held the first consultation or prayer-meeting of the men who "conceived the inconceivable" idea of Christianizing the heathen nations. His faith in prayer was, to the end, so utter, so simple, so genuine, that he never allowed a light word spoken of it in his presence. That often-ridiculed form of devotion known as the female prayer-meeting, he treated with a manly and Christian respect which silenced many a flippant word. This little story of the missions and the study always gave him real pleasure, and added a certain idealization to the room which was sanctified to him by the personal toils and struggles of forty years.

It was an ideal study — a little plain, by the standards of our luxurious bric-à-brac times — a scholar's study. His books occupied it to the exclusion of trifles. A few of the souvenirs of his European trip, the old mahogany sofa on which he spent so many helpless days, his wife's writing-desk, in late years the portrait of his dead son, completed the incidents

of the room. Eastward, he looked to the old Seminary buildings, beyond which lay the church-yard, whose Improvement Association he created, and beneath whose quiet face he rests. The morning sun filtered through the red and gold of the maples which he had planted, and the old chapel bell called him briskly through leaf, and blossom, and shivering bough to early prayers. Westward, his eyes loved to linger on one of the most beautiful scenes in Massachusetts. The afternoon sun rolled in a tide into the study. The long gardens sloped by terraces to the grove in which he used to walk and which was dear to him. The foliage outline of elm and apple, pear and spruce and larch, grouped by his design, was very fine, against the western sky. The Andover sunsets, always famous, were, from that setting, celestial. Scarcely a sign of human life was visible. Outline beyond outline, the perspective ran over field and forest, light and shadow, to the Berkshire hills. Peace looked in at that window, and the world withdrew her step. His noble face, when the day's work was done, — or, later, when the day's suffering was borne, — turned to that western study window without a word. He had the expression of one who turns to a long-tried friend for comprehension which is certain not to fail him. He lifted up his eyes to the hills whence his help came.



THE STUDY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PREACHER; AND THE AUTHOR.

As years consolidated his character, and the results of his power and his scholarship took the slow form of public evidence, it began to become apparent that the Homiletical Professor was one of the preachers who sway the Church, and compel the respect of "the World." That prognosis made by the parishioners of the boyish pastor in Boston was more than justified by time. No matter how absorbed by the immediate duties of his relationship to the Seminary, Professor Phelps always took space to retain his connection with a living pulpit.

"Of their professor's own preaching, his students," writes one of them, "never had enough. They begrudged the loss of an opportunity. Such sermons as that which was afterward developed into 'The Still Hour,' and so widely cultivated, or those which were combined in the volume entitled 'The New Birth,' or that entitled 'Man's Extremity God's Opportunity,' live in the memories of their original hearers to this day, and not merely by the impression they made, but by whole sentences and paragraphs. . . . He used fairly to take possession of his audience by the lucidity, the directness, the elegance of his style; and his

and that reflection into conduct, is a form of genius which may be as enviable as any that the world of thought contains. It is one open to peculiar difficulties, and subject to the severest tests.

There is no easy step in all that mental journey. No makeshift work can fill his pulpit of whom this service is expected. No Saturday night sermons can suffice for that desk. No hurry, no scurry, no expedient of weariness or distraction, can fill the pages of that sermon. It is hard work, it is high work, it is long work, it is close work, it is scholar's work, it is *all* work, to maintain such a reputation when once a man has won it.

And, after all, a man of towering pulpit eminence may sometimes turn away disheartened to his study, because his greatest sermon has seemed to brush, not to cut, the soul which it is his duty, above all things, first, to save. A preacher is not in his pulpit to give a literary entertainment; he is there to make good men out of bad ones, and better men out of good. We all know distinguished pulpit orators who are polished till they are like onyx — as cold, as brittle. Their hearers go, and listen, and admire — and forget. These men are in fact better scholars than they are Christians. They are better orators than they are apostles. They raise the standard of taste. How much influence have they on the results of conduct? It is not an excessive view of the case to say that Professor Phelps stood clearly among the still smaller ranks of *spiritual* orators.

This, when all is said, will be found to be his true position in the American pulpit; and for this legacy to the Christian Church he is beloved as much as he

is honored by the generation which has not outgrown the memory of his working years. No one who ever personally knew him doubted the intense *trueness* of the man when he spoke the Word of Almighty God to the hearer who trusted him for it. It is hard to believe that any such hearer — though drifting in and out, the stranger of an hour's spell under the power of a clergyman of whom he knew no more — could have left the church in whose silent aisles that memorable voice was echoing, without ready confidence in the religious honor of the preacher.

He was a magnetic preacher, but he was a more magnetic believer. He was a genuine orator, but he was a more genuine Christian. Elegance of diction, fineness of form, power of address, may go a great way to save a soul if the soul is behind them. He did not construct sentences, and create style, and handle an audience, and stop there. He did thus, and did it as few of his cotemporaries have done; he gave literary value to his expression of religious truth, and memorable force to his appeals to irreligious men, but he gave more. He gave too much more for a man of his physique to bear. He gave too much more to be always understood, even by those who hung upon his burning words. He gave the holy fire of an intense heart. He gave the very coals from the altar of a consecration which *must* flash, which *must* blaze and burn his trembling life. He preached the Gospel of Christ as he did, because he *lived* Christ. The attentive soul that listened to him went away saying less "That was a great preacher," than "That was a great Truth."

In appearance he assisted his pulpit power. He

was not tall, but in his well and active days not otherwise than agreeably proportioned, and of decidedly clerical appearance. In figure, he had something of the general traits which we are accustomed to associate with a bishop, or a priest. His head and countenance departed from that type. His hands, not thin, but well formed, and rather white, took easily to the gestures which gave the impression of naturalness and comfort to the hearer's mind and eye. His manner was one of the intensest — probably, to such temperaments as are antagonistic to one like his, it may have seemed too intense. It may have been sometimes said of him that he was too grave a preacher; that he emphasized too heavily the awful fates of life and death, if not in doctrine, at least in his way of presenting the more tremendous issues which must sometimes occupy the gentlest pulpit, if it be a thorough one. I have, in one instance, heard this comment made upon him by an old pupil (of a kind of mind noticeably opposite to his): it is the only one which has reached me.

In regard to his pulpit personnel, there can hardly have been two opinions. His fine head, his broad, full brow, his blue eye flashing with sacred fire, his thin, sensitive lips all had beauty. The whole *vividness* of the man poured itself along his words like molten gold. He seemed to be eaten up by his theme. It ran through him like a fever. Yet his self-possession was perfect. Who ever heard him declaim, or denounce, or do a noisy thing in the pulpit? His manner was essentially quiet, controlled, and finished. The fire burned through; that was all. One felt his emotion more because

of what he so evidently restrained, than because of what he expressed. It was feeling in leash that sprang out from the sensitive face, the modulated accent, the quivering nerve. Some eminent preachers have been unable to control their tears during their own discourse. He shed none. But probably the most powerful element in his pulpit manner was his voice. This cannot be described, but is not soon forgotten. Low, distinct, and vibrating, it rose to rebuke, or fell to awe, or melted to tenderness; it throbbed through the hearer like the nerves of a soul.

It is not easy to be a daughter and a biographer too. One must expect, as a matter of course, to be thought sufficiently alive to the graces which adorned the life that we seek to recall. But, at least, in the impression which these pages have tried to give of the rare quality of his *voice*, and its power in the pulpit, I am sure that love and taste are not confounded.

Professor Phelps's sermons, unfortunately, are not left in any such form that they can be given to the world, as sermons, to speak for themselves. Many he destroyed. Many more he dismembered for miscellaneous publication; some went into the making of the volume which he called "The New Birth," and which had a wide reading. A goodly part of that side of his life's work has flown broadcast in religious weeklies, and other avenues of periodical expression, where a good thing drops, and blows away — whither? It seems a pity that his pulpit work could not, like the work of his lecture-room, have been preserved in a more continuous form. But

he decided otherwise, and his instinct may have been right about it.

But one pre-eminent exception exists to the history of those sermons which some of his old pupils would now be glad if they could hold in their hands.

One there was on prayer. It found so many friends, it touched so many hearers, that in 1860 he wrought it out into a little book, and gave it to the world modestly, even timidly, expecting little from it, unless, perhaps, the usefulness of a higher kind of tract. Its title was "The Still Hour," and its history the religious world knows too well to need an unnecessary word from me.

The book bounded into a large and eager circulation. In this country and abroad he thought it had reached a movement of about two hundred thousand. The exact figures of the American circulation cannot well be ascertained, the firm which originally published the book having been disbanded by some important accident — death, I think.

But that "The Still Hour" has been one of the religious forces of its times, and his, is matter of history. Its literary quality gave at once a new aspect to his life's work. His literary taste was now to receive something of its due. The public recognition gratified him. But the *religious* usefulness of the literary success was the heart-throb in his delight. He was overwhelmed by letters from strangers all over the English-reading world, laying bare to him their spiritual struggles, and entreating from him further spiritual guidance. He was overcome by their gratitude and their blessing. He was attentive to their paltriest criticism. He was awed by the

tenderness and the veneration which these unknown friends poured upon him. He took the success of his book tremulously as a mercy straight from God, and far beyond his best deserving. He was profoundly touched by it. At times he could not speak of it, but, at the mention of it, went to his study alone, with bowed head. How he must have prayed, asking heaven's help to use this precious experience nobly, those who understood him can divine.

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOUD GATHERS.

LIFE had now reached its blossom with him. He was forty years old, and full of the hopes of an age when experience is at its richest and when the physical background of mental power ought to be at its best. He was happy in his home-life and in its promises. He took good courage from his wife and good comfort from his children. His beautiful home grew every year beneath his loving hands into something closer and dearer to the heart. His professional success was assured. His power as a preacher was at its zenith. The literary form of religious usefulness had unexpectedly opened its bright gates to him. Middle age looked at him gently, and, with a fresh heart-throb, the overworked man turned to greet her kindest pledges.

But he *was* an overworked man. There is something awful about the law of physical nemesis. It rides right on, come death or life — come bliss or agony; and the soul most exquisitely constructed, the soul so put together, that, in the nature of things it must suffer most, is the first to succumb to the effects of the ideals which it is the surest to honor and obey. Too many a man has been the victim of his own aspiration. Too many a life has received the deadly sword-thrust at the turning of the bravest battle.

How the darkness first visibly gathered over the working life of Professor Phelps, it was not easy to see and it is not easy to say. About the date which we have now reached in our record the signs of physical surrender began to make themselves manifest to that light attention with which we are in the habit of regarding a *malaise* which is expected to pass away directly, or an exhaustion which requires "a little change" or "only rest." To be "rather tired," to be "only nervous," to "need a vacation," are such common conditions of American life, that neither the patient nor his friends are expected to emphasize them till they become too clamorous to be disregarded.

He had never been a fussy or timid man about his own health; had, in fact, paid too little regard to the subject to know whether he were sick or well. It is probable that he had always suffered much more than any friend suspected. Certain family letters, dating as far back as 1857–58, now reveal how stealthily the approach of his disease had stepped toward him. Once in a while he slips into some confession of physical misery which in the light of later years is pathetic to read. "No sleep last night." "Only two hours." "I am so exhausted to-day that I must make this note brief." "I could hardly crawl to my lecture." Then the postscript merrily runs: "I slept all night, and am in grand condition to-day. Now for work!" Slowly and insidiously his trouble crept upon him. He had never thought much about it. It was not fashionable then, as now, to call it the "American disease." It took years for him to understand that he was doomed to one of the cruelest

forms of physical discipline — excessive and incurable insomnia.

Among the enterprises with which his burning brain kept his body on the strain, we have not mentioned his labor upon "The Sabbath Hymn-Book," which he compiled in connection with Professor Park and Dr. Lowell Mason. I have sometimes thought that this was the one burden too many. But it is idle to construct "ifs" and "buts" of regret in looking back upon a history like his. "If this had been done" — we say. "If that had not been done" — "If we could have foreseen" — "If we had only understood" — "If anybody had perceived that crisis, or presented this mistake, or insisted upon such a relief." — "Peace! let it be." Words help us no more than tears. It was to be as it was. God had now the silent uses of inaction and suffering for the energy of the strong mind and sensitive heart through which he had in so many ways given blessing to a broad world.

The hymn-book was a severe task; but so were many others. It involved often fifteen hours or more of work in the twenty-four. But so did much of his labor. He did not rest. He could not easily play. He was not lightly amused. His work flogged him along the road that narrows to the cliff's edge so slowly yet so surely that one starts in as much astonishment as horror when the precipice gapes at the feet.

He took perhaps as much exercise as other scholars did in those days; but it was little enough. His life was in his study. The demands of his lecture-room, the loving personal care which he gave to the

work of his Senior class, his literary labor, his sensitive sympathy with and anxiety for his family in any of the little or large distresses which beset a household of seven, the incessant social entertainment of a professor's home, the often harassing care of Seminary affairs, the exhaustion of those long and not always harmonious Faculty meetings which every professor in any institution can understand,— all these things required air, diversion, rest, calm, and above all, sleep, to counteract their corrosion upon such a nature as his. He had the strain without the repose; he seldom put, perhaps he seldom *could* put, the burden off. At all events, the time came when his great natural vigor bowed beneath it all. He was an insatiable, incorrigible reader. His literary equipment was broad and deep. In a certain outside view of the man one might say that he was born to be a scholar in a freer air than he ever breathed. He had the tastes and the gifts of a type of culture which one is more accustomed to find in the "world" than in the Church. But this he did not or would not recognize. "Best things" (a favorite phrase with him) were not good enough for consecration to the devout, even to the ecclesiastical ends to which his nature was bent like iron hammered in fire.

To the end, disease could not calm his stirring brain. He read much, too much, at night. He showed me once certain shelves in his library filled with history and essays — a portentous accumulation. There was Froude, I remember, with his twelve volumes, voluminous Mommsen and Gibbon and Grote, Bancroft with his — was it thirteen? — big octavos in varying

shades of old-fashioned red muslin fading back to Number II. and quite fresh and bright at Number XII. There were many other sets, of frowning proportions, whose names I cannot now recall.

"All these," he said, smiling, "I have read when the rest of the world has been asleep."

A rheumatic fever of a violent type which attacked him in 1860 may have been (he used to think it was) the accelerating cause of much of his physical misery. It left him with the severe and almost constant pain at the base of the brain from which he was never afterwards released; and it must have emphasized the tendency to sleeplessness which work and care and the intense emotional movement of a nature like his were now pushing to a dangerous expression.

His fate captured him insidiously as such fates do. No one believed — who could believe? — that this glowing activity was to be coldly quenched by so grim a destiny as now befell it. No one suspected — who could suspect? — that his indomitable will might not compel recovery as it had compelled so many other important phases of his experience. He himself was the last to begin to despair. He took his break-down as a slight thing at first. He expected to be well again shortly, as a matter of course. It was almost impossible for him to understand that he needed rest from the professional strain. He had been such a remorseless worker all his days that he lifted a puzzled face when Fate held up her first ominous finger of warning. It would be over soon. He should be better presently. A man must attend to his business. Where was the time or the heart to come from to play at leisure? If a

voice from the powers and principalities of prophecy had said to him at that time, "Twenty years of incurable invalidism are before you," he would have laughed at the prognosis.

Let it be said just here, even if we should have occasion to say it again, that Professor Phelps, in common with others, — with almost all other sufferers from nervous disease, — was sometimes called morbid. This is the easiest word in the world for health to fling at sickness. It is the usual shelter for the stolidity and ignorance of the temperament which can no more understand its opposite than a dead leaf can understand an electric circuit, or a stone-cutter the creation of Kubla Khan. There is more incredible blundering, there is more refined cruelty, exercised by the well in their judgment of the sick, than is to be found in almost any other form of the relations of modern life. Most others have yielded further to the illuminations of civilization. Pathology remains our Darkest Africa, and sympathy our benighted and belated science.

Whatever may have been true of a few dark crises in his long experience of physical suffering, — if there came now and then (who could wonder, who could blame?) in those twenty years an hour of gloom or despair, — I am confident that no sick man ever began his battle more manfully, with more courage, with more imperious hope, with more persistence, with more confident expectation of a quick return to the full activities of life. As we look back upon the story now, the lip quivers at the recollection of all that silent and vigorous fight.

Everything possible and impossible was to be done

and tried. He would leave no venture of the will untouched, no expedient of hope overlooked. Physicians and systems and cures and schools ran their turn in his patient experiment. Therapeutic theories in which he had the scantiest faith received their respectful trial, and went their foredoomed ways. The real hopelessness of his case came slowly — perhaps that was merciful — to his consciousness.

At first the very violence of his suffering led him to believe that it must soon yield to *something* in the whole domain of pathological science. A man could not live with no more sleep than he had. And since a man must live, surely the cure exists.

But night after night, month upon month, year into year, the agony grew. He kept on with his work — who knows how? It is hard to think of that now, — to know that an earlier respite might have saved him to health and to its happy usefulness. By and by he began to try short trips and vacations and the usual expedients.

He turned to me one day, with eyes flashing fire from his haggard face. "I'll *not do it!*" he said under his breath. "I WON'T die here like a hunted creature in a hole! I'll find some place or do something — I WILL get well!"

Once, at a time of peculiar suffering there befell a public excitement over a certain fall of meteorites, which had some unusual character and was uneasily watched.

"Oh, daughter," he said, with a low, weary cry, "I wish it were the end of the world!"

This outcry, the only one which I can recall in those twenty years of physical torment, made an

impression proportioned to its rarity; the sound of his voice, the look on his face — who that loved him could forget?

In those first pitiful years — for they seem to me more pitiful than the last — when the torment which no medicine controlled went on, with its little intervals of relief, like the long and the short strokes of a bell, he did not often leave home. His chance of rest was better in his own quiet house, for he was always painfully sensitive to noise. A mouse in the wall, the slam of a loose blind, voices in the street, a cough in the house, the bark of a dog, the stamp of a horse, would cost him the night. But we can see now that those scorching Andover summers were all wrong. He needed the mountains, the shore, life in the air, cool nights. Hot weather always exhausted him peculiarly. But it had never occurred to him at this time that he should undertake the upheavals and expenses of summer resorts for his own sake. Everything for his family, anything for a child or an invalid relative. But take all that trouble for himself? It was the last idea which seems to have presented itself to him.

Thinking of those blazing August weeks, when the thermometer sometimes did not go below 90° for many successive days and nights, we remember what he must have suffered, and how little we understood it.

Once, I know, there had been nearly a week of the terrible weather. In all that time he had slept just one hour. Try it, if you think this a light experience. His face became something heart-breaking to look upon. He did not complain — he never did

that. He did not say, "I suffer." He ceased to say anything at all. He took his horse and went off alone for hours for long drives. He came home and shut his study door and bore it as he could. There was nothing to do. Coax the children into quiet by day, and creep down to listen at his door at midnight, lest he have some mortal need of help, and pray one's soul out for the one common mercy which God denied him — but of what avail? Insomnia is the disease in which tenderness is as helpless as science. There was nothing to be done.

On one of these burning afternoons I met him coming from the barn where he had put up his horse. I was trying to intercept him, to see about unharnessing, that he might be spared the fatigue, and perhaps, not understanding the motive, he may have thought that he was watched with an intrusive sympathy.

He stood still and turned his face toward me. When he lay in his coffin it was not so ghastly, and bore far less signs of suffering. He did not speak. For a moment he regarded me remotely, like a being from some world of anguish which the common heart of human love could neither comprehend nor enter. Then, lest he should hurt or sadden one of his children, he tried to smile, and the smile was the worst of all. He passed on and went to his study and locked the door — a vision of such anguish as the memory would forget if it could. It is a comfort even now to remember that on that night the starving brain was fed, and that God sent him sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FATHER.

It would be an interesting study in biographical literature to note the proportion of public honors to private virtues. Too many a great man has received the plaudits of a world which knew too little of those elements of personality that do not enter into the world's rough calculations. A man's public work and the ideals of domestic chivalry do not look the same way. How many a saddened wife has drawn the veil over a face that must betray no comment when her husband's professional greatness is glorified in her gentle ears! How many a neglected or unfortunately reared child has bitten a trembling lip to restrain the bitter word that leaps to qualify a father's fame!

Wherever the fact of kin and the color of affection may tint the canvas of the portrait, here, at least, the palette cannot be questioned. Home-life is a terrible revealer of values. Behind the drawn shades and the closed door dwells the utter truth. If a man's family may not testify what manner of man he was, who should? who can?

It has been with a natural shrinking too profound to bear more than an allusion that the writer of this memorial has ventured to present, as impartially as it could be gathered, the public view of Professor

Phelps's history. It is with proud and perfect assurance that I approach the picture of his private life.

There has been comfort in the voluntary reassurance of an old pupil of his: "Your filial estimate of his character cannot possibly overdo the facts; and to paint him as any less than the man you do would be untrue to them."

Were the power of the artist but proportioned to the rarity and beauty of the subject, there should result such a picture as should stand framed in the reverence of his friends as long as his memory is honored or his character beloved.

We all know how hard it is to be all that we seem. Some of us know the especial difficulties which beset the brain-worker when he values the possession of a symmetrical personal character. In a human home centre all the blessedness and too much of the weariness of life. The inevitable jar, the care, the strain, the never-lulled anxiety, the friction of need upon need and nature against nature which every household involves, make more than the commonplace demand upon the exhausted nerve of the man who must convert creative thought into public respect and daily bread.

"When I hear one of his great speeches," said the wife of a man more distinguished for his intellect than for his temper, "when I listen to those, I think, my child, we mustn't mind what he says to us at home."

The great moral power of Professor Phelps's life, to my mind at least, lay in its genuineness. He *was*, all through, what his priestly calling required him

to seem to be. He did not exist creditably in outside layers and wither toward the core.

The character which proves attractive in direct proportion to acquaintance has a spiritual force beside which mere professional pre-eminence is a little matter. Such a force his was. The world contains too many good husbands, too many kind fathers, for us ever to lose the evidence of that high home ideal of the masculine nature which is needed, let us say, at least as much as the "ever womanly" to sanctify and beautify the relations of tenderness. Among these manly hearts we used to think that his had certain graces peculiar to itself.

To an extent not common among intellectual men he respected the claims of home-life upon his personal attention. It never seemed to occur to him that because he was a man, a professional man, a literary man, a man driven by public work to the edge of the last nerve, he was therefore to be released from that individual devotion to the family dependent upon him, which is not within sight when a man has supported and educated his children and treated his wife with affectionate civility. What he gave us he gave with the eager generosity of his nature, and with that matchless tenderness which it were hard to make any child of his believe was not as much his own as the power of his blue eye in the pulpit, or the silver curl that we cut from his dead brow. He was genuine all through because he was tender all through. His love was as trustworthy as the rising and setting of the sun beyond the windows of his study. In the common phrase, "we always knew where to find him." He never failed us.

In sickness his devotion was something extraordinary. I doubt if the memory of any of his children goes back beyond *his* ministrations. In the large and little ailments or illnesses of childhood and youth we were not without good maternal care, nor conscious of any deficiency in that direction; but which of us can recall a crisis of physical suffering without *him?* His was often the first eye to discover the little one's need; his was the most frequent step upon the stairs; the tireless hand was his; his the tenderest word; his the loving invention that brought relief or the hope that passes for it; his the gentlest watch, the dearest smile, the longed-for touch; and his the melting face, broken by the sight of a child's pain, and illuminated by our relief or recovery into something which we could only express in the old words which he had taught us to revere: "And his countenance was like the countenance of an angel."

How did the exhausted man answer to our ignorant exactions *as he did*, and turn to the lecture, to the criticism, to the sermon, as he must? How did the overwrought man lavish himself day or night upon our need *in the way* he spent himself, and yet never neglect the professional duty under which he staggered?

Thoughtless and clamorous, we took; spendthrift of fatherly tenderness, he gave. So it was from eldest born to youngest; so it was year upon year, and from need unto need; from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to youth; so it was when he who ministered to us, himself began to need the ministrations which he had poured upon the lives of those he

loved; so it was even when he had passed beyond the power to render to us what no one else ever did or could. The impulse to call *him* when we were suffering always sprang to the lips, even if it went no further; it leaps to them yet. His impulse to anticipate our call he never out-lived or out-suffered. Has he done so yet?

Once, I remember, far on in his invalid life, one of his family, seeking to spare him the knowledge of pain for which he was no longer strong enough even to exercise sympathy, had locked the doors upon the situation and given no sign. The household, all busy, and all ignorant of the state of the case, went their ways as it was intended that they should. He was in bed or upon it. It was one of his hardest days, and he was believed to be quite safe from any knowledge of an incident which would distress his now helpless tenderness to no useful end.

But by and by there crept down the stairs and sounded through the long hall that heavy, feeble step which could not keep away from the need that his fine insight alone suspected. Then fell upon the door that dear finger-tap peculiar to himself which we all knew by heart, and which none of us could mistake though it fell upon the Golden Gates themselves, we waiting on the hither side for some one to help us through. There was no denying entrance to thoughtfulness like his. There was no resisting his divine instinct to relieve suffering. In a few moments the sick man, scouring the house for the means of relief, which only he would ever have thought of, had conquered the emergency. When this was done, he crawled back to his own bed.

In all other forms of need or dependence the story was the same. It ran on, like a beautiful serial, from chapter to chapter of our young lives. Elsewhere we do not turn such pages. It used to be our belief, and time has not yet shaken it, that he lavished more thought and feeling, more study and sympathy, more attention and devotion, upon his children in one year than most of the quite comfortable young people whom we knew received from busy fathers in six-fold that time.

The study was never a growlery. It was the heart of home. We were never exiled from that shelter of toil and peace. It was the living-room and it was the loving-room of the house. Often now, we wonder how he worked, with five noisy children tramping and shouting over that great echoing house, so little checked, so seldom rebuked or required by him to restrain their unhomiletical occupations for his sake.

Of course, at times the key was turned in the study door. Then we knew that the work was too close, or the weariness too sore, for us to be welcomed. We respected that key. It was our habit to steal on tiptoe (if we were so far thoughtful) up through the dim hall and peep into the lock to see if it were closed. But it had to be to keep us out. Only this definite hint could convince his family that there could be occasions when they were not wanted in that temple of tenderness and rest. From the beginning of the sweet, rare story, he was the first, best, truest — sometimes, we thought, the only — *friend* we had in the world. If ever a father succeeded in successfully cultivating the acquaint-

ance of his children, he was that father. We had few secrets from him. Our young lives turned to him as naturally, as utterly, as the keel turns to the hand at the helm. Had we a trouble? — Where was he? From a toothache to a heartache, we flung it upon his sympathy, which closed about it and us as the divine power seems to close about the crises of mature life. What was temptation? Take it to *him*. Stern as the angel of the moral law, but melting as the movement of our own natures after "that which makes for righteousness," his yearning heart answered to our little faults and penitence. With all that throbbing tenderness and sympathy which would have offered his life to save a child from pain, he never "indulged," as the phrase goes, below the standard of strength. The moral ideal, the spiritual truth, must not be degraded because fathers loved their children. Very early we found that out. We never expected namby-pamby sympathy or sentimental liberality from him.

To disobey *him* was incredible. His word was "like the law of the Lord." To tell him the utter truth was inevitable. He and honor were one thing in our minds. The scene in the study when one of his eldest children told the first lie is too well remembered. The child was seven, and the falsehood was proved and acknowledged. To the young father this commonplace incident was a heart-rending experience. He had come home from a journey, exhausted; but the moral crisis must not wait for a man to rest. The awe in the little offender's heart when the fatigue of travel deepened on that sensitive face into the deadly pallor of overwhelming

emotion cannot be forgotten yet. He spoke to the child in a low, stern yet quivering voice such as befitted the solemnity of some tremendous moral event. It ceased to be an event — it became an epoch to have uttered a falsehood. He spoke of the holiness of truth and the beauty of honor; he dwelt in language quite clear to the child's mind on the enormity of that little act. Beneath his breath he touched for a moment upon the tendency of falseness in the heart. Liars, he said, in an awestruck, all but inaudible tone, *liars* went to *hell*. But then and there, before the child could cower beneath the moral shock of his displeasure, — a displeasure which, coming from that ideal of fatherly gentleness, seemed like the rebuke of offended God Himself, — this too human father bowed his face and wept bitterly.

Those heavy sobs, that melting sight, never heard or seen before or since, effected what word or rod could not have done. Awed into shame, silenced by this revelation of the truth that no soul sinneth to itself, the child crept to his feet and sobbed with him. At that hour was the abhorrence of dishonor born in the heart. That lie was the last.

It might be added that this first lesson in the father's creed of moral retribution was almost the last. No more was needed. That child, at least, required no damnatory hymns or threatening doctrine to complete a religious training. The father's belief was a terrific, and in so far, it must be owned, a beneficent moral fact in that young life. This union of human theology with what might be called divine tenderness was characteristic of the man.

As his children gained in years, his power of

parental divination gained with them. His maturing sons did not grow away from him. That dream of fatherhood which had blessed their childhood protected their youth. The darkest hour of college temptation was shared, first or last, with him. The boyish religious skepticism, inevitable to a thoughtful mind, went as straight to him as the evening prayer had gone when the baby's face hid upon his knee, and the baby's heart, possibly a little perplexed whether one were praying to God or to "Papa," poured out the joys and trouble of a summer day.

It was a little thing, but it was one of the little things that bespeak great ones, that this affectionate title, usually dropped behind with childhood, never left the lips of his grown children. In the fulness of manhood his sons were not ashamed of the dear word by which their infancy had known him. To the end he was to them what the beginning made him. To this day the more stately parental appellation remains a term of formality adapted to the presence of strangers. The ineffable tenderness which made him what he was to our young needs, bound our manhood and womanhood to him with a peculiarly dependent continuity of which this little fact was only the pretty symbol.

Among the letters, which will form the most valuable pages of this book, will be found specimens of his correspondence with his children, which cannot be without interest for any one who had interest in him or in the parental type which they express. As noticeable as their tenderness and that sensitive thoughtfulness which he never lost for any living creature who had claims upon him, is the impressive

evidence of *respect* which these letters offer to the child. Such lavish expenditure of intellect and feeling is not too usual in the relation of fathers to children. Thought enough and painstaking care enough went into many of those letters, which were never expected to go beyond the pocket of a careless boy or girl, to have formed the basis of a useful piece of literary labor. Let them do their best now to atone for the sacrifice.

He was an impulsive man, for all his godly qualities, and sometimes he spoke quickly. I do not remember that he was ever cross, or that he ever scolded. These common phases of masculine expression seem to have been morally beneath him — perhaps by some high legacy of character, they were unnatural to him. Something of his mother's sweet, uncomplaining temperament was in the sturdier soul of the son. Still, he was not without moments of impulsive ardor, when the exactions or defects of a family would bring the stinging word leaping to his delicate lips. More often they closed in that silent scorn which we felt to be the keenest rebuke we ever had from him. Before a certain turn at the corners of his mouth, any sensitive child would hang the head and creep away, more severely punished than if a sermon or a tirade or a physical pain had struck the offence or the offender.

Yet, when he did speak a little too soon, he was so afraid that he had wronged the child, he was so grieved lest he had seemed to lose a temper which really, I think, he seldom or never did, that nothing could undo the possible mistake quickly or kindly enough. Then how his heart moved toward us!

How that swift tenderness started on wings to us! It flew and enfolded us like an angel. We crept under it, resolved and comforted and repentant. At those moments a kind of worship arose in the heart of the child who had been treated with a father's respect and regret. It was one of the rare things about him, that he was not ashamed to apologize to the child whom he might have wronged. The few occasions upon which this happened made profound impression upon the moral characters which his was forming. Of that simple nobility, which of us ever took a low advantage? It was a thing too high.

More often, when the case did not reach the limits of parental mistake, his fine sensibility quivered over some small scene in which he fancied himself too severe. Then came the little sign of love to be treasured as long as one can treasure anything. Sometimes it was a journey up stairs to the locked room to say the word of reassuring tenderness; or it was a kiss without a word; or it was a silent pressure of the hand. Perhaps it was some little gift — a book, a flower, or a trifle for the always empty pocket of the boy. Again, we found on our table at night a card, a note: —

"Dear son" or "Dear daughter: I didn't mean to scold you. Good night."

Or, "My dear child: I have thought much of you to-day. My heart is with you in all your thoughts and longings. Papa."

Tenderness like this lent a kind of romance to his relations with his children. "He had a magnetic power over all his boys," said one of his grown sons.

But what can we say? When the pen tries to tell

the story, it falters too much to tell it as it should be told to give to those who loved him, but knew not why as well as we did, any just estimate of what was the finest, and perhaps in the vision of spirits the greatest, aspect of the man — his fatherhood. This only, without tinge of exaggerated feeling, should be added: That supreme tenderness mingled with that firm rectitude of government, that utter self-sacrifice, that tireless care, that bountiful forgiveness, and that ideal of moral nobility which he translated to our souls through the medium of perfect love,— these are the memories which have made the conception of a loving God seem reasonable to us in these days when the faith of man is sorely tried, and when clouds and darkness are around the throne of Him whom the religious instinct of the ages searches with bitter tears. We have been taught what parental love at its highest form may be and do. It is not too much to say that this earthly father gave us that solemn trust in, to a certain extent gave us that comprehension of, the fatherly qualities which lead the groping soul to say: "If the Heavenly Father is like *that*, I shall not find it hard to be His loving child."

It is apt to be through the best part of us that we receive the worst of earthly discipline. And it was through Professor Phelps's own beautifully developed fatherhood that one of the cruelest sorrows of his life was destined to strike home to his heart.

CHAPTER XII.

SHUT IN.

ONE of the stories which Professor Phelps used to tell with keen appreciation was that of the man who "always made it a point to keep away from unhappy people." A similar instinct exists in the well towards the sick. From Goethe, criticising Schiller for his "pathological poetry" down to the last light gossip who tosses the reputation of an invalid neighbor about as the devil tosses the souls of the damned on a pitchfork in the "mad painter's" old sketch, runs the same difficulty in comprehending — perhaps the same reluctance *to* comprehend — the conditions of a being less physically fortunate than ourselves.

When a man has been twenty years an invalid, and when much of his work has been done at the odds of such a history, it is impossible to ignore the uncheerful fact. One cannot altogether "get away from the unhappy" circumstance. A few words, however, will cover the subject better than many; and into these few let us compress what we have left to say about the invalid years of Professor Phelps.

It should be clearly understood that his battle for recovery was as brave, long, and vigorous as his patience under defeat was memorable. In the course of a varied experiment of medical treatment, he was

the subject of some professional mistakes, which, while they may have prolonged his life, added in certain respects to his sufferings, or substituted others in their places. The ignorance of our most enlightened science in the management of nervous disease is nothing less than appalling. Anything else may be understood; almost anything else may be intelligently controlled. There are ruffian souls that cast the word "hypochondriac"—a vitriol—on the bare nerve of suffering nobly borne and ignobly interpreted.

It is a matter of history that in the days of the Most Holy Catholic Inquisition there was found one torture supreme above all others; one surest to compel the renunciation of faith, the sacrifice of honor; one which human nerve found itself most helpless to resist, and human will most hopeless of defying; one above all the ingenuities of intelligent cruelty most dreaded by the accused, and most abhorred by the quivering memory of the victim. This was the torture of enforced sleeplessness. It is said that four or five nights and days of this ecclesiastical amusement were sufficient to bring the most refractory heretic to abject terms.

As the illness of Professor Phelps advanced, certain traits in his character never half appreciated, perhaps never half perceived by his friends, began to develop in him, like militia under drill for an unexpected war.

First and finest of these was his heroic patience. It is doubtful if he had ever been thought a particularly patient man before; this high grace had lacked

the chance to perform her perfect work upon the busy, stirring man. Now came the opportunity to achieve that close moral conquest, — to an active brain and urgent will and feverish aspiration one of the hardest in life.

It is the peculiarity of this quality, that its very essence leads to forms which prevent early or easy recognition. A virtue that speaks or shouts or does or dares we cannot overlook. The grace which says nothing is the last to attract the attention of speaking, shouting, doing, daring spectators. How long had he been so still, so gentle, so uncomplaining, before we found out that one of God's most patient souls dwelt like a dumb angel in that tottering house of clay?

To some of us the discovery came in a moment's revelation. What was it? — a turn of the head? the falling of an eyelid? or a quiver in the voice? To some it was a slower lesson. We learned it early in those long years when pain and sympathy confronted each other, daily guests in the old white house; or we did not learn it till the end approached. To all of us it was a gospel — that gospel of unselfish endurance which, once received into the heart's life, never eludes it. "You draw a picture of what I *try* to be," he said gently once, when something was said to him of this marvellous patience.

His incessant thoughtfulness for other people, his eager effort to save trouble, his silence about his own worst suffering, his unvarying — one might almost say celestial — sweet temper, were in high contrast with the spirit in which he was sometimes misunderstood by those who did not know him. We who did, have our facts, and we hold them precious.

Is it ever worth while to be the prisoner of pain for the better part of a man's life,— to be stricken from the ranks of the fighting, down into the dust, underneath foot of horse and soldier, there to lie

"Unable or to move or die"?

Is it ever *worth* it in God's awful economy of spiritual forces in order to teach the restless "insolence of health" what patience means, what resignation is, what trust may do? If it ever is, those twenty years have not been wasted.

It is touching to remember how little he *said* in all that time of what it cost him to surrender his life's work in the prime of his strength and at the summit of his usefulness and success.

In his books he has once or twice given to his public, as a reserved soul sometimes will, a kind of pathetic confidence withheld from the nearest friend.

In the essay which he calls "The Premature Closing of a Life's Work,"[1] he says of such sufferers: "They are *peremptorily* stopped in their career of usefulness. The work so dear to them, never dearer than now, is passed over to the hands of others. When everything promises to them prolonged success, and the winding up of their career by some achievement of signal value to the world, they come suddenly against a wall of adamant. They are shut in; cannot take another step. . . . Such unlooked-for disappointments, which no human wisdom would have planned, often come violently. They seem like a buffet in the face. They resemble the dislocation of one's very bones.

[1] "My Portfolio,"

"With one consent they all say, 'We never were so well prepared for our work as now.' These forbidden builders are a great multitude. Others rear with songs the superstructure of which they have laid the foundation with tears. Their work is underground, out of sight. Their more fortunate successors are the men whom the world knows and honors. They have gathered the gold and the cedar and the ships of transport and the cunning workmen; but others have the glory of using these to the grand purpose, and, what is vastly more, the joy of the doing of it. Look around; you find the world full of these arrested, rebuffed, disappointed, though willing — oh, how willing! — workers.

"Why is it that some good men must go down life's last decade with the tottering limbs of a second infancy? Sad, unspeakably sad, is that comment which we sometimes have to make upon one whom the world has honored with its trust in high places: 'He *has been* a learned man, a wise man, a great man; but now — ' So strange a humiliation of a great mind and an heir of God must have something to do with its preparation for an immortal youth. 'Except ye become as little children.' Some may not be able to become that, except through the vale of second childhood. That earthly silence may be the great opportunity preparative to fitness for a service in the coming life, compared with which the grandest service of this life is but infantile. The sleep of the chrysalis is the forerunner of golden glory. If one can but believe that God's plan is made up of such inspiring mysteries! Yet why not? . . . Why should we not believe that

God's reasons for things are *like Him?* 'It must be His doing,' as Charles Kingsley said, 'because it is so strange and so painful.' None but an infinite mind could plan some things as they are in the lives of us all, and yet make them come out right in the end."

Elsewhere[1] he has spoken more frankly and more pathetically: —

"The bodily sensations which no well friend can understand; the inexpressible mental weariness which a healthy brain cannot conceive of; the absolute forgetfulness of what healthy sensation is, which makes it impossible for a sick man to enter into the spring-tide of life around him; the suppression of speech about his own condition through fear of being a discomfort to his friends; the struggle to be silent when speech if indulged would be irritable; the nights of watching when he can almost hear the breathing of the world asleep, and when he seems to have more companionship with creatures of the darkness than with his own kind; and, above all, the forced withdrawal from the labors of past years, with the closing up of the little space which he occupied in the world's thoughts, and the drooping of his friendships because of his inability to cultivate them, — in short, that consciousness, premonitory of the grave, that the world is sweeping by him and over him, — all these peculiarities of an invalid's life force him back, perhaps from *all* human ties.

"They tend to create a sense of isolation, from which no relief is practicable if it does not help him

[1] "The Solitude of Christ."

to come into sympathy with Christ's solitude, and help him to know Christ's sympathy with him.

"It is well that an invalid should be sensible of the danger of a morbid piety in a morbid body. Jealousy of himself just here can do no harm. Yet when disease plainly crowds him into moral loneliness, he cannot be mistaken in using it as one of God's expedients for schooling him. You cannot go wrong if practically your soul comes nearer to Christ. We do not know that it matters much whether we get there by the easiest way or not."

In 1873 Professor Phelps removed for the summer to Ripton, Vt., where for several seasons he seemed to gain strength in the tonic of the mountain air. When his failing system had exhausted this expedient, he was taken, as a desperate experiment, to Bar Harbor, Me. The long journey was serious for so ill a man, and it was certain to none of us that he might not die upon the way. In this grave and difficult decision his eldest son's was the deciding voice, to which his father listened with the docility of the peculiar love which he always cherished for this treasured child.

With the utmost tenderness to us all and the most conscientious desire to treat every child of his with equal devotion, it was always true that he held his son Stuart in a kind of heart's relationship with which conscience and equality have nothing to do. This we all understood. No word ever said it, no act of undue partiality ever betrayed it; but the fact was accepted readily as it was happily by us all. The sunny-hearted, cool-headed boy, whose temperament was so congenial to his father, and whose filial

service was so useful to him in emergencies where no one else knew just what to do or how to do it, had woven himself too deeply into that life, already overborne with sorrow.

This eldest son, still well remembered by his pupils and in collegiate circles as a promising young psychologist, was at the time of his death the Professor of Metaphysics at Smith College. Well trained for his specialty, and succeeding in it, he had gratified his father's natural ambition for him, and gave every pledge for a future full of intellectual power and practical value. With a very lovable personal character, he had — we never wondered why — endeared himself pathetically to that which is more clamorous than ambition in the soul of a loving man: he was his father's treasure, he was the well-beloved son.

During the inevitable perplexities of those invalid years this child had been the staff of life to the shaken man. The management of all doubts and difficulties arising out of the question of resigning the chair at Andover which beset that troubled time, came eventually into this young man's hands. Through them went at last to the trustees of the institution, in 1879, the irrevocable decision by which Professor Phelps abandoned his active connection with the Seminary, retaining the Emeritus, and the hope of being able to accede to the urgent wish that he might continue to give occasional lectures. This hope the advance of his disease soon thwarted.

It is pathetic to find carefully preserved among his papers both the official and the personal letters

coming from the Board of Trustees when it was finally forced to accept his resignation.

These letters express a bereavement which is not so common under such circumstances that it did not deeply move the sick and sensitive man.

"I cannot allow our vote as a Board of Trustees to go to you," ran one of these letters, "without adding a personal word as one of the number, expressing, I am sure, the feeling of every gentleman upon the Board. . . . We regard the loss as irreparable. . . . We only submit to what seems to be inevitable. . . . No words from the Board of Trustees as a body, or from any member of the Board, can ever express what we all feel — our gratitude to God for that tower of strength which the Lord has enabled you to be to Andover Seminary for more than thirty years."

The effort to give occasional service was conscientiously made. There was something pitiful about those last struggles to meet the needs and wishes of the Seminary. Sometimes the class came to his own house, he being too ill to leave it; and there, in his large dining-room, his affectionate students took those few final notes which many of them cherish to this day. Often he rose from his bed and tottered into his carriage to reach the lecture-room. It was a distress to him that he could no longer stand at his desk. His broken voice faltered in the few words of prayer with which, as his wont was, he opened the lecture hour.

It is said that a touching scene took place in that old Senior class-room when, after a prolonged absence from service, he returned for one more — it proved to be his last — experiment at his post of service. The

students had abandoned hope of any more instruction from Professor Phelps, and the announcement of an actual appointment to meet them was an event in the Seminary. The lecture-room was filled and quiet. As the sick man came in, supported by his son, and turned feebly toward the platform, the audience rose by one instinct to its feet. In perfect silence, and with bowed, reverent faces, the students received the beloved Professor whom God had stricken. Always sensitive — too sensitive — to the signs of affection in his pupils, he was overcome by this little tribute. His blanched face quivered, he tried to speak, but bowed his head on his desk and struggled to regain himself before his class. He never could refer to that moment after it had passed; it meant

> "What lip of man can never frame,
> The prescience that hath no name."

What it signified of desperate hope and mute despair, what it held of gentle acquiescence in the will of God and of untold entreaty that the cup might even yet pass from him, God only knows. What such a moment was to such a man, one must pass through a similar situation with a kindred temperament to understand.

In these dark hours the good judgment and loving aid of his first-born son drew father and child together with a bond so close and so tender that we did not even tremble or wonder or say, "What if this came to an end?" It never occurred to any of us that it *could* end.

In August, 1883, Professor M. Stuart Phelps

went to the forests of Maine for his vacation hunting-trip. He was a good shot, an experienced woodsman, and a cool, cautious, unimpulsive man. No one gave an hour's anxiety to *his* vacations. He was the last one in the family on whom we thought it necessary to expend a worry or a rational fear.

He went to Bar Harbor, to the cottage which Professor Phelps had built in that beautiful spot, and which he loved probably more than any home he ever had on earth. There father and son endeared themselves to each other anew for a little space, in the blessed ignorance of fate which God vouchsafes to our weakness; then, without a fear, without a premonition, they parted.

The young professor went into the woods with his friend, Rev. Newman Smythe, of New Haven. He was gone but a few days. On the morning of August 29th he called to his Indian guide to row down the lake with him alone for a time. "Come, Joe," he said, laughing, "let us go on." His foot slipped in the mud; the trigger of his loaded gun caught on the gunwale; the full discharge lodged in the base of the brain; he fell on the shores of the lake, sixty miles in the forest, and as far from sign of human habitation or chance of human help.

By the mercy of God death was instant. Borne on the shoulders of his Indian guides, and accompanied by his shocked and shaken friend, by canoe, and through "carry," he was brought out of the wilderness, and the telegram went that night to his poor father.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAST YEARS.

"It will kill him! It will kill that invalid father!"

From friend to friend the prophecy leaped. Few of us expected any other result. Those who knew the full extent of his physical decline, and who knew what the cherished child was to the sinking man, looked hourly for the despatch which should say, "He, too!"

In the thickest of that black hour his still healthy and strong soul took us all by surprise. It arose like a dying soldier, and struck out with its crippled power and hewed about it, and fought mightily for the trust and for the courage of a Christian believer, whose God could do no wrong. He won his battle — all who knew him well remember how. After the first mortal cry he closed his trembling lips and bore the vital stroke as a brave man may.

On the night when the word reached the cottage at Bar Harbor, his wife, whose devotion and affection were the staff and comfort of his invalid years, sought to keep the truth from him till morning, hoping by one night's possible rest to secure a little strength for him whereby to meet the blow. Her face betrayed her, and when she came in her usual self-possessed way to offer the evening reading with

which it was her habit to minister to him, he turned suddenly, and said: —

"Mary! one of the children is dead! . . . Which is it? Is it Stuart? or ———?"

"After this," he wrote that autumn to a friend, "after this, *anything* may happen."

Perhaps the worst hour of all was when the locked trunk came from the Maine forest to the gay Bar Harbor shore.

The father would suffer no hand but his own to touch those pitiful relics. For hours he remained locked into his room with them. Even his wife was denied entrance, and those who listened without the door, fearing a mortal turn to the scene which no one could interrupt, cannot trust themselves to recall the memory of that sacred agony. Into that "chamber over the Gate" who could intrude?

He used to speak of the gun which did the deed as "that fearful yet sacred thing." He looked upon it, he said, something as he might have looked upon "the Cross after the Crucifixion." He wished it to be buried in the new-made grave, but yielded gently to the wishes of some other member of the family, and this was not done. But, after that first inevitable moan he sprang to his Christian privilege of cheerful faith. Friends of his, men experienced in the tragedies of life, refer to-day to the "marvellous letters" which he wrote in answer to their expressions of sympathy. From the beginning, he seems to have determined to bear his sorrow as one who trusted God to the uttermost.

Men have done this before, and will do it, bless

God! to the end; but it was not expected, for evident reasons, of *him*. His temperament was naturally tragic. Life had not gone easily with him. He was not superficially what is called "cheerful." He was a broken and a dying man.

In view of these facts, we stood astounded before his courage, before his patience, and before his strong, almost triumphant good cheer and good hope and good sense in the endurance of his grief. We learned lessons from it never to be forgotten. His thoughtfulness for others then, as ever, came uppermost, and came steadily. The birthday of one of his absent children occurring upon the day following that on which the tragedy took place, he found it possible even to remember to send the solemn, tender telegram whose "God bless you, my child," held such twofold, heart-moving significance. It was like him.

To the amazement of us all, his health after that August day did not immediately or rapidly decline. On the contrary, it might even be said that he gained. His summer had been more than usually a comfortable one. He used to say that God had been storing up strength for him wherewith to bear what was to come. For some time his whole being sublimated itself into a kind of religious rapture. The bodily frailty bent, like a demon yoked, and seemed to be the subject of the ecstasy of soul which overtook him. He became exalted, and "walked with God." Perhaps it was at this time that he wrote: "But in our darkened homes and in the awful solitude which makes the packed streets a wilderness to us, we need some other friend than Nature."

For a long time after this grief befell him, his

condition was as practical a triumph of Christian faith over mortal weakness as the protest of any skeptic need ask to witness. This, we like to think, was a part of the usefulness of those many secluded and suffering years. In the view of some of his old friends, these were by no means the least useful portion of his too active life.

As he became slowly convinced that his professional labors could never be renewed in this world, his mind concentrated itself upon the "next duty" with the intensity inseparable from his nature.

At first, the conviction came hard enough. Overtures from other posts of labor reached him so thickly as almost to delude him into the belief that recovery was still a bright possibility for him. In the course of his Andover career in his best years it may be briefly and generally mentioned, without specification, that he had received calls or their equivalents, some of them urgent and persistent, from every important theological institution in the country. Almost every desirable academic chair within his department, and some outside of it, had been offered to him. Influential metropolitan pulpits had not failed to make efforts to decoy him back to the pastoral work. Among his private notes are records of these calls or overtures to calls; but he seldom spoke of them even to his family. He had a delicate modesty about his own professional value. It was a thing which he left to speak for itself.

Now, in his failing days, suggestions that he give such work as he could, filling any lectureship which might be possible to him in another institution, came to him with especial force. I think he was deeply

touched to be reminded, at the very crisis of his decline, that the stirring world of thought and labor still remembered and needed him. He even considered seriously whether the fact of working in a new atmosphere — climatic, intellectual, and academic — might not start the dying fires and give the power that the old environment could no longer bestow upon a shattered nervous system. But the physical facts were inexorable. He surrendered this last dream with God knows what unspoken struggles, and bowed to his fate.

It was now that he turned his failing strength steadily in the direction of those literary and religious labors which occupied the latter part of his life. He wrote — one is astounded to see how much. He wrote when he was fit and when he was unfit. He would rise from his bed to get to his desk, finish the article, and go back to bed. Sometimes he wrote in pencil, propped up on his pillows. Several of his last books were prepared during those years of retirement and pain. A full list of his publications, or as full a one as can be now secured, will be found elsewhere in this volume.

He wrote much for the religious organs of his denomination, chiefly for the *Congregationalist*, with whose editor, Rev. Dr. Dexter, he was in strong sympathy. His publishers, the Messrs. Scribner's Sons, brought out his books as fast as he could prepare them, and in these peaceful toils his last years passed quietly.

Professor Phelps was, more distinctly than some other men of equivalent general culture and personal power, a sectarian in his habit of mind. Yet when

we recall his tolerant interest in other denominations of religious belief, we seem to have chosen the wrong word. We might rather call him ecclesiastical. But, again, that seems too narrow a term for his intense Christianity. Religious he was to the last atom, Orthodox he was to the last heart-throb, Evangelical to the last fibre. It was in the blood; it was in the brain; and it was in the trend of his academic life. It is doubtful if any life would have entirely shaken out of him that instinct to estimate affairs theologically which the atmosphere of a university town strengthens in far more worldly men than he.

At all events, that was the fact. His published work to the end was colored by it; and more at the end than at the beginning. The world-wide popularity of "The Still Hour" was not to be expected of books of a more restricted character, but they found and held their own public, and performed a valuable service to the last.

In the affection of a certain class of his readers — not the largest, but perhaps the surviving fit — there remains one book (the poet E. R. Sill would have called it a "booklet") beloved above the rest. I refer to the tiny volume from which we have already quoted. Always excepting "The Still Hour," in whose behalf the voice of the people seems to have been the voice of God, the tract — for it was scarcely more — known as "The Solitude of Christ" seems to me to have folded in its little covers some of his best work.

Of course, from the conditions of the subject, it is not a gay book. Light readers have been known to

put it aside, saying, "It is too sad." Such a criticism from such sources is enough to allure to the book the type of soul to which life is too real to be a gay affair. Sensitive organizations possessing that kind of religious culture to which his work appeals will have found in these refined and sympathetic pages a spiritual gem to be worn out of sight and cherished silently.

His most important work, professionally speaking, was, of course, the publication of his Andover lectures. Under the titles "The Theory of Preaching" and "English Style in Public Discourse," he gathered from the lecture desk the work of his lifetime, and gave it to his public. This has proved a kindly, faithful public, crowded with his old pupils, and loving as much as it has valued the permanent form of that flitting service which the Professor rendered at the old Senior desk on Andover Hill.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that these volumes have become the standard text-books, and bid fair to become the classics of the department which he represented. The quiet and steady demand for the efforts of his pen stimulated and gratified the sick man, and helped to protect him from falling into that quicksand of despondency and inertia which engulfs too many an afflicted creature whose world is bounded by a doctor's order and four hospitalized walls. He wrote persistently and studiously — as he always had; he wrote vigorously. Some of his best work, intellectually considered, was done in the last five years of his life, and he wrote till the utter end; the hand dropped before the pen did.

During the time of which we speak, he vibrated between the two homes, both deeply endeared to him now,— that in Andover and that in Bar Harbor.

By the courtesy of the Board of Trustees the use of his house at Andover had been voted him for life. A similar consideration was extended to Professor Park, to Professor Moses Stuart, and, I think, to Dr. Woods, of the earlier régime. In Andover he spent his winters. But the increase of his exhaustion required each year an earlier and earlier departure to the invigorating air of the Maine coast. The unpretending little cottage which he had built in Bar Harbor became a paradise to him. For the last two years of his life he migrated during the first weeks of March, and he remained by the sea till nearly November. He longed with exceeding longing, toward the end, to avoid that hard journey, which, in his enfeebled state, took three days, and to hibernate peacefully beside his beloved waves and mountains. But his thoughtfulness for his wife and nurse restrained the active expression of this wish.

Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was received upon those painful pilgrimages by the corporations of the railways which bore the patient sufferer, year by year, at such unfashionable dates that it was impossible to forget him. To Mr. James T. Furber, of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and to Mr. Payson Tucker, of the Maine Central, he was indebted for generous courtesies which touched him so much that we are grateful to remember them now. Certain of the conductors and captains of steamers troubled themselves so far and so heartily for his comfort that we cannot see their faces to-day

without the heart-throb that calls a blessing upon the cordial sympathy of men not too often thanked for their faithful service to the public. The employees of the road came to look for the feeble form and pale face of the passenger whose sweet smile never failed to bestow the acknowledgments which he might be unable to speak.

We have not spoken — there may be no better place to do it — of the beautiful relation which existed between Professor Phelps and classes of people not always understood by educated men. To his mind there seems to have been no beneath and no above; he was essentially a Christian democrat.

In commercial transactions he was not easily duped; he was clear-eyed, firm, and attentive to his just interests. A prominent Chicago lawyer who conducted his affairs for many years testified that he had never met in his whole experience a professional man, more especially a clerically professional man, whose business judgment equalled that of Professor Phelps.

There is a certain form of consideration for the poor and ignorant which (in their minds, at least) consists chiefly in an infinite capacity for being imposed upon. His philanthropic impulses were not of that kind; but he had a certain moral beauty of manner in his treatment of those less fortunate than himself which worked like a magnet. The pauper at the door might be privately sheltered in the barn over night — the master of the house half ashamed to own up to it, but found immovable. It was no fit night to turn a fellow-creature from his threshold,

and it should not be done. Tramps by the score received their dinner at the back door of the old white mansion, whose stately appearance was sure to attract them in more than common proportion.

We were instructed even at the height of the anti-tramp agitation never to turn away a hungry man unfed. No harm ever came of that innocent socialistic imprudence. Not infrequently he came out from his study and talked with these waifs of fortune. Certain victims of the war, with sad eyes and hollow chests, honest, disabled soldiers, whose pensions had not yet "come round," turned year after year to his door,— less, I think, for any other help which they received than for the overflowing sympathy which they were sure of at that house. They would watch his tender face as that high illumination which everybody knew who knew him mounted from quivering lip to filling eye, and listen for his melting voice with a kind of infantile trust and adoration. If his life had thrown him into active relation with the large suffering forces and classes of our American poor, he would easily have been a memorable philanthropist. He had the sacred fire in him. As it was, he came in contact with "the common people" only in the ways natural to a scholar and a recluse. Something suppressed and denied in his nature, some high passion, some rare enthusiasm of humanity, always struck aflame when opportunity called it. "I want to have my good name associated more with *my heart* than with my head," he had said.

In those less obvious forms of Christian service which are sometimes considered a little beneath the

attention of distinguished minds, he was indefatigable and unforgetting. Servants adored him. It is doubtful if one ever entered his house who did not hold him in a peculiar veneration and affection. "For the dear Professor" was the watch-word of the kitchen. His thoughtfulness for those who ministered to him was something very beautiful to see and inspiring to remember. Traditions among these humble folk report little legends of his consideration which are treasured like the feats of ecclesiastical saints. He was the preferred banker of many a Catholic economist, who trusted him as devoutly as Holy Church herself; and his interest in these little transactions was enthusiastic. In one respect, perhaps, he had a peculiar hold upon the Celtic heart. He was never known to try to proselyte a Catholic servant or to disturb her simple faith.

He treated the Catholic religion as represented in an honest, faithful household servant with a genuine respect which could not be mistaken. In the latter years of his life, his consideration for those who ministered to him received its high usury in the service of a rare and touching devotion to which we shall have occasion later to refer.

In the current of publication toward which his mind swept during those last years, he encountered what was to him something of a novel experience — severe public attack.

This brings us grazing the outlines of a subject which it is not possible either to avoid or to handle as one might wish to touch so difficult and delicate a matter, — that unfortunate development in the

recent history of the Seminary with which he had been connected, which is known as the Andover Controversy.

With the main facts of this agitation — probably the most important which has shaken the Protestant world in this country since the departure of Dr. Channing from the old Orthodox ranks — the public is already too familiar. It could add nothing to the interest attending a deplorable ecclesiastical conflict were the writer of these pages to attempt to multiply the details which the press and the courts of New England have given to him who runs and reads.

They are quite enough. So far as the subject of this memorial is concerned, the fact should go on record as distinctly as it is in the power of this volume to stamp it, that his sympathies with the conservative element in the controversy were unmistakable from the first, and became more emphatic toward the last. It seems, indeed, almost a superfluity to say what his own voice and pen have proclaimed with no wavering sound ever since this pious war began to trouble the frontiers of Christian faith. There was never anything timid or halting in his speech. It rang. Once let him be sure of his conviction, and his tongue was a clarion. Down through the confused and struggling ranks of this long battle his dying voice has cried above the din, in no uncertain tones. He sought the truth; he believed that he had found it; he spoke as he felt that God bade him. "The Voice said, Cry!" and he obeyed. None of us can do more; none should do less.

In the early portion of his life, and, indeed, until

those later years, Professor Phelps had been the liberal of his denominational faith. In what was known as the conflict between the Old School and the New School of the Orthodox Congregational Church, he stood distinctly in the van of the New School. He never taught nor preached the ghastly doctrines which have sorely troubled the growing faith of thousands of New England's young and honest minds. He did not educate his people or his children into theological contortions. The fear of an ungodlike God never haunted us. Dogmatic horror never dogged us. We were not taught that we sinned in Adam, or that babies were damned, or that God elected some of us to hell and some to heaven without our personal consent. We were never taught that all heathen went to hell. In creeds we were not overmuch instructed. The Westminster Catechism we never learned. Our religious training was natural, easy, pleasant, — if one may say so, — *comfortable.* It never occurred to us that God was not affectionate and lovable. We feared no doom which we did not bring upon ourselves. We were taught to think much of Christ — of what He sacrificed, of what He suffered. Much was said to us about His tenderness and His purity and His comprehension of those mysteries in our natures where even father's love must hesitate and retreat. We were early given to understand that if we had a Friend anywhere, we had one in that crucified Nazarene whose story we heard read at evening prayers. The low, awed voice, the suffused eye of the reader, meant as much to us as the story, and gave that human element to the divine tragedy, that unutterable tenderness to Eter-

nal Justice, which lasts for life in the theology of the sensitive heart.

Thus were we reared by the wise and loving mind whose stand upon the darker doctrines of faith became toward the end so resolute.

It is not to be said that his views underwent any change — at least, none conscious to himself; it is to be said that they did not advance with the movement of certain bodies of modern religious belief. In "the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent," to use the technical phrase, he had always believed. He had always taught it, and he taught it to the end. Perhaps he did not emphasize it so much in those early years. I think he dwelt more often and more eagerly upon the merciful meaning of the Christian faith.

But we *were* taught that we were little sinners, and that sin was abominable and abhorred by God and men. "The worst thing in the world, except sin," was a common phrase with him. I find among my notes of talks with him, dating back to 1866, these words: —

" I never expect to understand future punishment entirely, in this world or another; but I expect to understand enough of it to see the wisdom and the justice and the necessity of it."

When the theological crisis, complicated as it was with technical legal points affecting the governing power of the Seminary, deepened to an unexpected conflict between the Board of Trust and the Faculty on one hand, and the Board of Visitors on the other, — a conflict so serious that the Supreme Court has been called in to adjust it, — then the consci-

entious Professor, whose theological education had not been completed in modern German schools, could not follow the new departure. After watching it for a while in the anxious, and perhaps somewhat bitter, silence which men of a past belief feel toward the pioneers of a future, and after making such fruitless private efforts as he could to quell the disturbance, he spoke.

His published articles upon the subject of the retributive elements in God's justice are well known to those who feel an interest in the controversy; and nothing in the way of comment upon them need be added here.

By the secular press, and to some extent by the radical theological party, he was, of course, attacked. The Andover Faculty, several of whom had been his pupils, treated their old Professor with respect and courtesy during this theological war; he, in turn, never lost his kindly feeling for them or trust in their Christian conscientiousness, and the disputants have many a gentle memory to teach them how religious controversy may be conducted by Christian gentlemen.

Nevertheless, he spoke, and he had to bear the consequences. Some of the attacks of the press upon him — I have never read them, and cannot personally judge — are said to have been very severe. From what I know of American criticism, I should think this more likely than not. The sick man, already sinking to his death, could not be shielded from them. The great wheel of life in the Buddhist carving grinds on, whirling all created things in a common overthrow, to a common fate.

There is no shield in this world for the sensitive, for the sick, for the dying. Conseqences follow causes, and laws rule accidents; and we learn "to take the thing that is" without surprise or protest.

He took the results of his defence of the old faith which he had preached all his life in this way, quietly, without evident anxiety or annoyance. Sometimes his fading eye would flash, and he would say, "I should like to get well enough to answer that!" Sometimes he smiled and said nothing at all.

We are often called to respect the courage of the radical who breaks from the traditions, opens Pandora's box of heresy, and faces the buzzing, stinging consequences for the truth's sake,—or that of what he believes to be the truth,—and he may deserve our respect.

Let us remember that the man gray in the service of an ancient and honored faith which has become a part of his being, and lifting a trembling hand to protect her if he may, before he go hence, for the truth's sake,—or that of what he believes to be the truth,—may be courageous, too, and that his courage also may deserve respect, and gain it.

The history of the last few years at Andover gave great pain to Professor Phelps. It seemed to him, from his point of view, that grave dangers threatened the institution to which he had consecrated his life and his faith.

The personal differences not amounting to estrangements, between good men, all trying to do the right thing, troubled him, I think, more than he told us.

On another occasion, at the time of a divergence of opinion in the Faculty, when, in the judgment of the majority of the Christian world, he would have been held unquestionably right in diverting a serious catastrophe (not theological), he wrote to a friend: —

"It grieves me more than I can tell you to leave these dear young brethren with their confidence turned from me. I know some little part of what St. Paul felt when he said, 'I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart.' I rejoice that there is a world where good men cannot distrust each other."

So, perhaps, could he speak, he would answer us now. To an onlooker at these theological convulsions, it seems as if death might teach something to troubled life, and the great Silence fall like a sacred amnesty upon our little wrangling.

Would to Heaven that the holy spears of the Andover warfare could be thrown down upon the new-made grave of him who so long loved and served her, and who so well loved those who battle for her, both of this side and of that!

Would to God that the flowers and the snows of the old chapel churchyard could cover all that soreness and sadness as utterly and as quietly as they cover his calm face!

CHAPTER XIV.

BAR HARBOR.

WHEN a man has been ill for twenty years, nobody expects him to die. This is the common fate of the long sick, and Professor Phelps did not escape it. He was not one of those invalids who are accustomed to call the family together for premature farewells. Sometimes to an intimate friend he *wrote* some justifiable fear which was more than usually present to his consciousness; but he spoke little to any one of the end, which he himself foresaw, but in whose approach he seems hardly to have believed that any one else would believe. It came on so gradually, it came so quietly, it came so happily, that we are comforted to be able to think that those last years were the most peaceful of his life.

The happiest part of them was passed in Bar Harbor. He suffered so much less there than in any other climate which he had ever tried, that it was touching to see his longing for the time when he could make the pilgrimage. All through the winter, across the Andover study those dimming eyes watched the calendar that pointed toward the date when he felt that he could ask those who cared for him to accompany him to the beautiful shore for which "his heart and his flesh cried out." Acute and dangerous accelerations of his disease were apt

to come in the breaking of the winter. His fear that he might become too feeble to be moved over the long distance which separated him from the death-defying ozone was piteous to witness. It is probable that he prayed more for strength to make that journey once again with each year's new risk and added weakness, than for any personal blessing left to him on earth.

An almost fatal illness in the spring of 1888, another in 1889, gave him grave warning; but he fought his way up from these crises with the vigorous vitality and with the vigorous *hope* of which he had so much more in his nature stored away, like masked electricity, than those who did not know him very well understood. While we hung over him in the Andover home in March of 1888, expecting every hour to be his last, he himself showed no concern whatever about his own condition.

"I knew all the time," he said afterwards, "better than any of you, that my time had not come. I never for a moment thought I should die. I expected to go to Bar Harbor in ten days. I mean to now."

And he did.

But the next year the relapse was longer and left deeper traces. This one occurred in Bar Harbor, where he had contracted, from some imprudence, a violent bronchial affection, which shattered his little store of strength; and after this he spoke with less emphasis about his future; in fact, he spoke less, whether of living or of dying, as the solitary pathway narrowed to his feeble tread.

At Bar Harbor he was pathetically happy. In all that great, gay Babel of summer-seekers it may be

doubted if there was another heart so grateful or so blessed as his. His consciousness of suffering seemed there to be altogether in abeyance to his sense of privilege.

Dr. William Rogers of that place, long his faithful and trusted physician and friend, says of this period of his life: —

"For ten years, and for many years before I knew him, he suffered and endured pain from an incurable malady with great patience and courage, and with a resolute determination not to allow others, so far as he himself could help it, to share the burden of his affliction.

"But few of the many friends who loved and admired him can fully appreciate his devotion to the work he felt called upon to perform, when other men with less strength of character and less force of will would have laid aside the labors and cares of life. His convictions as to his duty to his fellow-creatures; his purpose to bear up patiently under the heavy affliction of pain and sickness without a murmur and without a doubt as to the divine plan of his life and his death when that should come; his great faith in the peace and happiness waiting for him in the life to come, endeared to us all the memory of one in whom there was no guile."

Dr. Rogers alludes to his "keen sense of humor" as a trait of character not always fully appreciated in him. The doctor often came away laughing at the "quaint things" said by the patient whose anguish he had come to relieve; and the physician, if anybody, knows how to value the sense of fun which defies a suffering life.

Dr. Rogers mentions Professor Phelps's deep interest in the affairs of the village, and his generosity to the little Congregational Church recently established there, adding: —

"He was very much beloved here in this village by people who knew him only as their friend and neighbor. Very many were the kind things said of him when he was among us and after he left us by those who had never read a word, perhaps, that he had written. During his last sickness, when but little hope was had of his recovery, his neighbors showed the tenderest solicitude about him, as if he had been their brother. One of these, a man near his own age, mourned, he said, 'for the best man who ever lived.'"

His companions at Bar Harbor were chiefly three. His wife lovingly fulfilled the privilege which gives to a wife the first care of the precious sufferer, to whom so many would gladly minister. Her fidelity and cheerfulness were invaluable to him, and her name continually upon his lips. As he grew feebler, his dependence on her became very touching. In that low, uncomplaining voice, which never fretted or exacted, he would call gently, "Mary, are you there? are you coming back?" as often as he missed her. Much of the time his son Francis (toward the last his only unmarried child) was with him, and seemed to have a special power to divert and interest the sick man.

His son Lawrence,[1] now his eldest living son and only representative in the ministry, slipped into the

[1] Rev. Lawrence Phelps, pastor First Congregational Church at Chelsea, Mass.

sacred place of the dead, and relieved his father of the harassing cares which press so heavily toward the end of life. In the summer vacation the other children, to such extent as his strength permitted him to receive them at the seashore cottage, were some of them always with him.

But these were temporary visitors at the Bar Harbor home, and his condition required more steady care and nursing than it was possible for the family to maintain unaided. They were re-enforced by one of the most beautiful, and what we call providential, devotions that could fall to the lot of a dying man.

This came from a young Catholic woman, who, entering the family as a servant in the house, developed such an aptitude for the care of its master that she became his nurse, and for six years served him with a fidelity, with a tenderness, with a comprehension of his needs — one might say, with a comprehension of his nature — marvellous to witness, and sustained with a kind of beatified unselfishness, so unusual in the history of American domestic service that she was to that household little less than an angel of the Lord.

I am glad to take this opportunity to offer a word of tribute to the possibilities of the elder faith, as the Protestant gratitude of one family has studied its higher effects upon this sister of charity, who saw God's service in caring for the sufferer dependent upon her, with that celestial spirit which is neither of church nor of creed, but of the very Christ. Heretics though we are, let us be the first to add our "Julia" to the calendar of those unknown saints who

deserve canonization at somebody's hands whether they ever get it in this world or not.

Professor Phelps had always been a man of more than usually prayerful temperament, but as the great rack of his long suffering wrought its work upon him, I think that he came into a state of what may be really called constant communion with the Unseen God.

Death has deep forethoughts of its own, and from behind the curtains of its secret chamber works strange alchemies upon its elected. One of those radiant transformations, or, we might say, translations of character not uncommonly witnessed in the departing life, fell upon his.

Devout of faith, spiritual of instinct, manly Christian as he was, might he have been — it was sometimes thought so — a happier one, a little less anxious, a little more trustful, more at peace with the discipline of life?

Within those last years that natural sadness almost inevitable to a sensitive and imaginative temperament, and impossible to be understood by any other, yielded to the intense dedication of his secret soul to the will of God, and yielded with a completeness significant to see.

From the secret shadow of the Most High strength visited him. From unknown resources of spiritual vitality peace magnetized his worn-out nerve. He worried over little or nothing. Anxiety for himself was blotted out; anxiety for his dearest became a secondary pang. He learned to leave even his children's troubles to the thoughtfulness of that other Father whom he had taught us how to trust. Little

cares and large fears seemed to stand back now from his too responsive heart. In their place stole on a deep repose. "It has taken me forty years," he had once said, "to grow into that state of mind as regards discipline in which I can see *my children* suffer without flinching." Now "I must leave you to God, I must leave you to God," he wrote so often, that the phrase came to be a benediction which we looked for at the end of his letters. To those who knew him well this temperamental change had a significance that moved us very much. It should be remembered that to the end his mind remained unimpaired, and retained to an astonishing extent its clearness and vigor. This peace which we saw in his high eye and felt in his failing voice, and noted even in the gentle wave of his wasted hand with which he remanded a painful subject into silence, was not the apathy of a dulled brain.

Speak the word, draw the spark, and the fires of youth shot from his face! The deepening trust and calm which we witnessed in every expression of his nature was not what Hume calls "the decline of the soul." It was the ascent of the Christian spirit. He had conquered his wiliest enemy; he had overcome the fearfulness and forecast of a too finely sympathetic organization; he had given "life and all that was therein" to God and to God's plan for him and his; he had won his last battle; and from this hour his spiritual victory "marched with a charging step."

"A beautiful spot," he had written on his first entrance to Bar Harbor. "This is a beautiful spot either to live in or to die in. 'Not my will!'"

Early in March of 1890 he started as his wont was, for his beloved seashore home. It rained, and the day had a dark forecast; but he was excited and happy. He had escaped the too frequent serious illness of the breaking winter, and started with good hopes. He was very weak, but his courage was higher than usual. His strong eye looked out longingly for the white fire of the breakers where its first glimpse could be caught from the railroad train. At the breath of the salt air at Portland, where he spent the night, his heart leaped for joy. The wonderful power of the sea wrought upon him, as it always did, an almost startling effect. From the hotel he telegraphed to his daughter in her own home: —

"*Now I begin to live.*"

It was the last of those thoughtful telegrams, eagerly awaited for now so many years at the crises of those hard and dangerous journeys.

What indited that message? His own prophetic heart? or the whim of fate? or the Power beyond himself that knew when the patient soul might say to the tyrant body, "Thus far; no further"? Only this we know: That long death-in-life, borne only God ever understood how uncomplainingly, was almost over. In deed and truth he had begun to live.

The journey, finished by another night in Bangor, was overcome with more than usual success; it seemed, even, with less than usual suffering. He reached the home of his longing in relative comfort, and with shining eyes and happy smile, tottered from the little ferry steamer and up the landing which he was never to tread again.

From the moment that he set foot upon Bar Harbor soil his soul bounded, and the usual miracle of the rugged climate seemed to promise its usual work. His letters were full of hope. Everything was as it should be.

Winter met the little party; a blinding snowstorm had overtaken them; but the furnace worked like a charm. The wind was bleak, but the view from his chamber window was precious to his heart. The thermometer ran down, but the big open fires kept summer in the house.

This was the spring following the weakest and warmest of New England's recent winters. Our new climate had gone so hard with him that he wrote with emphasis, "I am thankful to be in a civilized climate where it snows in winter as it ought to!"

On March 18th, he writes gleefully that the snowdrifts are "five feet high on his lawn." When other people were looking for wraps, he sat on his cottage piazza with his coat off, smiling and serene. He was perfectly content. The cruel journey was over once again; did he know that it was over forever? He said nothing. If any celestial foreknowledge visited him, he kept the secret to himself. Whatever his foreboding or forehoping, he did not share it with us.

But when one of his children went in April to occupy the old home at Andover for a few weeks, certain significant discoveries were made. In the ordering of his household were remarkable omissions. He who was the most methodical and far-seeing of providers had left this and that undone. The great coal-bins of the mansion, always gener-

ously filled the season "beforehand," were empty. For the first time in the remembrance of the family, the report came up from below, "No fuel. The Professor hasn't got ready for another winter." For the first time in all those years when he had walked hand in hand with death, he had quietly put the cares of this earth aside. He knew there would be no need of furnace fires in the dear old home next winter. He had "set his house in order." "I dread," he had said, "to have the last days here."

For reasons which have seemed good and wise, the letters of Professor Phelps, such as have been gathered for publication in this volume, stand by themselves at the close of the book. But one has been selected from the package, which is inserted here. The letter was sent to one of his absent children. After reading it, who else could choose the language in which to close this chapter, now the last but one in the story of his life?

"Here again, safe, and with a new chapter of the goodness of God in little things. At Portland, when the wind had been dead east for thirty-six hours and a howling snowstorm just beginning, my courage gave out for an hour or so, and I wanted to stay there till I could have some hope of still water on the Bay. But something within me said: 'Do not try to care for yourself, and *He* will take better care of you.' So I kept my soul in patience. The wind shifted, and by the time that I reached the ferry, it had been blowing off shore for twenty-four hours. The sun was bright, and water like a sheet of glass — to use a simile which it seems to me I have heard before. A day in June could not be

more quiet, although the thermometer stood below zero. I remained on deck all the way. Captain Oliver took me across without stopping. I found the cottage warm and cosey, the little furnace doing its work as well as the big one at Andover. When the sun had been shining just long enough to bring me here under bright skies, an easterly snowstorm set in again — the very thing I most enjoy.

"I do not often deluge you with letters of descriptive travel; but my heart is so full of a sense of God's care in little things that I can think of nothing else.

"But I must neither preach nor prose any longer. If I could sing, I should break forth with, 'O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!' I am one of the 'sparrows.'"

CHAPTER XV.

THE STILL HOUR.

"I WISH I could do something for you. But all I can do for anybody is to die, and that is as God wills."

In a dark moment he wrote the words, but the mood and the expression were now both rare. The high and fervent feeling of the Bar Harbor letter dominated him rather, not as a mood, but as a state of significant peace. He lost nothing of his incessant care for those whose lives had been the burden and the joy of his. Almost to the end we find him writing little thoughtful bulletins for our comfort,— what to do if the house were damp, or the horse were lame; orders to tradesmen, for somebody's convenience; advice in money matters; cautions about health; or it was a confidential hint how to preserve newly married happiness; or it was a card tucked into the sealed envelope to repeat the pleasant things he had heard about the last sermon or the new book or the new position.

There were no corroding family anxieties now to dog his last hours. Comfort and happiness had followed his children. His sons were successful and useful in the ministry and in journalism. Most of his dearest were well, and all were happy. Still, to the end his never-resting tenderness was astir,— one

should say, athrob; but his feverish anxiety for our welfare was now forever quelled. During those last months Foreboding had flapped her dark wings and fled utterly from his heart. And now there brooded upon it the peace of the living God.

"Suffering is not the hardest thing," he had said years before, "nor is death."

He suffered—one must have been more finely organized and more sorely racked than most of us to know how much. In August a serious turn came to his disease, but his great will and courage overcame it, and he struggled up again. His patience, always open before us like a leaf written in a celestial hand, now became something of which the lip can hardly speak. The bowed head, the transparent face, the attitude of the wasting hands, the gentle smile, the low, sweet voice, bespoke the very essence of Christian endurance.

His reluctance to give trouble, his silence about his own bodily anguish, his pathetic consideration for those who cared for him, increased with the acceleration of his sufferings. He had always thought that he should have made a poor martyr, but he came out from that long inquisition of soul and body a shattered victor. He who had taught us how to live, was now teaching us, although we knew it not, and teaching from the sweet art of his own spiritual refinement, how to die.

That he had dwelt a good deal, in a quiet, healthful way, upon the prospect of death seems to be evident from records dating twenty-four years back, in which I find this: —

"What human soul could have *originated* the con-

ception of death as a natural process or wise method of transition from this world to the next? Yet I imagine that we shall find it to be a unique system, fitted to its purpose with marvellous dexterity. It will be found, I think, the only condition which can bring the soul out of itself —*feeling itself of no use to itself* — God alone left for it to cling to."

He continued to work all summer and into the early autumn. He revised the proof-sheets of a new edition of "The Still Hour," and sent some new material for the little volume to the publisher who had it in charge. Upon his last complete book he toiled persistently to re-write and arrange it to his mind. A letter to his son-in-law and daughter, written in the spring, asks for their personal correction of the proof-sheets if he "is taken before he consults" his publisher. He directs with his methodical clearness just what he wishes to have done if he himself can never do it, ending with the suggestion which shows how conscious the sick man was of his failing vigor, "If you find anything not worth saying, strike it out. I think it a more suggestive book than my last," he added, modestly. "It is the last of earth."

September came, and still he worked. It fled, and he worked on. At last, on the first of October, within less than two weeks of his last hour, he wrote with his own hand the prefaces and letter to his publisher which should accompany his manuscripts, and himself directed the disposal of the package. With this his care for his earthly work rested; he now gave himself time to die.

Yet still he was not expected to die. He was up

and about and sometimes out of doors. Even in September he was seen at the village church in Bar Harbor. He lived in a quiet dream. His anxiety about the winter had ceased. He no longer said much — indeed he never had said much — about his longing to remain in his "dear cottage," but fell in quietly with the plan for his return to Andover about the middle of October. His eloquent eye wandered from his windows far over the horizon of the autumn sea; he and it spoke together; the dying man and the dying year understood each other; why intrude upon that harmonious comprehension?

And still, why should he die? Who but God and the ocean understood? Those of his family who were in attendance upon him felt no apprehension, and strongly inculcated upon the absent children the belief that there was nothing to fear, and no reason for coming to Bar Harbor. His devoted physician had a year ago put a limit of time to his disease which the patient's vigor had overleaped, and the doctor had wisely ceased to offer any further prognosis in a case whose vitality defied all the records of the schools. Peacefully, kindly, and unsuspected, the Best Friend came to meet the exhausted sufferer. During those last weeks one significant signal waved from the approaching hand. His eyes suddenly and strangely began to fail him. In one, he became almost wholly blind, seeing but portions of anything. This cost him some disturbance, but little anxious distress. Talk of meeting an eminent oculist who chanced to be in Bar Harbor came to nothing; he seemed unaccountably to shrink from the useless and wearying effort; but when the

darkness increased, he allowed one of his children to consult a Boston specialist, who reported evasively that he feared "a dangerous lesion of brain or optic nerve." This diagnosis was never sent to Bar Harbor; some vague phrase supplied its place. For, ah! the "lesion" was the great "lesion" for which exist no therapeutics. The blindness was the last darkness, which no light but the ray from the Mount of Transfiguration has ever pierced.

It was upon the subject of this darkened earthly vision that the last letter (so far as can be learned) ever penned by his hand was written. It bears date on Saturday. Upon Sunday morning the final stroke smote him suddenly. He did not leave his bed again.

The note is written in pencil, quite distinctly, but with a strange blur upon the letters never seen in that neat and clear-cut handwriting before in all those feeble years. ' One word omits the final letter —an unprecedented circumstance. One sentence is incomplete.

"I had no idea of asking Dr. —— to come here. I asked only to get an opinion. . . . But wait now till I return, if I ever do. Can't write more. God bless you!"

For some time he had kept a little blank-book in which, unknown to any of us but his wife, he had written certain private prayers adapted to his own needs and to those of people whom he loved, or of interests which he wished to help. These prayers Mrs. Phelps used to read to him at his own wish. As he grew weaker he asked for some one of them every night. Here are some of

these sacred outcries upon which his soul went out to God: —

"Our Father, Which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name!

"My Lord and my God! Do Thou make it a reality to me that Thou in Christ art very near to me and mine, my Friend, my Helper, my Comforter, my Teacher, my Strength, and my Redeemer! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"Do Thou give me a *conscious* love to Thee, such as I feel to earthly friends! Help me to sympathize with and adore Thy holy Nature, Thy hatred of sin, Thine infinite love to all that is pure and good and true! Fill me with grateful sympathy with Thee, O Christ, in Thine atoning pains! Make me grateful for Thy promises, and help me to trust them in my times of need! Do Thou bestow upon me that love which casts out fear! Enlarge my heart, and finish my character in holy likeness to Thine! Let not my passage to another life be fearful and foreboding! Do Thou work such changes in me, O Thou Holy Spirit, that heaven and its employment shall be homelike to me! Grant me these gifts for the sake of Him who has chosen me to be His friend! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"I am very weak about the closing scenes of life. Thou knowest my fears. Do Thou save me from them! Give me a painless and quick departure when my appointed time comes! Save me from a prolonged and exhausting decline! Do Thou grant me my desire in this thing! Why not to me as to others? I shall be sadly disappointed if it may not be. But be it to me as Thou wilt! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"Through all my life Thou hast been my most constant, timely, and faithful Friend. I have countless blessings for which to thank and praise Thee forevermore. For my existence; for my godly ancestry; for my father and mother; for our family prayers; for the Sabbath and sanctuaries of my youth; for my protection from degrading vices; for my college life and honors; for the great and good men who directed my education; for the choice of my profession; for my acquaintance with Albert Barnes and Dr. N. W. Taylor and Deacon Kimball and my beloved church in Boston; for the favor of the churches to my early ministry; for my election to the professorship and my success at Andover; for the circulation of my books; for 'The Still Hour' and the 'Sabbath Hymn Book'; for the writings of my closing years; for my home, my family, my summers at Breadloaf and Bar Harbor; for safety in my journeys; for my narrow escapes; for my tour in Europe; and for the crowning of all these mercies by a comfortable hope of heaven, in the repose of which, for the most part, I have been able to do my life's work; and finally for the singular peace which God has given me under the supreme affliction of my life,— for all I do praise and bless Thee, my undying Friend, forever and forever! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"I also thank Thee, O God, for Thy condescending watch over my pecuniary interests. I commit them anew to Thee. Do Thou continue to save me from losses! Give discretion and integrity to ——![1] Protect my estate at Bar Harbor and save me from discomfort and misfortune there! Deliver my sum-

[1] Here follows the name of his trusted and devoted attorney.

mer home from flames![1] Thy will, not mine, be done in these things. Yet *Thou* knowest that I need them without my asking. Do Thou grant them as Thou dost care for the falling sparrow! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"O Thou infinitely pure and holy God, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight. I acknowledge Thy loving justice in the endless punishment of sin. But I beg for Thy forgiveness, I plead the promises of Christ. Let me not perish! . . . Remember not against me the sins of my youth! Bury from Thy sight their more awful continuance in later years! Let them be blotted from the record of my own conscience! I plead the atoning blood of Thy beloved Son! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"O my Father and my Friend, Thou hast given me my home; do Thou bless those who have made it beautiful and dear to me! I am very helpless about them. I can only commit them to Thy loving care. Do thou spare my wife to me! Reward her for her fidelity through the long years of my invalid life! . . ."

(Here follow specific prayers for each member of his family. These, which are too sacred to be shared even with his loving friends, are omitted. Immediately follows this beautiful petition for his students, who kept the "next place" in his heart:—)

"I implore Thy blessing on my pupils and on the churches committed to their charge! Do Thou remember them with elective and loving care! Strengthen them in their toils! Cheer them in their

[1] This was probably written after an accident which threatened a conflagration in the cottage.

trials! Protect them in their temptations! Give them peace in their work! Reward them for their fidelity! For Jesus's sake, Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"O Thou who art the Head of Thy Church and its auxiliary institutions, I beseech Thee to watch over the Seminary to which my life's work has been consecrated! Do Thou deliver it from destructive errors and incompleteness of belief! Make it true to the ancient faith! May the mind of Christ inspire the opinions taught there! Let the heart of Christ sway the sympathies cherished there! Remember the prayers and sacrifices in which it was founded! Make it a tower of strength to Thy Church to the end of time! May those who go from it to preach Thy Gospel go in the energy and faith of apostles! Let them be preachers of those truths to which Thou hast pledged the conversion of this world to Christ! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"This country of my birth I commit to Thee, the Lord of Hosts and the God of Nations! Look down in Thy great strength and wisdom upon our rulers, our judiciary, and our schools of learning! Have compassion upon our freedmen, upon the Indians, upon the workingmen, and upon the capitalists! The great tides of popular opinion and passion in this land I commit to Thee! Do Thou make this nation an elect people to do Thy bidding! Only Thou canst protect interests so vast and in such deadly peril! Do Thou remember the prayers of our godly ancestry! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"O Thou great Head of Thy Church in all lands, do Thou bless the missionary churches and their chosen ministry! In heathen lands, in our Western

territories, among alien races and infidel immigrants, do Thou look down, in faithfulness to Thy promises, upon infant and struggling churches! Cheer disheartened pastors! Strengthen weak believers! Give wisdom to Sunday-school teachers! Put energy and tact into all Christian workers! . . . Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"Almighty and Everlasting God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! I desire to unite with Thy Church Universal, on this Thy sacred day, in ascribing to Thee glory and honor and power and the praise of all Thy creatures both now and forever, world without end! Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"O Thou Infinite Saviour, who didst give Thyself to die that this lost world might be redeemed, do Thou come in Thy might to fill Thy Church with the glory of Thy Presence, that all nations and races of men may be converted unto Thee! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"O Thou who hast a Father's compassion for all Thy creatures, do Thou have compassion upon the neglected and suffering and tempted *children* with whom this world abounds! When father and mother forsake them, do Thou take them up! Remember their helplessness! Consider their comparative innocence — that they have come to their perilous life by no choice of theirs! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Do Thou comfort them in this world! Do Thou save them in the life to come! Visit not upon them the sins of their fathers! O Thou loving Saviour, who didst take them in Thine

arms and bless them, do Thou take pitiful account of their inherited disabilities! Let the great mystery of their being be solved to the glory of Thy Name! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"Thou hast taught us, O Lord, to adore Thee as the God of Israel. Do Thou remember Thy promise to Thine ancient people! Pity them in their wanderings! Give them grace to see in the world's Redeemer, their long-lost Messiah! Turn their hearts speedily to Him! Let their conversion be hastened as the pledge of the world's salvation! May they look on Him whom they have pierced and accept Him as their Lord and their God! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"Do Thou look down in Thine infinite pity upon the despised races of mankind! Teach superior races and dominant nations that Thou hast made of one blood all the dwellers upon earth! Make it a reality to Thy Church that the blood of Christ has been shed for all! Turn to Christ the millions of China, the tribes of Africa, the freedmen of America, and those who dwell in the islands of the sea! Give especial force to Christian missions among them! Amen, O Lord, Amen!"

"Wilt Thou have special mercy upon the Church of Rome! Lead into the full glory of the Gospel those of its members who are regenerated by Thy Spirit! Deliver them from the entanglements of inherited errors! Let them speedily become a power of reform among the nations! Let pure revivals of religion overspread all Catholic lands! Give larger success to the Mc'All missions in France, to the Protestant churches of Italy! For the sake of the Lord of all truth! Amen!"

(In Pencil.)

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep!
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

(In Pencil.)

"O Thou who art a Friend who sees in secret, Thou knowest certain private thoughts which I long to say to my father and my mother and my precious boy! Do Thou send some messenger to tell them all that is in my heart! Give me this as Thy special token of considerate and condescending love! For Jesus's sake."

The little missal closes with another prayer for his wife, touching beyond words. But with that who shall intermeddle?

Suddenly, on Sunday evening, October 12th, the telegraph flashed to the distant children the terribly unexpected truth. He could live but a few hours. "Stay where you are."

So he had his wish. He died beside the sea.

His wife, his nurse, and his physician were with him. Unconsciousness mercifully did its work for many hours. But at noon, when the others had left the room for some momentary errand, he twice softly called his nurse by name, adding, "Are you there?"

"Yes, Mr. Phelps, right here. Do you want anything?"

"Nothing — nothing," he answered, in his old gentle way,— so thoughtful not to give trouble to the utter end!

The nurse continued to speak to him from the instinct of her religious nature, saying something to

him about heaven. She tried to ask him if he wished to go — if he wished to go to-day? He bowed his head and clearly answered, "Yes — *yes!*"

But after this he spoke no more.

During the night, as he sank steadily, Mrs. Phelps and the nurse stood on either side of the bed, and together sang his best beloved hymns, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Nearer to Thee," and "Jerusalem, my Happy Home."

At half-past two o'clock, on the morning of Monday, it being the 13th of October, 1890, he "began to live."

At the final moment his Catholic nurse read aloud the Prayer for the Sick and Dying, from the rubric of her own Church. It was her own devout impulse, and he, could he have heard it, would have been the last to gainsay this sweet effort of an alien faith to comfort his departing soul.

Upon Wednesday, the 15th of the month, he was laid to rest in the churchyard of the Andover chapel, beside the wife of his youth and the son of his love.

On the night and at the hour when he passed on, there came to one who loved him a vision as fair as the skies. Suddenly, behold! for he was walking up and down in front of his Andover home, under the maples which he had planted. He walked a little feebly, but like one who gained strange strength at every step. His eyes shone with unutterable radiance. His smile had its old sweet curve. Forgotten health ran like rapture through soul and body. He looked like one who trod to meet eternal life. He seemed glad to be at home.

For so many years have we watched the turning of the seasons with *his* eyes, felt the excesses of our capricious climate with his failing strength, and received the impressions of daily life with his quivering nerve, that the kind meaning of death comes slowly to the consciousness. When the south wind blows over the scorching marshes, it is still the first impulse to say, "This is a hard day for him." Then we remember that the sun does not light on him, nor any heat. When care knits her wrinkled brow, and anxiety lifts her trembling finger, and the friction of existence strains the endurance of the strong, the heart leaps to say, "How will he bear it?" Then we remember that there shall not be any more pain. When the night is jarred by some needless disturbance, still there stirs within us the old instinct to spring and hush the sound for his sake. But we remember that God's beloved sleep, and that he who starved for rest has found, past losing, the repose of The Still Hour.

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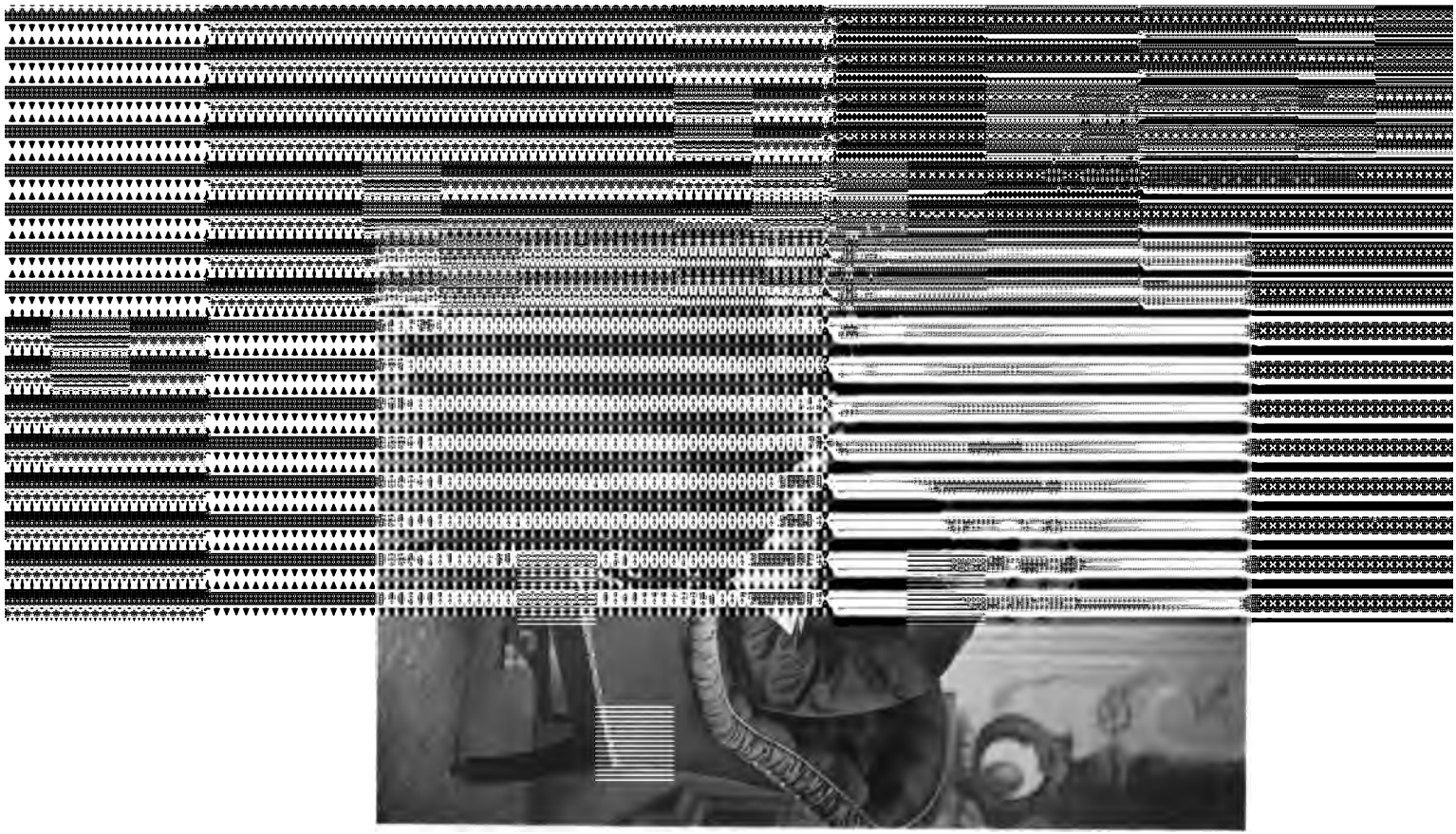

LETTERS.

THE writing of letters is becoming a lost art.

"It is so much cheaper to telegraph," said a busy man; and most Americans at least are of his opinion.

Professor Phelps was one of the few who retain and honor this graceful and old-fashioned gift. In reading his letters, sent from many sources and dealing with many matters, I have been freshly made aware of the fine respect which they offer to his correspondent. Like Napoleon, he never allowed himself to *seem* in a hurry. The finish of his lightest note was as careful as proof-reading, and his friend received as conscientious attention as his public or his publisher.

One can hardly appreciate, who has not read his letters *en masse*, how noticeable and how lovable is their cheerfulness.

As a rule they took — or they gave, which is more — the bright view of things; they record him as quick to see the best side of a difficulty, or to say the courageous word of a sorrow, or to offer the brave hope to an anxiety.

As he has not, perhaps, received full recognition of this side of his nature, I cannot forbear alluding to the impression which the study of his correspondence has made upon its editor.

The letters and extracts from letters which are given here have been chosen by a law of selection

which has sought to meet the eye of personal friendship as well as that of general interest; and it is hoped that both friend and stranger may find in the pages which will close this volume something that "each after his kind" will claim and value.

LETTERS TO MR. CHARLES C. BARRY (a Boston parishioner).

"ANDOVER, MASS., October 1, 1877.

"I cannot permit this semi-centennial of our Church to pass by without expressing to you, as the only one now left, as I understand it, of the band which welcomed me to the Pine Street pulpit thirty-five years ago, somewhat of the feeling which the occasion awakens in me.

"I find that years only deepen the interest I feel in those dear friends, so many of whom have passed beyond our sight. Their names have become sacred to me as no others of equal number can. I feel that my part of the relation between pastor and people was very poorly sustained, but theirs most faithfully and devoutly. So things look to me as I picture them in the past. It seems to me that when we meet in that world where things will all *seem* as they *are*, they will appear to have been the teachers, and I the learner, so much more do I seem to myself to have learned from them than I can possibly have imparted to them.

"They were a noble set of men and women; generous in their treatment of their pastor, and still

more so in their judgments of a young man's infirmities. I shall never cease to be grateful to them for the kindness with which they looked on my crude efforts and overlooked my defects. I was to some degree sensible of this at the time. I labored usually under an overwhelming sense of inability to do the work that was needed. I saw it as clearly as any of you; I felt the reasonableness of your expectations; but never for a day did I feel equal to the task.

"This view has been confirmed by my later convictions of what the ministry is and the work it requires. I am not sure that now I should feel any better qualified to take Mr. Wright's place than I felt then. The work of a pastor of a Christian Church looms up before me as one of awful grandeur, from which any man may reasonably shrink. I understand how Moses felt when called by God to the deliverance of Israel.

"I cannot but feel, therefore, that God was specially considerate of me in giving me such people as I had, and in allowing them to be so blind as they sometimes were to my deficiencies. Never was a young, inexperienced, unformed, and untried man provided with a more charitable and generous tribunal to sit in judgment upon his work.

"I recall, too, the differences of opinion which existed among us, with none but feelings of brotherly affection. Though I do not know that I could *think* very differently, if it were all to be done over again, yet I should *do* differently in many things; and it seems to me I could now soften those differences more discreetly than I did. They were

not really so great as they seemed, and I needed only more knowledge of men to make all parties sensible of that. I am sure that our hearts were much more nearly one than they sometimes appeared. How insignificant do the differences of good men seem when Eternity lets in its blaze of light upon them!

"I have often wished I could once more have the chance to deal with our friend —— without a whit of change in either his *theory* or mine. I do believe that he might have been saved to the church if I had only known then what I know now of human nature, its weaknesses and its virtues.

"I need not tell you that among my most faithful friends I number your name. I was too inexperienced in the ways of the world — had lived too exclusively among my books — to appreciate then as I do now the pecuniary service which you rendered me in prompt payment of my salary, when often, I doubt not, you had to use for the time your own funds. If irregularity and delay in pecuniary affairs had been added to the inevitable burden of that pulpit upon a young man, I should certainly have broken down ingloriously. Nothing saved me from such a disaster but your generosity, which I feel all the more deeply because you never said one word of the service you were rendering me. It was the work of a true and faithful friend.

"May God bless you for it, and for all your fidelity, my brother."

"Bar Harbor, Me., September 18, 1889.

"You speak of your diffidence, and the trial it was to you. In my early life I suffered from it im-

mensely. I do not think I got over it till I was forty years old. And in public *prayer*, I have not got over it to this day. It is one of the hardest things I ever do, to lead the devotion of others. At one time I canvassed the question of going in the Episcopal Church, chiefly for that reason.

"But do you not know that in your case the rest of us never found you out in that respect?"

To S. E. Bridgman, Esq.

"Bar Harbor, Me., July 30, 1881.

"Thanks for your pleasant words about my article on Spiritualism. I am glad to know that even one appreciated the need of it. I have never in the course of my life known so serious an evil to be so unwisely ignored before. It has been treated by good people who disapprove it, much as Mormonism has been by our Government.

"You ask why I do not publish upon it; I have done so, and my tract on the subject has been circulated largely at the West through home missionary organs. There is really little to be said about it, except for the pulpit and private Christians to keep before the public the fact that the evil is as old as the world, is distinctly recognized as *fact* in the Bible, and *always* with condemnation. The whole business of seeking to unveil the future by means of 'familiar spirits' is forbidden as a sin. The curiosity which prompts it is a sin.

"Good people have as clear a warning in the Bible to avoid it as they have to avoid lying or profaneness. I do not think that our Christian people real-

ize this. The reaction from the Salem witchcraft has made this later necromancy come as a *novelty*.

"I do not think it necessary to express any opinions, or to have any, as to the origin of the spiritualistic phenomena, — whether Satanic or not, — though on that point I have myself pretty clear convictions, to be held till science gives some better explanation. But it is not necessary to believe that. It is enough that here is a business which the Bible condemns — no matter whose it is. We are bound, as believers in God's Word, to deny our unhallowed curiosity about the future, and live in faith. This, it seems to me, can be pressed home on the consciences of all. I never yet have seen the man who fairly met the points of resemblance between the modern necromancy and the ancient, from the Witch of Endor to Simon Magus. *Something* is condemned in the Bible of this sort, all the way down. What was it, if not kindred to spiritualism? and what is this if not kindred to that?"

Letters to Mr. Broughton.

"September 24, 1889.

"I feel the truth of your remarks in your last letter. When men tell me that the public mind will not bear this or that, I think of the reply of Dr. Arnold: 'I do not see how the public mind can help bearing anything that an honest man has the courage to say.'

"I think evil days are before us, but they are in the *near* future. Beyond them there is a coming reaction. My faith does not waver for a moment. If we have God's truth in our hands and on our lips

and pens, He will take care of it. I never reply to criticisms of what I write. I am only too grateful for the privilege of saying what He gives me to say. If men assail it, I take that as a sign that they feel it. Mr. Finney used to feel that he was not accomplishing much if nobody got angry. But, my dear brother, it depends on you laymen what your ministers should preach. The churches will have such preachers as they *want*. If they want prophets who prophesy smooth things, they will have them. But the time will come when silken theology will not satisfy men. What then?"

To Rev. Dr. Dexter.

"I am preparing for you a sequel to 'Non-Intervention,' etc. How much better — in some things — a man knows himself than other men know him! They call me Pessimist in my sick old age, do they? I have too much — in my views — of the blood of a long-lived and cheerful stock, to have any other than a hopeful outlook upon the world's future. Though liable to drop out of sight at any moment, I never in my life felt more serenely young than I do now.

"But I am giving *you* a sign of dotage in my garrulity."

"Bar Harbor, Me., July 16, 1889.

"When I discover that I have *possibly* wronged a man in my statements about him, I feel that it is due both to him and myself to retract those statements till I have more conclusive evidence, meanwhile either believing nothing, or inclining to the more kindly judgment.

"I have recently heard an alleged fact about the man of whom I wrote to you last year which is inconsistent with what I then believed to be true. I cannot reconcile the two reports, and I have about as much evidence of the one as of the other. I prefer to think the better thing, if I think anything, and therefore I will withdraw for the present the statement I then made to you. A possible calumny is a burden which I do not wish to retain on my conscience or my sense of honor."

"Bar Harbor, Me., September 8, 1888.

"Since receiving your last letter, I have thought it not unnatural that you should attribute my extreme solicitude to a morbid state of the brain. You know the great affliction which befell me a few years ago, in the tragical death of my son. Although it was accompanied with every alleviation which could attend such a sorrow, yet . . . he was taken in a fearful way, and in a moment.

"Now one effect of the event on my mental habits has been to create a singular sense of *insecurity* from other sorrows yet to come, which has never left me since the telegram came announcing his decease. It has become the permanent habit of my mind to feel that after such a blow *anything* may follow. Nothing can be too improbable or too frightful to be sent by Him who doeth all things well.

"I will not trouble you with the details in which the anticipation clouds my future. But one of them made itself felt in my apprehensions about the matter of which I wrote to you."

To Rev. Dr. Wellman.

"Ripton, September 4, 1878.

"I have therefore of late been waiting to see what God would do with me. I confess that disease has shaken my resolution, and greatly increased the trial of leaving my home, which has become sacred to me. I have hoped and prayed that the end might come soon, before I should be compelled to quit service, and that my weakness, if such it be, might be thus provided for.

"They have treated me with uniform kindness in all such affairs, as in all others. I trust I shall not be left to requite it with a grasping spirit. And as to the retention of my house, my conviction is very strong that it could be but for a little time that I should need an earthly home. If I may with entire propriety retain the one which has been so dear to me, I shall be grateful."

"March 9, 1879.

"My life-long conviction, often expressed, is that my department, above all others, demands nearness of sympathy with the students, and therefore by all means *young blood*.

"Elect not later than thirty-five, and turn him out not later than sixty-five, is my principle, and I mean myself to abide by it. Any other department will bear age better than this."

"Bar Harbor, Me., July 1, 1879.

"I need not tell you how grateful to my feelings your letter is. I am more than content with the recent action of the Board, and now I look to the

future with a courage and resolve which are singular in my experience. In my fifty-ninth year, I feel that it would be wrong in me to throw ten years of life into the grave, unless the Voice from beyond the stars calls me more imperatively than it has yet done. I look forward, therefore, with great courage to improved health, and better work than I have yet done. Be this an illusion or not, I thank God that I have it now.

"I wish to say to you a thing in confidence, respecting my future work, if I have any in reserve. It shall be given to the Seminary if the Seminary *needs* it. I went to Andover in great doubt of my duty; I left *the* work in which my heart was and has been ever since. Comparing the two things, I was made for a pastor, not a teacher. Whatever success I may have had as a professor has been at the cost of yearnings of my nature which have lain deeper than my work. I have never had a chance to go back to the pastoral office, in ever so humble a sphere, which I did not take into serious consideration. It has therefore been a dream of mine for years, that if it should please God to give me a period of tolerable health after my Andover work was done, I should be very grateful for it. It has been an object of my prayers a long while. For a dozen years or more my feeling about it has been intensified by my recollections of my brief pastorate in my youth.

"Those years are a source of unmitigated pain to me; my ministrations seem to me to have been in such glaring contrast to all that they ought to have been. The memory of them has become such a burden on my soul, that it has often seemed to me that

I must not, cannot, die, till I have had one more opportunity to carry into a pastoral pulpit the views of my riper, and by the grace of God I hope better, years. 'Oh, for another chance!' has been the often unutterable cry of my soul to God. I must not in my weakness dwell on this.

"Bear with me, my brother, for saying even what I have. The bearing of it is this: that if God does see fit to give me my desire, *I must preach.* I do not care where, or to whom. If I can find a little flock anywhere that will hear me, without compensation if need be, I must go to them. Nothing that I can now do for Andover can be worth to anybody what such a brief pastorate would be to me, if blessed of God, as I almost know it would be, in rounding out my life's work and lifting from me a most grievous burden.

"I know this seems like a dream. Probabilities, as men judge of them, are all against it; yet I do not despair, for all that. God has *some* meaning in giving me the exercises of soul on the subject which I have had for so many years. It may relate to another world than this, but I hope not."

"August 12, 1879.

"It is a sad thing to put one's self out of the line of God's work prematurely. I earnestly wish to avoid that, if I may. To me the chief motive is work — work! I don't want to be half buried before my time comes to lie quietly!"

"Andover, Mass., October 20, 1883.

" . . . Yet I check myself in saying 'desolation.' For God has been wonderfully faithful to me. He pre-

pared me by some months of improving health to sustain the blow His hand was keeping in reserve; and when it came, almost instantly He disclosed to me so many tokens of His love in it, that I think I can truly say that my almost constant feeling is one of peace and gratitude. That God should have *cared* enough for me and mine to do this strange thing, to think of it ages ago, to plan events so that they should converge to this point, — it seems wonderful to me! There must be some immeasurable good somewhere to be served by it, to induce Him to do this thing to me and mine. I hope I am not presumptuous in taking joy in the thought that 'whom He loveth He chasteneth.' Why should I not believe and appropriate it as so many others have done and been comforted? So, at least, my mind runs, and I am at rest. I rejoice in God; 'let Him do what seemeth to Him good.'

"There is an immeasurable depth of blessedness in the thought of *God*. You know this more profoundly than I can say it, but I feel that I owe it to His great faithfulness to me to tell what He has done and is doing for me. I understand what Charles Kingsley meant when he said, in the prospect, as he believed, of his wife's death, 'It *must* be God's doing, because it is so painful and so strange.'"

"ANDOVER, November 27, 1883.

"You knew my son; you saw in one interview what he was, and you know what he *is* to me. I thank you for telling me your thoughts of him. I owe it to God's great faithfulness to say that I am supported in this trouble beyond all my hopes. Not

that I have any very great emotional uplifting such as some are blessed with. That would not be natural to me, and I should not trust it much if I had it. But I have a calm sense of rest in the assurance that God has done this thing.

"My boy was my favorite child, so far as it is right for a father to have such,— one of the symmetrical and rounded characters from which the world has most to look for. He never gave me a half-hour of trouble. He was one of the chosen ones, and must have begun his immortal life, with all the great and conscious currents of his being flowing towards God and identified with God's plans. It is a great thing to have had such a son to give back to Him who made him. My impulse is to say with one Duke of Ormond, 'I would rather have my dead son than half the living sons of Christendom,' but I don't know that I ought to. Yet I may properly say this: That if half the fathers in Christendom have such sons to lose, they are a select company blessed of God exceedingly. God permits me to rejoice with them."

"March 31, 1885.

"Their unity of worship is better than our struggling heterogeneousness of belief. Their litany keeps alive in the hearts of the people the great essentials of truth in liturgic form. That is better than no form at all. They *pray* right at any rate, if many do not believe aright. . . .

"I do not know that I have ever expressed to you one thing which always comes to my mind when I think of you. It is my deep sense of your kindness

and considerateness to me in *all* the relations we have sustained to each other. Far back, when you were nominally my pupil, but really my equal,— for I could not then really teach my classes much, and I knew it, — you were considerate of my youth, and generous and attentive to my infirm efforts. I was very grateful to these early classes, and especially to four or five men, of whom you were one, whose demeanor gave character to that of the rest. You do not know how affectionately I have followed your career and rejoiced in your success. And since you entered the Board of Trust, and have been one of my directors, I have always found you a true friend and brother. I have felt that I could go to you with *anything* which a man can tell to a brother-man, to be assured of your sympathy and counsel. The knowledge of this has been a help to me through all these years.

"Do not think I mean to flatter you — I can have nothing to gain by that, if I found it in my heart; but . . . I want to tell you what you have been to me, before I go.

"May God befriend you for it!"

From Letters to Miss Susan Thompson.

"April 15, 1852.

"For myself, however, I cannot wholly sympathize with the prevailing feeling around us. It seems to me that there is more gloom about the usages of mourning which death creates than about death itself. A funeral seems to me more sad than dying."

"November 3, 1853.

"It is to me one of the most painful mysteries in God's Providence that a child should ever lose a father or a mother in early youth. The severest doctrine of our faith is not so dark to me as this simple, every-day occurrence."

"St. Gall, August 19, 1854.

"I am enjoying very much more than I expected to when I left London. My residence at the Universities on the Rhine was exceedingly valuable to me in every way. It has been my good fortune to meet with more genial and attractive specimens of human nature than travellers generally mention in their books. I have had occasion in my letters home to speak of this often. I certainly have seen the kindly side of the human heart almost invariably since I came into this world of strangers. Among travelling gentlemen residing in the places I have visited, innkeepers, traders, postilions, servants, everywhere I have met uniform kindness and good-nature; often, too, a delicacy of interest which as a stranger I could not have claimed. It elevates my respect for the race to see so much that is attractive. I am disposed to think that the complaints of travellers are due quite as much to themselves as to the people of these lands."

"Andover, Mass., October 14, 1883.

"I have not felt able till now to acknowledge your kind letter which came to me at Bar Harbor. And now I can do little more than to thank you,

There *is* nothing for one to *say* under a sorrow like mine. 'I was dumb because Thou didst it.' So I feel like burying my grief in the grave of my boy. But I should be untrue to the faithfulness of God if I did not add that my faith was never stronger than now, or my trust in the God of my fathers more profound and restful. There must be somewhere some immeasurable good to be served by such a waste of good here to justify it all. I shall one day know it, and till then I wait. The faith I have preached does not fail me, and it never will."

To Rev. S. Lewis B. Speare.

"Andover, Mass., March 17, 1881.

"I thank you for your kind words about my little waif — 'Sabbath Hours.' I am grateful if anybody has obtained from it a helpful word, or a momentary uplifting towards the things unseen. You know enough of such work to know that whatever is really worth the *saying*, is the fruit of *living*. It must be pressed out of us by emergencies which only He can help us to meet who sends them — and I doubt whether such fruit is very large — in the seeming — in any man's life. We really know but very little of the universe of truth; most of our ministrations are touches upon a few strings of which life has taught us the melody. At least, it is so with me. I know vastly less than I once did, and seem to have at command less and less, as the years go by, which can possibly be helpful to anybody. And besides, the best things are things that cannot be said. They must wait till we get command of some other than

human language. We should seem to other men, to be fools, or insane, so jagged are the incoherencies which are our best approaches to an utterance of that which is within. If, now and then, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, we take courage and — we print! Is it not so?"

To Rev. Mr. Lane.

"Indeed, it always stirs all the youthful blood that is left in me, to witness the ordination of a young man.

"I covet the honor and the joy and the toil of entering upon one's ministry in times like these. It makes me think of Scott's couplet,—

> "'"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array.'

"I thought I had some conception of the truth, when I preached my first sermon. But it is marvellously magnified by time.

"As to my sermon, I am glad if you found anything in it that chimed with your feelings on the occasion, but I really am ashamed to send the manuscript out of my hands. Do excuse me.

"You tempt my cupidity by one statement in your letter. That chair of Dr. Hopkins! Is there no way in which I can steal it? I have the table, desk, chair, and watch which Professor Stuart used for nearly forty years. I am reserving them to put into our new library building, for which we are now collecting funds. That chair of Hopkins's ought to be added to the group. There is no other spot in the

world to which it would be so becoming, or where it would be revered for ages, as it would be in this old Hopkinsian Seminary. Do you suppose that your friend can be induced to part with it? Please make inquiry for me. Can it be purchased? If not, can it be begged? If not, can it be safely stolen on some dark night? If not, could Louis Napoleon take it by a 'coup d'état'? I am ready to start almost any earthly power, to obtain it."

"I thank you for your kindness in forwarding to me the relic of Dr. Hopkins. Time has used it gently, considering its age and the weight of divinity which it has borne. I do not marvel that it has broken down under the weight of its memories."

To Miss Emery.

"May I tell you a bit of my own experience in such matters? I was once very wide awake to the errors of the Church, the sins of good people, the cant, the narrowness, the bigotry, and all the rest of it which has become the staple of the sceptical literature about the Church and its orthodoxy. I was all alive to it, and honestly believed that some great revolutionary change was approaching which would sweep away, well, pretty much everything that I had been taught to revere! and give us in the place of it, I never could exactly see what, and I cannot now, but something very grand and superexcellent; and which at all events would rid us of all the annoyances of human imperfection in the Church. I was very honest in it all, but very egotistic, very bitter, very uncharitable, and often very morose.

"Well, I have lived a good many years since then, and think I have learned a thing or two which a better heart and a holier life would have taught me long before. Specially it seems to me now, that God does not work and does not mean to, by *abandoning* His Church and creating something new out of its ruin. He works in the Church and by means of it; yes, in the old 'effete' 'shell' of outward organization. It is a better concern than it seems to be. Its imperfections are among God's means of teaching. It is purer than anything outside of it which the world has to show, with all its failings. God condescends to live *in* it. It is, therefore, a higher and nobler thing than any other form of organized humanity. It represents in its ideal the purest truth. It has *less* of cant, of bigotry, of narrowness, of malicious judgment, and more of all that good men love, than I can find elsewhere. God is exalting it and trying it as by fire. He sits by its side as a refiner of silver. An honest and loving heart, with even a tolerable clearness of head, will see in it more of God's own image than in anything else. Therefore, I cast in my lot with it, and love it and hope to live and die in its embrace. Its denominational forms and all? Why, yes; why not? Numbers necessitate separating, with such materials as human nature gives. I can tolerate these if God can, and so long as I can peep over all the fences and see so much of noble living and earnest praying; so much of patience among the poor and benevolence among the rich, so much of enterprise among the young and wisdom among the old; so many and so lovely developments of downright and upright holiness of life,

adjusted to old conditions of men and varieties of temperament, I haven't much heart left to ferret out abuses, or to analyze motives, or to help Anti-Christ in any form of it, by playing into its hands in my judgment of the Church.

"I was once a very stout Congregationalist — a blue Presbyterian. I thought Episcopacy a sin, and Romanism of the devil. I don't find much time to think of such things now; I use the prayer book daily; I have given up the old interpretation of Scripture which thought no good of the Catholic Church. I find a great deal of piety there and everywhere where Christ is owned as the living Head. I work Congregationally, because I must work somewhere, and am neither wise enough nor strong enough to work alone, and am not such a fool as to throw away nine-tenths of my power for good by trying to work in ecclesiastical solitude. But I could work just as well in half a dozen other organic forms of Church life.

"But the *Church* life in some form I must have. Something or other in the Church as it is, is very dear to Christ. He always has worked and lived in it, and He always will. Therefore I grow to be more and more of a churchman as the years go by. I love her ancient life and her noble history. Her old songs thrill me, and I find more poetry in her life to-day than all literature discloses to me. The Sandwich Islands and Madagascar are poems to me; Moody and Sankey are others.

"This is the lesson which my life has taught me, and is confirming me in all the while: that God is in the Church as He is nowhere else, and that this

world sinks or swims with this divinely formed embodiment of holy living; and that so long as God's patience can bear the infirmities of the Church, I ought to bear them with loving charity."

"'Go out into ethereal space, revolve around something else than self, obey, serve, do fealty to the great silent laws of God's love, so shalt thou know that thou art Christ's and Christ is thine.' Such seems to be the voice from on high. Every test of character turns at last on this freeness from self as an object of concentration."

"ANDOVER, MASS., April 6, 1872.

"Eternity, I fear, will make sad havoc with the images of some of us, as we are in the mirror of our friends' judgment of us. I would give a great deal for a half-hour's consciousness of the qualities you see in my photograph. As to my health, I am in such a quandary I cannot answer your inquiries very intelligently. I do not suppose there is any structural disease, as yet; but that I am living in a worn-out condition of the nervous system, somewhat like that of Dr. Holmes's 'One Hoss Shay.' Meanwhile disease skirmishes with almost every organ of the system by turns, and manages to keep the brain in a constant state of irritation. My hope is that something *else* will give way before that. I wish to go out of this body thoughtfully when the time comes. It would be very sad to go raving or drivelling. I have a dim conjecture that somewhere between this and heaven, a departing soul gets a glimpse of, perhaps a contact and conflict with the Powers of Evil, in which it obtains an indelible conception of what

sin is — its own sin especially; so that it enters on an eternal career with a sense of sin and of Christ which is as eternal as its life. I want to meet the change with all my 'wits about me.' But it will be as God wills, and so would I have it.

"If my 'wits' go, it may make more room for His. A sense of unimportance and unworthiness should keep one very still in a matter so exclusively belonging to the hidden things of God."

"RIPTON, VT., September 2, 1877.

"I have just sent off to the *Congregationalist* six articles, the fruit of my vacation work, and my winter's contribution to the weekly press,— a sort of penance which I pay for my seclusion from the pulpit.

"The last one has been goading me to a deliverance for the year past. I call it 'The Theology of the Marble Faun.' In reading that marvellous production of Hawthorne's, I was impressed with the fact that with no religious design, still less with theological design, he has painted a most thrilling picture of *sin* as it is, and as it works in human souls. Our old Puritanic theology on the subject is there, without abatement or apology.

"So it is with genius everywhere. To make anything thrillingly true, men have to fall back on the old theology. The Greek drama, and the tragic drama from that time down to ours, dealt with the same problem of Destiny and Sovereignty, which has given to Calvinism its imperial sway in the world. So Dr. Holmes, while sputtering at that theology on one page, has to fall back on 'original sin' when he

wants to make something powerful in 'Elsie Venner.' So George Eliot, while her own faith is expiring, still has to retreat to it and raise it from the dead to give artistic truthfulness to the dissection of the hypocritical banker's conscience — what's his name? Then when the book comes out, the whole corps of literary critics — Westminster included — fill the heavens with the exclamation, 'How true to nature! — what real life!'

"Now either the critics and the authors are right, or they are not. If not, so much the worse for their literary discernment; but if they are, what becomes of their flings at Calvinism? Calvinism assumes that *sin* is first what Genius says it is in its reading of real life. On those *facts of sin* the whole structure is built. So, gentlemen, I am alert to ask, on which turn of the dilemma will you toss? Such is the drift of my article."

"ANDOVER, MASS., April 5, 1883.

"I have revised and put to press a book the last winter which will soon be out. I have not done more work than that, in equal time, for a dozen years. Yet, at the age of sixty-two, the end cannot be far off, and though I prefer this world to anything I know of any other, yet I have great peace in having no *will* about the 'time of the end.' I feel an unspeakable pity for the poor wise men who haven't found out whether there is a God, or whether they have souls or not. God have mercy on them!"

"BAR HARBOR, ME., September 8, 1888.

"I have for twenty-five years been impressed and oppressed by a sense of our *home work* for the world's

salvation. When I went to Andover, I found there a morbid feeling about the superior *godliness* of the foreign missionary service, a relic, I suppose, of the romance of its infancy. Young men were made to believe that if they meant to be pre-eminent Christians, they must go to India. I think a good deal of unconscious self-righteousness went out with some very good men in that notion of the relative value of the two departments of the great work.

"I became, from the first, imbued with the idea of divine *election* in the destiny of this country. We were and are an elect people, as truly as ever Israel was, and good strategy required the Christianizing of this nation first. Whatever else might lag, the work here must not lag. Indeed, the most fatal way to make everything lag, was to let the home work be secondary. This has been my theory. I have fought for it at Andover, by trying to create a truer balance of religious feeling among the students. It sometimes required a good deal of quiet pluck to defend the right of a man to stay at home if he wanted to, and to save him from the sense of having lowered his standard of character in doing so. Now and then, if a first-class man debated the question of going abroad, — as I taught them all to do, — if he decided *not* to go, it was a cause of mourning among the friends of foreign missions. The feeling was like that of men who see a flag at half mast.

"Even so late as when Dr. W., of Dakota, chose that field rather than Western Asia, I found it necessary to defend him.

"I am making a long story of it, but this has been my estimate of this country as the *centre* of the world

in Christian work. The success of the Civil War removed the chief obstacle to a practical application of the theory. Since the war things have gone with a rush which is awful. No words can express my conception of the crisis, the peril, the opportunity.

"I don't know whether I ought to thank you for your sketch. Do you know, I couldn't get through it without tears of humiliation? Oh, if it could but be made true! I mean to write an article, if I ever have the vim for it, on 'The lessons to be learned from the exaggerated estimates of good men by their friends and admirers.' Yet I wonder if *some* of it isn't true — a little! We cannot all be fools in our thinking of men and women to whom we are grateful for intellectual or moral help. No, it cannot be; yet — and yet — if it *is* 'what thrice-mocked fools we are!' So much of the best that is in us consists of our great ideals of the great and the good, living and dead! I know a man the thought of whom has been my North Star for fifty years. Then think of the mothers of the world, the saints and angels to their children. How easy it would be to pray to them."

"Bar Harbor, Me., July 3, 1889.

"I am not yet able to write much more than to thank you for your letter.

"Why is it that physical pain is so hard to bear? It is almost the only thing about which I am cowardly. I think I have some *moral* courage. I do not remember a time in which it was a trial to me to be one of a minority. . . . As a boy I could never

fight; but in college I was the only anti-slavery man in the crowd, and I enjoyed the solitude of my opinion. You are nearer heaven than I am. You *wish* to go there. You do me honor overmuch in thinking that I do. I do not, and never did. No suffering has ever yet made me wish to die. I sympathize profoundly with the Englishman, an excellent Christian, who was comforted on his death-bed by friends who reminded him of the *better* world to which he was going, and who answered, 'Yes, I believe all that; but I would rather stay in a world where I am better acquainted.'

"I have never attained a nobler height than to be able to say that the Lord's time for me to go is my time. I have great peace in that consciousness of oneness with Him."

"BAR HARBOR, ME., June 17, 1890.

"I wish I were able to write at some length about your Southern and mountain work. It is the only *line* of work in which I see any hope for the regeneration of the South. I feel very little hope in any political experiments, elections, laws, and the like. If they do not initiate another civil war, I shall rejoice. We began at the wrong end in giving the ballot to the freedmen, educating them by means of it instead of educating them as other voters are, by preparatory working. The man must have a singular confidence in his earlier wisdom who has learned nothing from the last twenty-five years. If there is *one* hopeful sign outside of the moral and educational work for the freedmen, I have failed to discover it.

"I took my pen only to thank you for your letter and papers. But I am already exhausted. Fragments of an article on the duty of the North to the South lie unwoven in my portfolio. Whether I shall live to finish it I do not know. But oh, there is so much to be said and done, that one longs to live and have a hand in it! Yet how silly it is to feel so, God has so little need of the best of us. I have been listening to my good wife's reading of the best story of Dr. Livingston. If the great dark continent did not need him, how little does this world need us? No; let us abide our time, and go when the call comes, to a world where we shall see things as they are. You do not know how my soul longs to get into closer friendship with Christ and to *pray* — which is about the only mode of usefulness left to me — as *He* prayed! To touch the springs which move the universe as He touched them! — one can almost feel the electric thrill of it. What have these poor creatures to live for, to whom such a thought is only a meteor from an unknown world?"

To Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer.

"Andover, Mass., March 22, 1865.

"I have been driven to the conviction that this whole subject of ministerial education is embarrassed by the fact that so large a proportion of our religious young men start from a wrong level, either of religious experience or of information about the pastoral service, or both; and that any great improvement in respect to the numbers of the right kind of men in the ministry must be effected by striking very far back in the history of young men.

"You will not think me severe, I hope, in the judgment which is implied by what I am about to say. I have not come to my opinion on the subject till years of rather painful observation have compelled me.

"I think I speak within bounds in saying that four-fifths of our young candidates for the ministry come to their work with very exaggerated ideas of the worldly comfort, the advantages of position, the amount of pecuniary emolument, and opportunity of social culture which *they* shall probably command in the ministry. Disappointment in these respects, I think, is a good deal more general than the ministry themselves would be willing to confess. I judge this from conversations with young men before and after their settlement in the ministry, from the tenor of a very large part of my correspondence with ministers who are seeking places of settlement, or who wish to leave the places where they are, and from the statements of committees of our larger churches as to the applications they receive for the use of their vacant pulpits.

"Last week a young minister came to me for aid in finding a place of settlement, who had just left an excellent people and a salary of a thousand dollars because he wanted a larger amount; yet he had no family but a wife. A short time ago another came, having just left a good farming parish, where he had eight hundred dollars, because he wanted to be nearer to some large city. This morning a letter reached me, asking for an introduction to some church where a large and cultivated audience can be found. A minister from Vermont writes me that he

'feels stifled' by the want of culture among his 'average of five hundred hearers'; he wants to go to Cambridge. Another from Maine, three from Massachusetts, one from New Jersey, one from Ohio, one from Pennsylvania, and two from Connecticut, occur to me among my correspondents, who are all oppressed with the same sense of a 'call' to preach either to city congregations, or to audiences of cultivated tastes, or to the wealth of the land. One man has been without a settlement four years, and another seven years, because they cannot find a place large enough for their aspirations, and each has declined several calls in the meanwhile.

"These are specimens of facts which I could enumerate more largely. Alongside of these I must place the fact that to a large majority of the applications I receive from churches which are few in numbers, with small audiences and small salaries, I am obliged to give a negative answer: I can find very few men for such parishes.

"Do not misinterpret here my opinion of these young brethren in the ministry, and approaching it, to whom I refer. I do not in my heart suppose that they are worse than the rest of us. Many of them I *know* to be earnest and godly men. Generally there is a simplicity in the way in which they acknowledge their wishes and motives, which indicates plainly that they are unconscious of wrong in the matter. It seems to them that they are pursuing the proper and legitimate way of 'improving their condition' in the ministry, as they would in any other profession. I am often led to ask myself whether they are not a fair sample of the stratum of clerical and

Christian experience from which they come, and of which we are all a part. I am very keenly sensible of the disadvantage which *I* labor under in endeavoring to correct their views, while I live in a 'ceiled house' and wear 'fine linen,' and live in comparative luxury, with every advantage for personal culture which I can desire. It may be that I am one of the last men in the world who ought even to be writing these lines. Yet somebody must move for the accomplishment of this definite object, viz.: to reduce the competition of ministers for 'good places,' and to provide ministers for poor ones.

"This leads me to the point where my suggestions cross the line of your report. Cannot something be done, somehow, to work this idea into the minds of young men who may be induced to think of the ministerial work, that city churches, parishes in large towns, *well-paying* places in general, and positions of superior facilities for culture, are in no want of ministers? That is to say, that the benevolent and charitable efforts of the churches to raise up a ministry, need not be directed that way; that the law of supply and demand will, in the long run, take care of such positions; that we are not at all anxious to seek out young men for them, or to induce men to enter the ministry with the expectation of filling them; that we want men for poor parishes, with hard labor and small remuneration; and that of such men there is practically no limit to the number we need. We want men for a strictly missionary service,—a more self-denying service than that of four-fifths of our foreign missionaries,—and practically we don't want ministers for any other service. That is to say, I

repeat, the law of supply and demand will take care of all other service. You will understand these strong statements with all necessary qualifications. I am very solicitous to get the main fact strongly before the Christian mind of the land; that we want an unlimited supply of *home missionaries*, and *nothing else*, so far as the home field is concerned. . . .

"I must beg you again to make all the necessary qualifications of my remarks, as they seem to affect an opinion of the Christian character of our ministry. My heart opens to them very warmly, and I do not judge them in this thing otherwise than I would be judged. Whatever they are, I am one of them, and all my preachments on this subject I have tried to take home to my own conscience a great many times. Yet it does seem to me that clerical opinion of the clerical office among us is in danger of drifting towards the ideal of it which is so common in the Church of England. . . .

"I have not alluded to the palliations of our clerical shrinking from home-missionary fields, found in the criminal neglect of congregations to pay their clergy to the extent of their ability. Such palliations are abundant, as everybody knows. But, after all, my mind falls back upon this principle: that we, as ministers of Christ, must take the world as we find it, and, well-paid or not, we must preach. The palliation does not help us much as practical men, intent on doing the work we are sent into the world for.

"How ancient everything and everybody seems that lived and worked before the great Rebellion! The Old Testament and the New are hardly sepa-

rated by a bolder or broader line of demarcation than that which divides the 'Ante' and the 'Post' of that terrible epoch. What a stupendous life is ours which extends on both sides of such a line as that!"

"ANDOVER, MASS., April 8, 1865.

"I cannot but congratulate you on the eternal inheritance which a man receives in being made the author of one good hymn which lives in the hearts of God's people. Cowper's lifelong insanity has sometimes seemed to me hardly too much to pay for the authorship of 'There is a Fountain.' So of the very dear hymn which commences your volume: it is a great thing to have been permitted to write it."

"ANDOVER, MASS., March 8, 1868.

"I thank you very sincerely for your recent letter, and for the kind words you speak about my little tract. It was the fruit of one of my invalid Sabbaths, of which I have spent so many in my study, often with the sound of the chapel worship coming to my ear very sweetly through the open windows. I have no idea that the tract will reach any larger number of readers. Most of us are too busy for such thoughts to seem very real. Some, too, whom I know, seem to have a sense of fellowship with 'the saints,' — living and departed, — which makes utter solitude, apparently, an unknown experience to them. I published, however, at the suggestion of two or three invalids, and hope the little affair may do some good to such. The longer I live, the more highly I value the privilege of putting even one Christian idea in a way which makes it real — per-

haps a lifelong reality — to a few Christian souls. It is but little subsoiling that any one man can do in the great field in a lifetime. It will not surprise me, if, when our work is tried as by fire, we should find that the choicest good we have done has been in things which went from us spontaneously, and of which we did not think much in the doing of them. Yet they may have been the secret fruit of many struggles.

"I have been reading lately a book of Isaac Taylor's — 'Ultimate Civilization' — which, though published in England some ten years ago, I had not seen before. What a marvellous fund of original thinking that man had! I doubt whether there has been another man of our times to whom the clergy are indebted unconsciously for so much material of thought as to him. He has a curious speculation about the help which non-professional minds have given to the world's progress, theology included. He makes out a good case in some respects — starting with the fact that most of the heroic characters under the Jewish dispensation were not of the tribe of Levi. If you find time to look at the book, you would find much to stimulate thought, if you have not already seen it."

"ANDOVER, MASS., January 11, 1877.

"I have tried in my articles to do the *fair* thing, as between the foreign and the home work. In doing that, I justify the general preference of students for the latter, as being at least a choice which does not deserve rebuke. I wish you would observe the bearing of my articles on that subject, and if they suggest anything to you which would help to rectify the pro-

portions of the home and the foreign work in the estimation of the public, by all means publish your vision.

"In the Seminary I have had to contend in more ways than one with the *romance* of foreign missions, and the disposition to coddle them. In the effort to teach the true ideal of the pulpit everywhere, I have had to cross the track of that spirit which makes preaching to the heathen a work of special grace and a sign of special piety. I suppose that this is the real cause of my imagined 'indifference' to the foreign service.

"I would not utter a word to cool the ardor of anybody in the foreign work; yet I confess that the home work does loom up before me with a painful and threatening magnitude, which suggests the query whether it is reasonable to expect much expansion of the foreign service before the home field is more thoroughly mastered. There is a law of give and take in these things which is as inexorable in the work of the world's conversion as in any other. We cannot convert Asia without a certain amount of spiritual power at home. We cannot give what we have not received. And the power at home must come from a broader and deeper spiritual culture; and this must take time, money, and labor, and prayer. What other view of it can be either philosophical or Scriptural? 'Beginning at Jerusalem': such was our Lord's direction to the apostles at the outset of the great work. There is the central law of missions, as it seems to me, for all time. We must keep the home work well in hand, and uplifted above all chance of failure, or we cannot get the

power to impart anything to the heathen mind. Every missionary in Nebraska, left to struggle for dear life, and every church left houseless in Dakota, represent just so much deficit of spiritual force in Japan. To begin at the other end, exalting the foreign work to the head of the column is reversing the law of gravitation. I do firmly believe that that drift of inquiry and decision which results in giving to the great majority of our ministry home work to do, is rather obedience to a deeper law of spiritual success than to any selfish tastes. It is simply the power of the Holy Ghost moving the men to the places where the greatest results are practicable.

"But I am preaching; and to one who least needs it from me."

"ANDOVER, MASS., February 12, 1878.

"If I were to live my life over again, I think I should emulate your example in the matter of correspondence. It is certainly true that, in the later years of culture at least, one's best thoughts come to one in the easy hours of fraternal conference. Did you ever philosophize upon it? Why is it that we find richer thoughts and more versatility in Arnold's letters than in his histories? Why are Leonard Withington's conversations so much more brilliant than his sermons? Recreation in these men is more fruitful than labor. I suspect we are all of us in some degree subject to the same law. It is a curious phenomenon in literature at any rate. I think I got from Professor Stuart and Albert Barnes, both of whom were penurious letter-writers, a lurch adverse to such work, which I am sorry for.

"I write of what happens to be fresh in my mind. I am glad if you like my Articles on Creeds. I wrote them three times over, lest I should say some unwise thing."

"ANDOVER, MASS., October 26, 1880.

"I wish I could respond to your welcome letter in its own contented and cheerful strain; but honestly I cannot. Though I am not conscious of a murmuring thought against God or man, yet I do feel that the hand of God is heavy upon me, and mysteriously so, in withdrawing me so early from the work I love. Think of it! At the age of fifty-nine! Just the time when most men begin to ripen, when intellectual culture begins to gather round itself the mellow graces of maturing character; just then, to be called to enter a valley of suffering and of humiliation, in the consciousness of premature decay! I do feel it —I cannot help it. Time does not yet lighten it. It rather grows in weight.

"Much of this, I doubt not, is due to the fact that I am rarely for an hour free from pain, and all brain-work aggravates it. Of course I must expect a morbid outlook on the future, so long as this condition of things lasts. I have good reason to hope that it will not last to the end of life. But even for a year of it, one needs a closer nearness to God than I have. One needs to feel grateful for suffering: and that I have not gained. Submission, trust, reverence for the mystery which I would not change; all this I feel, but this seems to me the infancy of a life that is hid with Christ. . . .

"The Litany of the Episcopal Church has become

very precious to me. It is a wonderful example of precative style; and the depth of its meaning, it seems to me, nobody can fathom who has not experienced some great sorrow. We have lost much in parting with some of the prayers of the old Mother Church. And what have we gained in their place? I read this week the prayer of ordination by Professor —— at a recent Council. It was perfect in its way; perhaps as faultless a specimen of extemporaneous prayer as can be well conceived. I find no fault in it,—absolutely none: yet I do not feel in it the deep undertone of devotion which rings out from some of the old Collects of the Church like the sound of ancient bells. The Church takes a great risk in severing herself ever from her history. Nothing else in this world has such a history; with so much of man's immortality in it, and therefore so much of God's Eternity! I wonder if the destiny of some of us in heaven may not be a reverent and studious living in the Past? Can we conceive of any other world as having such a Past for the education of infant races?

"Even the secularities of life here become sacred things if seen in their real perspective towards Christ's life. I am impressed anew with this in reading, this week, Dr. Hamlin's 'Among the Turks.' A laundry and a bake-house, built into such a life as his, become Temples of the Holy Ghost. What can Gabriel, or the Angels of the Four Winds, be doing more sublime than that work which was going on on the banks of the Bosphorus, in the Crimean War? Ah! it is a sad thing to lie still, and wait, and look on, and suffer, in a world of such possibilities!

"Yet do not think of me as one mourning without hope. I am only passing through the Valley of Humiliation: that is all. I accept it — I dare not ask deliverance from it. Be it as God wills, I say with all my soul. Often, all the prayer I can say is, 'Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done!' The beginning and the end of all a good man can desire are wrapped up in that. Yet I do hope the time will come when I can say it more happily than now.

"I have no news to tell you. I have sent for 'Dr. Hodge's Memoir,' and look for a grand treat in listening to it. Dr. Duff's 'Life and Letters' has been the glory of the summer to me at Mt. Desert. What a magnificent fellow he was! And what a splendid result he had to show for a life's work! To follow on within dim sight of such men is a great inspiration. I am not sure of very much in the way of self-knowledge; but one thing I do know — that I thank God for the great men in the kingdom; those whom He calls great, and honors as such in the leadership of the Church. My whole soul springs at their call. I rejoice to believe that probably the Church has living, to-day, greater men than St. Paul, and better men than David. It must be so."

"ANDOVER, MASS., November 30, 1880.

"As to position among men, — professional repute, and all that goes with that, — I think I can honestly say, that for a long stretch of years I have been so used to subordinating the *name* of a thing to the *doing* of it, that I am never painfully sensible of loss in seeing the name grow dim, if but the consciousness of the doing is clear and luminous. It is the

loss of the doing that troubles me; not that men think less of me, but that I can no longer do anything that can give a reason why they should not. I am not exactly in the mood — but in some distant approach to it — of the man who complained of the treatment he received in the court-room in which he had appeared as a witness: 'They charged me with lying, and they — proved it.' So I sink out of sight, and the trouble is that I am doing nothing that ought to keep me in remembrance. If I could still have the doing, though underground, seen only by the Eye that seeth in secret, I think I should be content. But who knows? Perhaps not. Yet so it seems to me now. These 'Emeriti' men seem to me distinguished mainly as men who have ceased to do. The world pays them the good-natured compliment, but other men wink at each other and say, 'We get on very well without them.' The very mark of honor to them is the sign of the loss of that compared with which the honor is as a tuft of thistle-down.

"By the way, speaking of the honor paid to good men, is it not time to plead for a reform in the writing of biographies? Do you ever see one that seems to your sober sense strictly true? They are my favorite reading, yet I am amazed at their exaggerations. And those of good men, and written by good men, are among the most brilliantly fictitious. The last is the Memoir of Dr. ——. A good man, a useful man, a great man if you will, but the image which the biographer adores cannot be the honest likeness of any mortal man. Yet such is the general strain of the biographies I read. They remind me of Horace Wal-

pole's fling at history: 'Read me anything but history, for that I know to be untrue.' Taking this one, for example, there are lines between the lines, which one who has known much of public men cannot help seeing, and which indicate that he could not have been the saint he seemed to be to his reverent son. An old man riding nine miles in his feebleness, to cast his solitary vote against the reunion of a sundered church! That showed honesty, pluck, the dead-set purpose of a man not used to being overruled, but the clear vision and loving heart of a man living in the upper atmosphere of God's presence it does not show. Biography is not true which lifts him up to that plane."

"Bar Harbor, Me., September 27, 1881.

"I have been reading novels lately as a sedative. I am amazed at the amount of mental force which is in our days expended in the department of fiction. It is not only one department, but is fast becoming *the* department, overshadowing all the rest. If you are interested in pictures of old Egyptian life, you will be entertained, and profited too, by two or three of George Eber's recent stories. He is one of the most learned Egyptologists of the age, and his imagination is of no mean order. I have obtained a good deal of knowledge from his books.

"Of more solid literature, Professor ——'s book for which the Scotchmen have rapped his knuckles, and Dr. Smyth's two books, are about all that I have seen since I came here. This is not a place of books, but of mackerel.

"What a magnificent disclosure is made of a great

nation's *heart* in these last few days! It lifts one's conception of human nature. It is an interesting psychological problem,—what proportion of sorrow for the great President's departure is genuine? How much does it measure of real heart? Am I wrong in the feeling that it represents more of the best elements of a nation's character than we have ever witnessed before? more even than the response to the loss of President Lincoln? If I am right, it certainly is a sign of the world's progress in things pure and lofty and loving.

"I remember hearing one of Professor B. B. Edward's inimitable sermons, on the 'Evidences of Human Progress,' the first of which, as I recall it, was 'The Birth of the Greek Idea of Beauty.' It is upon that plane of thinking that I am inclined to place a development of the national being such as we are now witnessing. It is more than thought: it is soul. It may, to appearance, be short-lived. But all great emotions are that. It is none the less a great and good thing to have lived through it. A nation's secret life cannot but be elevated and purified by it."

[Not dated. Received in 1884 or 1885.]

"ANDOVER, MASS.

"You are a born correspondent, as I am not. You keep letters, as I do not. You write for the pleasure or comfort of it; I commonly from necessity. What a volume of interest your correspondence with Dr. Hopkins would be to those who come after you! I, alas, have no such record of the industry of my pen! I sometimes wish I had. Yet very early in life, when I did keep letters and had copies of my own, I

was one day overwhelmed, on looking them over, by the discovery that even in a few years I had outgrown them and was ashamed that I had ever written so. Then there was a bonfire which almost set my chimney on fire. And that I might not live in the bondage which I know some good men are under, of the fear of writing what I should be sorry for, I fell into the way of men of business who write what *must* be written, and there stop. I resolved that so far as I did write, I would write fearlessly as I would talk, but I would not write *much*. Hence arose my seemingly negligent ways. You are almost the only man to whom I write letters such as Wordsworth would have classified as 'letters of sentiment and affection.' But yours to me are always welcome, I need not say.

"BAR HARBOR, ME., September 6, 1885.

"My friend Bishop Coxe has called my attention to your letter on Christian Catholicity. I did not see the letter when it first appeared. But I have sent for a copy and have read it with great interest. It cannot fail to do good.

"Your kindly mention of my articles on the Episcopal Church gratifies me exceedingly; and all the more because I know your staunch fidelity to the faith and polity of our fathers. It is encouraging to see the softening of ancient prejudices which have alienated brethren of different proclivities. I have been greeted with great cordiality by the Episcopal Clergymen who congregate here in the summer. There is an Episcopal temperament, and a Methodist temperament, and a Calvinistic temperament, from which sects grow by natural evolution. At the core of char-

acter, they mean little more than red hair or a birth-mark. The Master will know His own only by the name in the forehead.

"It gladdens me to hear of your improving strength. The years seem to count slowly with you. Do you not think that often the work which a man does in his closing years of life has a spiritual vitality in it which that of his busier manhood had not? Lookers-on may not estimate it so, but perhaps the 'witness of the Spirit' does. I prize every hour of mellow thought and restful prayer which I sometimes have given to me. I hope I am not mistaken. It seems to me that I recognize the evidences of such more abundantly in the closing labors of other men. A suggestion here; an aspiration there; a bit of poetry, rythmic or not, now; and a prayer then; seem to betoken a ripening soul, even a corruscation of intellect, struck out by a glowing heart; and to disclose the fact that some of God's best uses of a man may come after he has begun to feel most useless himself. I bungle in saying what I mean. But I obtained one such look into the soul of a preacher here a week ago, and I lived upon it for many days."

"Bar Harbor, Me., October 13, 1885.

"I have been much impressed recently by a more vivid idea than I had before, of the value of prayer as a means of usefulness to men whose life's work, like yours and mine, is mainly finished. This oppressive sense of useless living is relieved by it. My pupils at Andover, some hundreds of whom are in the thick of their labors, are a very precious object of prayer to me. They are beginning to celebrate the twenty-

fifth anniversary of their settlement or ordination, and they are kind enough to write and tell me of it, and to recall Andover gratefully. I live again in their life. If I could but feel more sure that *my* prayer can help them, I should feel grateful for that way of continuing the old service of my life.

"It cheers me to think of God's interest in little things. We do not need to move a world to please Him. A gentle thought lodged in a child's mind will do it as well. So a momentary aspiration upward in ejaculatory prayer, for a Pastor in his work, may achieve more than we think. Is there any better way of winding up the labors of a lifetime, than to set some little rills of intercession running in behalf of good men? May they not experience some hours or moments of refreshing, when they need it most, but do not know the source from which it comes, and least of all, the hand that unsealed the fountain?

"Your suggestions respecting the needless isolation of Christians from each other, are very true. What with dulness of temperament, reticence of habit, the fear of officiousness, and what Charles Lamb calls 'imperfect sympathies,' we are apt to mope or stammer our way through a Christian experience which would be larger if it were freer.

"Is it not true, also, that we are, many of us, checked in our Christian speech, by the consciousness of a gulf between our words and our experience? Or, if that states the case too strongly, by the consciousness that our real life in Christ is fitful, and, therefore, that our best words are only occasionally true to the facts? I confess to a humiliating sense of this, which often suppresses words at my tongue's end.

Some things which I have published even humble me whenever I think of them. They seem to me to express a very exalted and holy ideal, but often it seems as if nobody else could be so much a stranger to them as I am. Laudatory criticisms of them, implying that they spoke the author's experience, have shut my lips tight. One good lay-brother positively relieved me once, by saying to me of 'The Still Hour,' 'You must be a very good man, *or* you must have been a very wicked one.' He, at all events, gave me leeway for finding a spot where I could *feel honest.*

"Does not this kind of painful consciousness keep us still, often, when we ought to trust men more largely to bear with our infirmities, and trust God more deeply to control them? Robertson speaks in one of his letters of the 'fatal facility' of religious speech, in a way which shows that he suffered from the cause here named. I imagine that it drives a great many good men into reticent habits, and as they grow older, into a moral seclusion.

"When I am shut in by such thoughts, I love to think of David and Peter — very imperfect men they: but how grateful we all are to them for their grand thoughts and grander aspirations, and how much we should have lost if they had concealed them! Why cannot the Christian brotherhood have a sort of tacit compact among themselves; that they may all feel free to speak the best they know, and we will not rebuke them, even in our hearts, for speaking better than they are? One is ambitious — one is vain — one is avaricious — one is lazy — and so on — *miserabiles nos;* — but, 'brother, if God gives you a thought or a

desire above the level of your life, out with it; let us all have the benefit of it; and we will not think you a hypocrite, if you do not succeed in living it.' We are all patients in one great hospital. Sometimes we are constrained to retire, and call the Physician that we may see him alone and at midnight. But why should we not all come out together, in the days of convalescence, when the sun shines, and sit in the corridor or the great hall, and tell each other 'how well we are to-day' — 'how hopeful; how sure of health by and by' — each making the best of his case, for the good cheer of the rest? That man was a hero, and more, who struck up 'When I can read my title clear,' on the field of Shiloh after the battle. Probably he may not have felt like singing when he began. Perhaps he would rather have buried his face and groaned. But he had his reward, when he had set hundreds more to singing: and that 'Psalm of Life' rolled over the whole field."

To Rev. H. J. Patrick.

"Bar Harbor, Me., September 25, 1885.

"I am glad to tell you in this fraternal way, how cordially I rejoice with you. You are one of the chosen ones, honored by prolonged service, in an office which, as I believe, has no superior in Christ's Church. I wonder if you appreciate it as seems to me! I used to think with trembling, of its responsibilities and its perils. Now I revere it for its opportunities. A halo surrounds it like that of the old paintings of the Virgin Mother in Italy. Some of those Madonnas were the fruit of days and nights of prayer. They were painted by men who worshipped

her. It is with a feeling akin to worship that I look upon a Christian pulpit. Every one is a Mount of Transfiguration to my vision.

"I remember hearing of an incident related of the preaching of Dr. ——, some thirty odd years ago. He had a profound sense of the person of Christ, such as few men whom I have known have experienced. On one occasion, in the midst of a sermon, he paused, grew pale, trembled, as if in a trance. Said he substantially,— I do not give his words,— 'I do not know what it means, but I seem to feel the presence of some heavenly Being. Is it possible that Christ is here — here in this house — here where I stand — as if *He* would preach to you? Let us pray!' The sermon, I think, had no other ending. So I love to think of all pulpits filled by those whom it has been my privilege to commune with at Andover. I seem to see Our Lord standing by their side and fulfilling His promise. 'It shall be given you, what ye shall say.' I do believe it, my dear Brother, with all my soul! You never speak a truth for Him or utter a prayer in your pulpit which He has not put into your mind to say, so far as it is a genuine offering of service for His sake. You have a premonition every Sabbath of the coronation which awaits you by and by!

"It is a grand calling, is it not? But you know all this — I am preaching to one who does not need it. But your letter has unsealed the fountain of my feelings about your work, which I do not often have a chance to express.

"May God bless you for another silver age, as he has done in the one just closing! I can ask for you no higher joy."

"Bar Harbor, October 8, 1886.

"I am glad to know that some of my young brethren — for you all seem young to me — are cheered by any words of mine. I am living a very useless life. To put one ringing cheer into the ear of one brother who is down on the plain in the dust and heat of the battle, seems to me a thing to be grateful for. I thank you, too, for telling me of it."

To a College Student seeking Advice in a Period of Scepticism.

"Andover, Mass., June 3, 1879.

"I am sick; I write in my bed. I cannot say what I wish to. Your letter commands my deepest sympathy. I think I know your trouble. I have been through it all. But the most that I am able to write now, and probably for some time to come, is this, please to read the Memoir of Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod and the Rev. Dr. Thos. Guthrie of Scotland; and then please read Porter's 'Life of Aaron Burr.' The object is to help you to realize Christian faith as a *fact* in one life: and the *want* of it in another. The contrast may help you, — I do not know. God can make it helpful.

"To me the contrast of Burr's character with almost any humble Christian of the faith which Burr abandoned, was overwhelming.

"When I closed the last volume I felt as if I had been looking into hell, and my soul rebounded with gratitude that there *is* a God and a Heaven, and character fitted to it.

May God help you, as I cannot!"

TO A PASTOR WHO WROTE HIM ASKING, "WHAT THOUGHT BRINGS YOU MOST CONSOLATION IN OLD AGE?"

[Undated, but known to be written in the spring of 1890.]

"You doubtless are familiar with the incident related of Sir Walter Scott, that, when on his deathbed, his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, proposed to read to him, and asked what book he would prefer to hear; he replied in substance: 'How can you ask? There is but one for me now.'

"So in response to your inquiry I must say: There is but one thought which leads all other sources of 'consolation,' as you call it, to a man who has just passed his seventieth birthday, as I have. I call it rather a source of youthful hope and supreme assurance. I do not yet feel the need of consolation under old age as an affliction. That thought of regal strength is the reality of Christ as One ever living to save, and as a Personal Friend to comfort and to cheer. The one thought which oppresses me with most profound regret, when I recall my brief ministry of six years in Boston, is that I gave to my people so little of Christ, oh, so little of Christ! And now the chief joy I have in my penitent reminiscences is that He returns me good for evil by a sense of His personal friendship!

"I *think* I may truthfully say — for why should I not take Him at His word? — that He is never absent when I seek His presence! What can I ask for more?"

TO REV. SAMUEL W. DIKE.

"ANDOVER, September 17, 1877.

"My own feeling is that the men who are to give the Church, and through that the world, the right in-

struction on this theme, are now young men. My observation is, that God gives to young men usually early in their public life, the great reformatory ideas which are needed for their generation, if they are the men chosen to great reformatory work. I welcome, therefore, all such work which seems to come from youthful thinkers with the air of a revelation which they *must* deliver. The new minds must originate the new truths."

To Mrs. S. S. Robbins.

"I think my sympathy grows, as time carries me on, with the *beginnings* of young men. I never could face mine again with the courage I had when it came.

"My doctors all forbid my working, but I cannot see it as they do; anything is better for me than what people call rest. There is no rest in it — it compels me to read the Psalms half the time to keep my soul in patience."

"Andover, Mass., February 19, 1865.

"I am reading Lady Blessington's 'Conversations with Lord Byron.' Have you ever seen it? A very readable book, rambling and diffuse, but it softens one's sense of the wickedness of the man, at the expense of one's respect for his intellect. I 'guess' he inherited all the 'devil' there was in him."

"Andover, Mass., March 25, 1872.

"If I had not lived ten years with the feeling of Death in me most of the time, I should say now that I have no chance for another year. But *life* is the most obstinate thing *alive*."

"June 10, 1876.

"Your life has been given in piecemeal to other people. You will find it so by and by. It will come to you as a discovery. 'When saw we Thee sick and visited Thee?' 'Inasmuch as to one of the least of these.' That tells your story. Do try to get some comfort from the assurance *now*. To me the day of judgment seems more valuable for its righting the self accusations of good people, than for its condemnation of the wicked. I am glad there is to be one. These awful tribunals of Conscience need an illuminating from infinite Love, and they are sure to get it."

To HIS WIFE (before marriage).

"ANDOVER, December 1, [undated.]

"I passed through Boston this afternoon and down the Charles Street Mall at sunset. A more mellow and benevolent sunset I never witnessed, even in Italy. . . . Is there another spot on earth like Boston Common? . . . I am to preach to-morrow at the ordination of a young man who comes back to succeed his father in the ministry in his own birthplace. It seems to me as if I should enjoy the retirement of just such a settlement in the pastoral office — I get so weary of incessant excess of responsibility. But I fear that . . . if I were once thrust into such a place I should be as ambitious and restless as Cæsar. I do hope I may live to see the day when I can preach a sermon without a consciously selfish thought."

"ANDOVER, January 6, 1858.

"It seems to me I have been working like a shuttle ever since I saw you, and I *am* tired of it. . . . I

went to my tea-table to-night after having read aloud and talked, almost without cessation, for ten hours. I was exhausted and faint, and felt as if I wanted to lie down on the floor and think a while of my mother, who used always to observe my birthday as a day of fasting and prayer for me."

". . . I am naturally less buoyant than you are, and, under *any* circumstances, should have a less exuberant flow of spirits. There are, however, peculiarities about the life of a minister (if he really *makes* his ministry his *life*, and not an appendage merely) which I do not think you fully understand in their workings upon such a mind as mine. The effect of them is to deepen all feeling of every kind. I cannot explain it to you with the pen. I only know that life has an intensity of reality to me, which often makes it impossible for me to be otherwise than deeply, intensely, earnestly happy, and for that reason quietly happy."

"ANDOVER [undated].

"Here are Dr. Mason and Professor Park in my study six hours a day, and this must continue for several weeks to come. . . . I had an interesting day in Dover — good and solemn audiences. I preached the Law sermon by request, and I think never before preached it with so obvious an effect upon the audience — a really solemn impression. I had some scruples about preaching it, for I have once or twice thought its effect was rather intellectual than religious. . . . But I think I cannot be mistaken that it was the earnest conscience of my audience which responded. . . . I left them with a feeling of relief, for I do dread this preaching which does nothing but

make an audience gaze in wonder at the preacher. I have sometimes felt like hiding my face in shame when I heard the commendations of my auditors. Oh, it is not that which a preacher needs to give him joy in his work!

"Perhaps I am wronging my feelings — I fear that I am a little selfish; but I do have a very strong desire to have now a period of happy, buoyant, and loving life . . . it seems as if I needed it to develop all that is in me. It is not best that a man's life should be *all* a struggle."

"ANDOVER, March 20, 1858.

"I am more than ever sensible of the uselessness of a mere enjoyment — or suffering, as the case may be — of religious sensibility, if it does not add something permanent to our characters. It seems to me that even this warm glow of Christian sympathy which is now suffusing so many hearts, may be debilitating in its effects if God's spirit does not employ it to deepen Christian experience and consolidate Christian principle. . . . I was rather painfully sensible, at our meetings here last evening, that this luxury of feeling and talking does not amount to much after all, unless it is the index of a real and growing vigor of resolution in God's service. I wanted to say to all these young men that they should go home to their closets and seek a holier and more calm and more childlike intercourse with God there.

"I find it costs me a struggle to be willing to be *thought* by others just what I am. The judgment of my friends is more important to me than it ought to be. . . . I wish I could be more self-possessed, and

content to be just what God has made me. It is humiliating to think of feeling otherwise. I do not mean to if I can help it."

"ANDOVER, April 16 [probably 1858].

"Dr. Mason arrived this evening, and we are to have some further consultations upon our work. . . . I dislike the drudgery of the printing, though, prodigiously. It really gives me a new sense of the clumsiness of this whole method of communicating thought by speech, and writing, and printing. Don't you suppose that they have more simple and direct methods of intercourse in Heaven? I do. . . . Perhaps it is by some language like the language of the eyes here. Perhaps spiritual being, in its nature, is transparent to all beholders. Perhaps the celestial body has a physiognomy, which is as much superior to that of the 'human face divine,' as respects its quickness and truthfulness of expression, as it is superior in point of immortality. What a paltry affair the invention of the art of printing must seem to be to angelic minds, less wonderful, perhaps, than a beaver dam or a honeycomb seems to us. Such are some of the lucubrations started in my mind by the blurred proof-sheets I had to correct, and by my having to spend two hours first to convince myself, and then to convince others, of what is the real difference between 'O' and 'Oh.'"

(After Marriage.)

"AMHERST, August 9th.

"I am lonely in the midst of crowds. I do not know that it is best for me to cherish so much as I have of a feeling of dependence on the endearments of my

home. It prevents my throwing myself as heartily as I want to into the thoughts and sympathies of others beside my own dear group. . . . Last evening I attended the Prize Declamations as one of the Committee for the awarding of prizes and I was out-voted in every case! The speaking was good; but I would have given the prizes to the more quiet and manly speakers. The majority preferred the more noisy and dramatic ones."

"AMHERST, August 10, 1858.

"My address is delivered, and I am relieved, — perhaps as much as my audience are. I have no means of knowing what reception it met with, except that I had good attention, and one man, a young clergyman, came to me afterwards and simply said to me, with a hearty grasp of his hand and a manly effort to repress the tears that were swelling in his eyes, 'You have done me good — I shall not forget it.' That is enough. I do not care now whether the rest liked it or not."

"ANDOVER, September 3, 1862.

"The news to-day is a little blue; but I trust I grow more calm about it as the peril deepens. I do not know that my feeling is a Christian trust, but it seems to me so evident that God is working for moral ends, that I am willing to see other interests sacrificed to them if it seems necessary to Him. I do not think that the loss of Washington would shake my faith now in the ultimate result."

"ANDOVER, September 5, 1862.

"I am sorry you are blue about the war. I have a great deal more faith now than I had when we

seemed to be victorious, but with a proportionate victory of the old conservative feeling which would put us back to where we were before the war began. I think we were in an awfully degraded state two years ago, and I do not believe that God means to permit us to go back to it. My only doubt is whether the nation has principle enough to bear the necessary conquest of the South, and whether God may not, therefore, permit a temporary division. But that, either by present conquest or as the result of division, we shall be one people, twenty years hence, I have not a shadow of doubt. My hopes are strong that we shall succeed in the war, — but if not, let the division come, with all its consequences. Suffering may do what victory cannot.

"Anything is better than to go back where we were, when prosperity was accumulating and principle was nothing. I should have still more hope if the wealth of the country were cut down one-half."

"WASHINGTON, April 13, 1862.

"To-day we were too weary to go to church more than once. We attended at Dr. ——'s church this morning, where we found a large audience, a tame, rigid, old-school sermon — and President Lincoln. I was more interested in the President than in the preacher, and I was sorry to have him listen to such an exhibition of evangelical religion. He looked as if his good sense were saying all the time, 'I can't go that doctrine.' I think he *is* the homeliest man I ever saw."

"GENEVA, April 19.

" . . . I write, talk, and think as little as possible about Mr. Lincoln, — to save my brain. It is shock-

ing beyond expression; yet I have strange joy in it after all, somewhat as I have in the Crucifixion: it proves that God is so near to us as a nation. Such crises indicate His *determination* to save us. I feel as if the millennium were a hundred years nearer than it seemed a week ago."

"ANDOVER, July 28, 1865.

"We had a Church meeting yesterday, for organizing anew. They have requested me to prepare a Creed and Covenant for them. If it should be my last work for Andover Seminary, it will be a pleasant duty to remember, — *i.e.* if they are liberal enough to adopt it. I shall give them none of the 'antique.' It they need to be governed by dead men they must get some other exorcist than I to call them from their graves."

"ANDOVER, September 13, 1867.

"It awakens some painful regrets in me, to think that my pulpit labors may be over. I should be glad to have another period of such work, to correct some mistakes in the past, if no more. I think I envy no man anything but youth and strength for a life's work — it seems to me so useless, and but for the compulsion of disease so unworthy, to live as I do."

OF DR. TAYLOR OF NEW HAVEN.

"ANDOVER [undated].

"He was a noble heart, and a real father to me. He lived and died a poor man . . . and yet I do not know that he had a superior in the land, as a man of mind and character; and probably two thousand souls trace their salvation directly to his labors. That is what I call *living*."

"RIPTON, September 14, 1874.

". . . I am not unhappy. On the contrary, I have great peace — like the stillness of the beautiful hills on which the summer sun lies dreamily; and so does the light of God's love beam down upon my head. 'Evening, and sunrise, and at noon, will I pray' comes to me as an invitation and frequent committal of my soul and *body* to God. And somehow I cannot help feeling that I have his promise for the preservation of *both*. In this hope I am waiting happily and trustfully. . . . I think much of —— and his first long absence from home. My love goes roaming over the world, wherever I have a loved one to think of."

TO HIS SON STUART.

"June 26, 1879.

"Yours of the 24th received; I cannot write at length, but I hasten to express to you my entire approval of all that you have done — the preliminary interviews as well as the final action. In no one thing would I have had you act differently. You have conducted a difficult and delicate matter to a result honorable to me and creditable to yourself. I count it as one of the signal blessings for which I thank God in this emergency, that I have a son whose judgment and culture have enabled him to act for me so wisely.

"You have done me a great favor, my son; God bless you for it!

"I am glad to be able to tell you that after the first day I have not felt disheartened at all. I find a new spring of hope and resolve about my health

rising in me. I am determined to get up again. I mean to preach within two years. I have no idea of throwing ten years of life into the grave, nor of spending it waiting in my shroud. 'Now is life less sweet and death less bitter!' was the exclamation of —— when the acceptance of his resignation was announced to him. I don't feel a bit of that. I am able — and I thank God for it — to look upon the future with strong confidence and courage. The process will be slow, but I *believe* it will be sure. The last two nights I have slept sweetly; to-day, after a walk, had my first feeling of healthful tiredness, which gave me a nap of an hour.

"And be sure that none but kindly words are heard from any of my family about the trustees."

To his Son Francis.

"Clifton Springs, N.Y., October 26, 1874.

"Do not worry over your standing in the class, but do your work quietly and take what comes without disappointment. Be glad if others do well, and be content if you do your best. My visit to Geneva brought back my own boyhood to me very vividly. Did I ever tell you of my college life there? I was just at your age when I entered college. My father lived a mile away from the college. I had to board and sleep at home. The consequence was that I had to get up in the morning at half-past five o'clock all winter, and at five in the summer, and walk before breakfast to the college for a recitation. Often it was so dark and stormy that I had to take a lantern to see the way. Then back to breakfast; then drive

the cows a mile to pasture; then to college again for another recitation; then home to dinner; then to college for a third recitation; then to tea; then back to college, after driving the cows home; then, after an evening's study, go home again about ten o'clock. That was my day's work, day after day and month after month. I do not remember that I ever lost a recitation during the whole time. When you feel as if your work were hard you must think of mine. I was glad enough when vacation came, though I remember spending one vacation sawing and splitting and piling up twenty-eight cords of wood — I and a cousin of mine together.

"My father could not buy me an alarm-clock, so I made one to wake me up in the morning seasonably. I was sleepier in those winter mornings than I have ever been since. I used to have to count one — two — three — and then jump out of bed at the word 'three.' I do not speak of it as anything to boast of. Many boys have done a great deal more, and many men have accomplished more in life. But I did the best I could, and I want you to see that your life is not a hard one, and that if you do your best all things will turn out right in the end. I had a happy time of it, and so may you if you will think so."

"CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., November 6, 1874.

"I want you to be an *elegant* letter-writer. It is one of the accomplishments which mark a gentleman. Another gentlemanly rule in writing letters is never to use contractions. Write every word in full. Contractions belong to ignorant or half-educated people.

They say 'gents' instead of 'gentlemen.' They write 'Shall see you to-morrow' instead of '*I* shall see you to-morrow.' A true gentleman is supposed never to do things in a *hurry*, so he takes time to write out in full what he has to say. It is a silent mark of respect to your correspondent to give him enough of your time and care to say things completely, and make it easy for him to read. It is said that Edward Everett never used a contraction in his life. He never signed himself 'Your Aff. Friend' or 'Your Obt' Svt',' but 'Your Affectionate Friend' or 'Your Obedient Servant.' The very few letters which I had from him did not contain a word which was not perfectly formed and legible. Bonaparte once, when his army was defeated and in full retreat, and when he had to run to save his life, wrote a despatch proposing terms of surrender to the Duke of Wellington, and one of his aides-de-camp proposed that he should seal it with a wafer because that could be done more quickly. 'No,' said he, 'give me some sealing-wax; nothing should ever be done in a hurry.' It was the style of a gentleman in those days always to use sealing-wax. Will you try to remember these hints about letter-writing?"

"The more refined we become the more delicate is our sense of what is due to our superiors, and the more ready are we to pay them their due."

"CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., December 5, 1874.

"I think a great deal about my boys, while my health is so infirm and the future so doubtful. Of late two things have been much in my mind, which

I should wish to say to you if I should never live to recover my health. One of them is this, that I fear that the state of my health may often have affected my method of speaking to you. It is very hard, in such long-continued feebleness, to preserve one's patience, so as never to speak harshly or fretfully. I know that I have been often unable to be in good spirits with my boys; to talk cheerfully, and to laugh and jest so as to make their boyhood a happy one. And sometimes I may have spoken hastily and blamed you too severely.

"If you recall any such things, you must try to forget them: and at all events, attribute them to my ill health, and not to any want of affection for you. It is not for me to speak of my own virtues, but the older children will tell you what I was before my health failed. I will only say that I do not know any father who seems to me to love his children more tenderly than I do mine. You have been a very dear boy to me ever since you were born. I think you have generally tried to please me . . . I shall love you always very deeply, in another world, if I am not spared to live very long with you here. . . . I pray God to spare me if he sees it to be best, for my dear son's sake. So think lovingly of me, my dear boy, when I am gone, and be assured that you have no more loving friend, except your Saviour.

"The other thing which sometimes troubles me is the idle life to which sickness compels me. I am sorry to set such an example before you. You have no remembrance of me as I was in my working days. Of this also I cannot speak as well as others can. I

will say but little more than this — that I have never desired an idle life.

"When I *could* work I *loved* to work. It was always a joy and a privilege to me; and as I look back on my life, while I see many things which I wish had been different, I do think that I lived industriously as long as God gave me the strength to do so. If my conscience were as clear about all other things as about that, I should have nothing to regret in the past.

"I remember very well when I was a young man, and was forming my plans of life, I resolved that I would not ask of God an *easy* life, nor the means of making it so. I did not pray for wealth, nor do I remember that I desired it, or expected or planned for it. It was right for some other men to do that. God called them to it. But I thought he did not call me to it, and I did not wish for it. I felt entirely content to be poor, to work hard, to spend all my days in labor, if God would but give me the success in my profession which I *did* crave with all my heart. I thought I had Solomon's example for this when he came to the throne and asked God to give him *wisdom* above all things else.

"In looking back upon my life I do not regret my choice. I am very glad of it. I am thankful that God helped me to choose that rather than a life of ease. You must therefore take my example as it *was* — not as it is now, when I can no longer work.

"One old writer says that, 'in such a world as this, nobody but the angels should be spectators.'

"Will you remember this when I am gone? Will you try to learn how your father lived when he was

young and strong, and imitate his example in that if in nothing else? You will never regret it when age and sickness and death come.

"One rich young man I knew who devoted nearly his whole time to visiting among the poor. He relieved their wants, visited them in sickness, prayed with them, read the Bible to them. In short, he tried to do just what Christ did when he was on earth. After a few years he died of disease, contracted in one of his missionary visits. But he never regretted it. He lived longer than Christ did. His was a noble life. It was worth a hundred years of such life as that in which men make it their business 'to enjoy life.'

"If this ever becomes a practical question to you, do not go to any man or woman to settle it for you. Trust rather your own conscience and God's teaching. Ask yourself, 'How would Christ probably live, if he were in my place?' Answer that question honestly, and act upon the answer, and you cannot go far wrong. Will you remember this too when I am gone? It is among the last things I would say to you on my death-bed if I could."

"CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., December 10, 1874.

"Here is another 'sermon' for you. Reserve it for Sunday, if you choose, but read it carefully when you have time. It relates to one of the things which I want you to remember as the years go by.

"It is that I want you to live, if possible, an *intellectual life*. Get the best education that money can buy. Choose one of the educated professions for the business of your life. Be a man of books. Live in the midst

of books. Cultivate tastes which will make books a lifelong pleasure to you. Have a library and use it faithfully. Do not be drawn aside into a different life, if God makes it possible for you to become a learned man, and to live by your learning. I do not mean by this advice that you should look down upon an uneducated life, or despise uncultivated people; nor that you should despise money and money-making. It is very weak to despise anything by which good may be done. Men sometimes talk proudly about despising money; but every man's life contradicts that. . . . It takes a strong character to make money and more still to keep it and to use it unselfishly.

"True respectability consists in doing well the work to which God has called us. A young upstart once tried to insult an eminent lawyer by saying to him, 'I remember the time, sir, when you blacked my father's boots.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'I did them thoroughly, didn't I?' That is the right spirit.

"You will not misunderstand me therefore, when I advise *you* to choose an intellectual life. What I mean is, that valuable as other modes of living may be, the intellectual life is more so; it makes more of a man, more of his mind, more of his thinking power, more of all there is in him which is immortal. The power of such a life, if devoted to God's service, is much greater than the power of wealth. It is more lasting, more elevating, and it goes deeper in its means of doing good. It is attended also with less temptation to evil courses. A thousand men have been tempted to their ruin by too much money, where one has been ruined by too much learning, or too broad a culture.

In the old Continental Congress, which made the Declaration of Independence, there were two men, John Hancock and Thomas Jefferson; Hancock was the richest man in New England. He was sent to Congress on that account; he was not a highly educated man; he could not make good speeches; he had not much influence in Congress, except what his wealth gave him. They made him president of the Congress, not because they thought him their ablest man, but because he was a man of fine personal appearance, and because they wanted to compliment Massachusetts. They all respected him. They all felt that he did a very noble thing when he told General Washington to bombard Boston if necessary, though the great bulk of his (Hancock's) property was in the city; yet he did not stand among their ablest men. Thomas Jefferson, on the other hand, had not half the property of Hancock. He was always in want of money, always in debt; but he had the best education the country could afford; scarcely a ship went to England which did not carry an order from Jefferson for books. He had the best library in Virginia. He loved books. For that day he was a very learned man. The consequence was that he became the leading mind of Virginia before he was thirty years old. I think he was president of the House of Burgesses before that age. In Congress, too, his was the leading spirit; he did more than any other man in controlling the action of that body, and when they came to the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, and felt that they needed the ablest mind of them all to compose a document which was to be their defence before the world, and to found a

great nation, they turned unanimously to Thomas Jefferson. From that day to this, I think no other mind, not even Washington, has exerted so powerful an influence on the politics of this country as that of Jefferson. Yet he, when a young man, had the opportunity to become the richest man in Virginia. If he had given himself to it, he could have had a princely fortune, and could have lived a luxurious life, as the possessor of rich plantations and a thousand slaves; but if he had chosen that mode of life, you and I should never have heard of him. Which do you think was the nobler life of the two?

"Professor Agassiz was once invited to engage in mining speculation, in which his scientific knowledge would give him the means of making a fortune in a year. He turned upon the man who proposed it and said impatiently, 'I have no time to make money.' Once when one of his pupils showed a disposition to turn his scientific studies to account in money-making, he replied angrily, 'Go, sir, you have no place here if your mind is bent on money.' That was the spirit of Agassiz's whole life.

"So far as the main object was concerned, — the sacrifice of his pecuniary interests to science, — he was right. It might not have been right for some other man, but it was right for him. He would never have done his life's work in any other spirit. He died a poor man; but on both sides of the Ocean his name is honored for what he has done in the service of science.

"The respect of the world for him, and the common sense of what his life was worth, are expressed by the fact that our rich men are about to found an institu-

tion in honor of him, which is to cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He lived a noble life; they are doing a noble thing in thus honoring him; but which would you rather be — Agassiz himself, or the giver of a fortune to commemorate his worth?

"Do you understand, then, exactly why I advise you to choose the intellectual life in preference to any other? It is simply because that is the best life, the noblest in itself, the most useful to the world, the most serviceable to God's cause, and the most helpful to those things which a man can carry with him into Eternity.

"This is enough for the present; I have some other things to say in another 'sermon.'

"CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., December 23, 1874.

"I have several subjects on which I wish to write to you. If my letters do not interest you, will you keep them? I think perhaps they will when you are older, yet then I may not be able to give you advice.

"In this letter I wish to add to one of my recent ones (on the intellectual life). Gifts of mind are nothing to be proud of. They are gifts of God, which you are responsible for *using* in the best way, as you would be for using a fortune wisely, if you had that. Your thoughtful mind may be all the fortune you will ever have. It is worth more than a fortune, if you use it well. It is right for you to see just what God has given you, and then put it to the best uses. It would be wrong to do otherwise.

"Does this seem like advising you to be ambitious? Well, in one sense of the word, you ought to be ambitious. You ought to be *aspiring*. I once heard a

sermon on the duty of 'Willingness to be Little.' That is the duty of some men. But it is a dangerous duty. It is safer to set our aim high and aspire to be all that God made us capable of being. It is safer to aspire above our abilities than to aim below them. One is a mistake of judgment; the other is indolence. I think that young men more frequently mistake through self-distrust and willingness to live an easy life, than through excessive ambition. So thought Dr. Arnold, a celebrated teacher of boys in England. I would say, therefore, to all boys, 'Aim high in everything you undertake; whatever else you fail in, put *mind* above *body*, and make the most of it.'

"Another special reason why I would have you choose an intellectual life is that the present current of feeling about it among young men is in the wrong direction. Young men now have a morbid craving to be rich. They are dazzled by fine houses, gaudy furniture, costly pictures, luxurious living; what the Bible calls 'the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,' are tempting many away from better things.

"As a consequence, many who are able to become ministers, doctors, lawyers, journalists, professors, teachers, authors, are becoming merchants, bankers, brokers, speculators, for no reason except that they can get rich more easily in these latter ways. It is all right to do this, if God calls one to it; but if not, it is all wrong.

". . . It is never right to do a good thing if you can do the better thing. You will be tempted, as all young men are, when you grow older, to choose riches above all things else. My charge to you is:

don't do that thing, unless it is clear that God calls you to it. The intellectual life is better, more useful, more enjoyable, nobler in every way. Multitudes of young men are suffering a lifelong loss by not choosing it.

"Two or three examples will show you what I mean. A young man, the son of a New York merchant, was once entreated by his father to join him in his business. The firm was rich. The father offered him a fortune outright if he would enter it as a partner. The young man wanted to go to college. The father protested against it. He wanted to be a minister. The father opposed that more strongly yet. The young man persisted. That father lived and died a rich man. Perhaps he was a good man and died peacefully. But suppose that he did, what was his life's work worth compared with that of his son? The son is Dr. ——, late president of —— College. He has preached the Gospel for thirty years. He has aided in educating more than ten thousand students, many of them the ablest men of the country. He has written books which are doing vast good, and will do it when he is dead. He has become the chief authority in political economy among our statesmen. He has led the scholarship of the country for a quarter of a century, and is revered all through the land as one of the most pure and modest Christians that ever lived. Such a life is worth a hundred like his father's. Which is the best *record* to carry into Eternity?

"Another young man began life with me. He was poor and an orphan. He had a wealthy uncle in Boston, who promised to make him his heir if he

would go into business there. He wanted to get an education. He persisted, and was educated in part by charity. He became a minister, and soon after was threatened with blindness, and had no property to live on. 'What is your college learning good for now?' asked the uncle. The minister trusted to God for help. His eyes were restored. He became pastor of one of the largest churches in ——. He is now Rev. Dr. ——, of the Home Missionary Society in New York. His work has been blessed with revivals of religion. He has been the means of saving many souls. Missionary churches are founded every year through his labors in part. Now which was the wise man, the uncle or the boy? Which life was worth the most?

"A man in the State of New York, within sight of ——, had two sons. He gave to each of them three thousand dollars, and told them that was all he could spare them, but that with that they might do as they pleased. The older one went into the lumbering business, was very prosperous, and became a rich man. The other spent his money in going to college, became a minister, settled first in the little village of ——, then was professor in —— College, then professor at ——, then pastor of one of the largest churches in New York, and is now Prof. ——, of the —— —— Seminary, and is sending into the ministry thirty young men every year, and writing books which are read on both sides of the Atlantic. The last time I saw the older brother he had lost his property, had failed in business, was out of employment, and was lamenting that he had not spent his three thousand dollars on a college educa-

tion, as his younger brother did. Which of these was the best life? Which had accumulated the most to carry into eternity? Both those boys were qualified for an intellectual life. They were the sons of a clergyman. They ought to have appreciated learning. One chose it, the other gave it up for wealth and lost both. Now I do not expect rich uncles or fathers to offer you a fortune. But you will be tempted in other ways to seek wealth as the chief good of this world. I do not expect to be here to counsel you then. But remember what I advise you now. Choose the education and the intellectual life if God gives you health for it. Be willing to be poor in pocket if you can be rich in intellectual culture. Accumulated property is not at all necessary to a healthy man's happiness. You can be perfectly happy living on a salary from year to year.

"I have tried both ways, and thankful as I am to God who has given me the means of living now that I can no longer earn it, yet all the money you could count would not tempt me to give up the joy of my educated manhood. If the choice were forced upon me to-day, between educated poverty and uneducated wealth, I would say, without thinking a second time, give me the poverty. Sick as I am, I would take my chances of the poor-house, without a dollar to carry me there, sooner than give up the *memory* of the life I *have* lived."

"CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., December 3, 1875.

"I do not like to delay longer a letter expressing to you some of the very many thoughts I have about your *religious* character. You know how much I prize

this, above all other gifts for you. No worldly fortune, no eminence among men, no amount of learning or of mental power bear any comparison, in my view, with the possession of a humble Christian heart. I would rather see you a poor man, an unhonored man, an ignorant man, with the love of Christ in your heart, than to see you in the Senate of the United States or on the Bench of the Supreme Court, or possessor of Mr. A. T. Stewart's fortune without that love. It has become one of my habitual prayers that God will withhold from my children worldly rank or fortune, if he sees that to be necessary to their salvation. I have never prayed for riches, either for myself or my children. I dare not do it in view of what the Bible says of the temptations and dangers of wealth. The prayer of the Psalmist, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' seems to me the true and safe one. Then, if God sends riches, they are to be accepted like any other responsibility, and any other temptation. In all probability, you will be a happier man without them. But whether you have them or not is a minor matter, and on this subject I want you especially to remember *two things*, — will you try to do so?

"One is, that you will find, as you grow older, two sorts of Christians, between whom you will have to choose which you will be, and on the choice you make will depend your joy in religion, your usefulness among men, and your rank in Heaven.

"One class of Christians are contented with religion enough to keep their conscience from unrest, with not enough to make them very devoted or wholehearted in it. They try to unite a hope of Heaven with as much and as many of this world's pleasures

as they dare to indulge in. Their religion seems to be an *appendage* rather than the *business* of their lives. They are not very fond of prayer, not very fond of the society of Christian people, not much given to self-denial. You might be in their society a long time, and not discover that they profess to be Christians. They do not make the impression on the world that they *are* Christians. We hope many of them are such, but men of the world do not see that there is much difference between such Christians and themselves. The world does not see but that such Christians are as fond of this world's pleasures as other men. They seem to be just as eager for wealth, for honor, for fame, for good comfortable living, as men of the world are; and what they gain by their religion, it is hard for the world to see. Such Christians excite a great deal of unkind criticism against all religion and religious people. They are not very useful, and cannot be. The good they try to do is balanced by the evil of their own example. The world feels — and it is right — that that is not Christ's way. Christ did not live so, and he would not if he were to come to this world now.

"The other class of Christians consist of those who make a *business* of pleasing God in everything. Religion is no appendage to their life; it *is* their life. They are whole-souled in it. All that they do, they try to do religiously. Be they merchants, lawyers, doctors, they try to make their business serve God as much as if they were ministers. They love prayer and Christian people. The more religious people are, the better such Christians like them.

"They are not afraid of self-denial, nor do they care

much for the pleasures of the world in *comparison* with their enjoyment of God's service. If they are rich, they use their property for God, — not mainly for their own pleasure. If they are poor, they are contented and happy, and in their poverty often shame their superiors by self-denial. There *is* a difference between such Christians and the world; and the world feels it. They live in good measure like Christ, and the world sees that they do. Say what they may, worldly men *know* that such Christians have something which *they* have not.

"Now between these two classes of Christians you will have to choose which you will be. You can be either. The temptations of life will be all one way. The promptings of conscience all the other way. If there is a denomination of Christians which is more devoted than the rest, see to it that you belong to *that*. If there is a group of Christians which seem to you more Christ-like than others, seek their society; be one of them, if you can; make the religious question the chief one in deciding all social matters. Seek your personal friends among the poor, if you find the best Christians there. Do not allow social rank or worldly popularity to weigh with you a moment against deep and true godliness of character. God will exalt *you* if you exalt *him*.

"In this, as in other things, be whole-hearted. Why is it any more respectable to be half-hearted in religion than in other things? It is not half as much so. Don't try to be a Christian at all unless you mean to give your whole soul to God.

"Probably the first time when you will be severely tempted about the matter of which I have now written

will be in college, if you go there. Let your few intimates be Christians above all things else. Trust to your scholarship for respectable rank among the boys. They will all respect that. When I was in college in Philadelphia, I was the poorest in my class but one. I dressed poorly. Everybody knew that my father was a poor clergyman. But I had no difficulty in associating with whom I pleased. . . . I did nothing to seek it, except to get my lessons well. Remember that in college you can always trust to scholarship to take care of your social position.

"You will have no difficulty, in any college to which you will be likely to go, in finding *gentlemen* among the religious boys. This is desirable. Piety and gentlemanly culture are necessary to the intimate friends of a scholar. Beyond this, don't you care a farthing whether they are rich or poor, from one family or another."

To One of his Children.

A NIGHT ON DECK.

"Arctic, Tuesday Evening, May 9, 1854.

"I went up from my stateroom one evening about eight o'clock, and found a crowd of sailors and passengers around the smoke-pipe, which you know is the large iron chimney of the boat. It was raining and chilly, and that was the only warm spot. I edged my way in among them, put on one surtout, and rolled up the other for a pillow, and lay down flat on the deck. It was the only position and the only place in which I could be comfortable. The heat from the pipe kept me warm, and the rain I did not

mind, and the air refreshed me. It was unusual for a gentleman to camp out in a rainy night, and the fellows did not know what to make of it. I suspect they thought at first I might have been drinking too much brandy. They made all sorts of talk about me; some laughed and joked about me, and some jabbered in French. 'Hilloa,' said a newcomer, who almost stumbled over me, 'have you got a dead man here?' 'Pretty near it,' said another. 'He wouldn't mind being pitched overboard, I reckon,' said a third. 'Well,' added another, '*that* man gets his money's worth for crossing the Atlantic.' So they talked away, but I did not care if they would let me alone and would not step on me. At length one rough fellow with a cigar in his mouth, but with a pleasant, beaming black eye, bent down over me, and said as he puffed a whiff of tobacco-smoke into my face, 'Sick, eh!' 'Yes.' 'First voyage?' 'Yes.' He looked near to my face. 'Well,' said he, 'you *are* the sickest fellow I ever *did* see. Did you want to lie here?' 'How long can I stay here?' I asked. 'As long as you like,' he replied. 'Then I'll stay till morning.' 'Well, don't you want something to lie on?' I told him yes; but I had asked one of the men to get a piece of sail-cloth and throw over me, and he did not get it; perhaps he did not hear me. But this man sung out, 'Boys, here, bring along that settee yonder.' 'Aye, sir!' Soon two boys brought a settee, and the mate said, 'Put it here; twist it round, close up, so as to bring it near the smoke-pipe. Now would ye like my old coat?' he asked, turning to me. 'Don't you want it yourself this stormy night?' 'No,' he answered;

'I've got two or three of 'em, thank God.' So he brought me a thick, heavy coat for a mattress, another oil-cloth coat to throw over me, sent down to the steward for a bowl of gruel for me, and then sat down on a stool by my side to take his turn in watching that part of the vessel for the night. I lay there till morning. Every hour or two the mate sung out, 'Heave the log, Tom'; and Tom heaved the log and said, 'Aye, aye, sir!' 'All right!'

"At last the morning came, and I came down again to my berth. It was one of the most comfortable nights I have had on board the ship.

"They (the spiritualistic phenomena) do attend and follow certain conditions of disease. Thus much I think is pretty sure. I would, therefore, do nothing to enlarge that crevice in the nervous make-up through which the thing may find its way. I have never been convinced that in ——'s case, he did not aggravate the evil by *meddling* with it. I would, at any rate, wait till there is nothing else to do."

"ANDOVER, MASS., Saturday Morning, September 21.

"At ten o'clock last night I had one of the moments of *consciousness* of interchange of thought with you, which the mesmerists tell of. It was so vivid that I laughed outright, as if I could see you through a long tube. I felt much as I did when I was a boy, and first learned that by putting my ear to one end of a long piece of timber, I could hear another boy scratching the other end. I am as sure that I saw and spoke to you, as — well, as I am that

the mesmerists see through millstones — which, to be sure, is not saying much. But the illusion was very perfect and very pleasant.

"Remember me to your sick minister, if he cares to hear from me. I do not know him, but claim brotherhood with all the Yankee parsons, and don't 'make fun of them.' I am one of them."

"ANDOVER, MASS., September 7, 1864.

"—— is begging to be let off from grammar, and is going through the anathematizing process, which all youthful drudgers at our mother tongue experience. If the love of children for a man is any sign of *his* character, next to being a dentist, to have been Lindley Murray, must be the *summum malum* of earthly misfortunes.

"I have been reading 'Haunted Hearts,' and am agreeably disappointed in it, as it respects the ability with which it is written. The plot is ingenious and well sustained. The theology of it is another thing, though it is true enough as she puts it, and so is almost any error which is aimed, not at truth, but at a caricature of it. The falseness of the book is the old Unitarian inability to understand what the truth is, founded upon incompetence to meet it *as* it is. We Orthodox should be fools if we taught or believed what she opposes. I never heard of the man who did."

"ANDOVER, July 22, 1869.

"To-night it is like an evening in October. I am weary, but not excessively so. I am feeling the usual reaction from the excitement of anniversary

week; the usual sadness at parting with my class; and the usual questionings of what may be written in the Great Book of duties undone, motives unsanctified, opportunities unimproved. My lecture-room has a great many voices, silent to all ears but mine.

"—— has a new dodge at his devotions; he prayed last night that he might be as good a man as Moses, and might write as good a book as Deuteronomy. There's inspiration for you!"

"NEW YORK [undated].

"To-day I called on an old classmate whom I have not seen for twenty-five years; and what do you suppose I found him doing? Selling whiskey. Think of a collegiate education to help a man in the whiskey business! This man was a good scholar, read Greek finely, was good in mathematics, and was a fine speaker, yet here he is. He has never married, has accumulated a large fortune, lives by himself, spends his days in a little dingy counting-room in one of the most repulsive streets of New York, surrounded with piles on piles of whiskey barrels. We rolled hoop together when we were boys; fished, sailed, flied kites, flirted, went to Sunday-school, to boys' prayer-meeting, to debating club, to college together; yet how our paths in life have diverged! He did not know me nor I him, and I presume we have now met for the last time in this world."

"Do strive against the curse of a narrow heart. I think that of all narrow-souled mortals, a contracted literary person is the narrowest. Men of business, from being knocked around among men, often get a

broader culture of all manly traits than *some* bookish men get from their libraries."

"GENEVA, April 18, 1865.

"I suppose you have been thrilled and saddened by the murder of the President, as everybody else has. It is a fearful blow to the country as man judges. But if the prayers of God's people gather around the new President, as they did around President Lincoln, the result may prove a blessing on the whole. Much as I have loved Mr. Lincoln, and trusted to his good sense and honesty, I still cannot help conjecturing that God saw he was too kindly a man to deal with *conquered* rebels. He was just the man to lead the nation through the educating process up to the abolition of slavery, but perhaps we need a sterner man, and one who has suffered more from the slave powers, to punish traitors. Who can tell? At any rate, I have settled down in a calm utterance that God saw that it was good to permit the deed. A strange thought has impressed me too. The assassination took place on the anniversary of the Crucifixion. Who knows that there is not some *infinitely remote* resemblance between the two events? May not the deliverance of a great nation have required some great sacrifice of innocence to guilt?"

"GENEVA, April 19, 1865.

"It is a good thing that good men die when their work is done; good for their own reputation, good for their usefulness, and good for their generation. They bungle if they live to try to do a work which somebody else was created for, and not they. Let us

watch the teachings of God in coming events, and do it prayerfully; we shall soon see what his meaning is in these fearful developments. What *rapids* we are living in our time! We are making history for poets and novelists to celebrate, and for the church of Christ to bless God for, I trust, a thousand years hence. I hope all the good men and women of the land will concentrate troops of praying hearts around President Johnson; who knows but that God's grace will *make* the right man of him if we ask it? And if not, we can still pray that God will use him. We can pray, as the Boston minister did of whom you have heard me speak, one of whose congregation was sent with very important despatches to Europe and a gale sprung up soon after he left the port, 'O Lord, save thy servant from the fury of winds and waves if it be thy will; but whatever becomes of *him*, do thou save the *despatches* and speed them on their way.'

"It seems hard-hearted, but it is only *deep*-hearted to be willing to let God sacrifice men to a nation's life.

"I have, too, a feeling of congratulation towards the late President, that he is *so* removed as to ensure to him a home forever in the hearts of the people for whom he died. I think I will not write more about the great tragedy now; it agitates me; no, not that, for I have not a doubt of the salutary fruits of it; but it excites my brain because of its grand and awful connections with God's providence over this nation. I feel as if the millennium were a hundred years nearer than it seemed a week ago.

"My advice to you about writing is *not* to write

now; wait till the feeling of horror subsides, or rather gives place to the deeper one of trust, and hope for the future. It is always better to write under the arch of the rainbow than under the chain lightning. Poor Mrs. Lincoln and little 'Tad!' don't let us forget them. But I *must* stop, or another long, dreary night is before me. Happy dreams to you! These are grand historic days to live in and to die in too. *Gloria in Excelsis!*

"Another of your 'Lincoln letters' from Clifton this morning. Don't you get into a worry about Mr. Johnson. We must not expect everything from one man, and I start with the theory that a rough-shod man is wanted for the presidency in these times. The men of silken sense of the appropriate are apt to have silk in the backbone.

"Oh! you do not know how heavily sickness weighs upon me in such a time as this. It is a grand thing to live through such a revolution if one can only *do* anything for the right in it. I long to preach again before the crisis is over.

"—— does not go back to the war. The regiment refused to go. All the officers above —— refused to go, and that would have made a reorganization necessary, and so there was less inducement for the men to go. Two-thirds of the men would have gone if their officers had led them enthusiastically. I do not think that we who stay at home ourselves can blame them, yet I wish they had gone. But it illustrates a law of Providence that select instruments of man's choosing are not in the long run the most reliable. God doesn't estimate so highly as we do the 'crack'

regiments, and 'crack' churches, and 'crack' sermons. 'Not many mighty, not many noble.'

"At any rate, keep *nothing* from me. I am very dependent on the feeling that my children are my *friends*, and that they do not conceal their inner life from me. May God in His infinite compassion do for you what I cannot!"

"Monday Morning, June 21.

"Things go on in the usual startling and revolutionary way at home. We eat, drink, and sleep just as if nothing had happened. Everybody went to the Peace Festival last week, and it is about all that they talk of now. The usual superlatives of the musical vocabulary are flying about in the air. I think so too; no doubt of it. I agree with General Grant, who thought the artillery was the best part of the music, though I think I should vote for the anvils, always excepting Ole Bull's fiddle. I hope some thoughtless ones will get some idea of the Day of Judgment from such crowds.

"It will not surprise me, if I know what is going on here three hundred years hence, if I find that Shakespeare no longer holds his throne; the world may have outgrown him. It will not be strange if we discover some time that literature, hitherto, has been on the wrong track."

"Andover, Mass., September 22, 1869.

"The evils of such meetings are all on the surface. Underneath the 'gassing' there is a flow of Christian feeling which is the stronger for being expressed in ever so poor a way. So long as people talk in relig-

ious meetings as well as they do in secular meetings, we have no reason to be ashamed of their religion; and they *do* that as a general rule. As well try to stop prayer because it isn't always classic, as to stop religious talking for the same reason. We have all of us a great deal more of childhood, and conceit, and anything but ripe sense in religion, than we think for. I suspect that to angels we seem like great babies, sputtering over the little grains of knowledge we pick up; but the sputtering does *us* good, nevertheless."

"ANDOVER, MASS., January 24, 1870.

"I never knew a worse day. It was like living in a bath of dish-water. I had to take to reading hymns, somewhat as disappointed Episcopal ladies in the novels take to charity schools. —— came home this noon, silent and pitiable as a drowned robin."

"I must tell you of one of my follies. You know my superstition about direct messages from the Bible. I cannot defend it, yet I do get comfort from it. Well, yesterday, when you left me I felt as if the bottom of the universe had fallen out, and all of us were sinking into the original chaos. I groaned in spirit. Half mechanically I took my Bible and begged for something to hold me up, and I opened to that very gem of the whole book, Psalm 91: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place,' etc. Is it all humbug? I am weak enough to be unable to part with it, as I fancy many a good papist clings to the material nature of the virgin. All goes right to-day, anyhow.

"God bless you ever and everywhere."

"I have again read 'Stepping Heavenward.' I close the book with a deeper conviction than ever that it gives the true secret of a *joyous* Christian life, the personal love of Christ and to Christ. Heaven is that, if nothing else. I ought to have known it all these years. I get glimpses of it now. If the long stretch of the intermediate Sahara, of which we know so little, could be blotted out, and our catechism could prove true, — 'do *immediately* pass into glory,' — the change would lose its dreariness. The critical point is not whether resources of blessedness are there, but have we the tastes which can enjoy them? And that is only asking in another form, Do we love Christ with such a sense of His personal presence that we are content?

"I went to church to-day for the first time this summer. Heard a 'good' sermon without a scintilla of original thought or sign that it came from a mind that ever had such a thought, or would know it if it had. It is a marvel to me how much of solid, monitory, helpful truth is afloat in the common Christian atmosphere. Genius is not needful to good preaching."

"ANDOVER, MASS., October 28, 1879.

"News from my father is very dubious. If the end is near, what *shall* I do? The thought oppresses me with strange and uncontrollable weight. One record of sixty years of memory carried on into the awful silence! I ask myself, is it *necessary* for a man to shrink as I do from it all? And God gives me no answer. The terrors of fifty-five years ago, when I cried with unutterable horror at the sight of

my grandfather's corpse, seem just as real to me now as they did then. I don't understand it; other people do not feel so; why do I?"

On the Death of his Son.

"Bar Harbor, Me., September 3, 1883.

"You doubtless have thought of many alleviations of our sorrow, for which we have reason to be grateful. I have counted them over and over, and almost every hour discovers to me something new. I want to write some of them here.

"His absolute freedom from suffering: what an unspeakable blessing is this, and on the whole not a very common one! That he was not conscious through that long and awful journey of a day and a half in an open canoe, with no covering from the sun, no physician and no anæsthetics. What agonies he would have endured! Blessed be God for all His great thoughtfulness! He remembered our frame, that we are but dust. Then, that he had no time to suffer mentally on our account; no necessity of gasping out in syllables last messages, such dismal ones to the sufferer. That he had not even the ordinary struggles for dying breath; he went from a happy recreation to a more blessed one, from which there is no return to drudgery and trial. Again, that he has left behind, on the whole, an unusually happy life. I asked him but a few weeks ago if he had had a happy life so far. He replied, with great positiveness, 'Yes; an uncommonly happy one.'

"If sometimes I ask in the lowest depths, when the waves and billows roll over me and I go into

his room to pray to God and to *him*, 'Why was the precious *young* life taken and the *old* one left?' I am able to answer: 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth to Him good.' Let come what may, I must, I will, cling to a Covenant-keeping God. What else is left to cling to, and what more do we need?"

"Bar Harbor, Me., September 8, 1883.

"Thanks for your letter addressed to us all. It is the bravest and most comforting thing I have had. I will try to follow its suggestions. Thus far I have been able to do so. In truth, underneath the terrible 'waves and billows' of this storm, there is, down deep in my heart, a feeling of rest; a sense of relief. You know how largely my love for you all has partaken of the feeling of *compassion*. I feel it for him.

". . . Every mail brings a package of letters about him. One thing is a great comfort to me. It is the uniform expression of trust in him as a noble man, of respect for his scholarly attainments, and of expectation of great things to come from him. Much as I knew of all this, the testimony in these respects even surpasses my knowledge. . . . And to me the choicest thing of all is that, with such abilities and such prospects before him, his heart was turning from them to the humbler, yet really nobler, work of a Christian pastor. Oh, I do bless God for His secret dealings with my boy; no, not mine, but Thine!"

[Undated.]

"I cannot help seeing that I am not so strong as a year ago. This place is more noisy; I lose more sleep, and my last May in Andover was a more

serious let-down than ever before. But the next two months here are usually my recuperative months. It remains to be seen what they will do for me; and to be true to my recent moral reasonings about it, I must add, what the Lord will do. It is 'borne in upon me,' as George Fox used to say, that the Lord and I *can* rebuke the causes of my decline. But if I may but have a painless death, I do not care now how soon.

"I have no 'exercises' about the boy, except that it requires but a thought or a hearing of his name to picture him to my eye in a window or doorway, anywhere, at any hour of night or day. My faith does not make it real to me that he knows when or what we think of him. Logically, I cannot prove it, and there is much to say against it. Specially, I doubt whether he has any consciousness of *time* as we understand or feel it. There are so many more negations and silences than affirmations about the state he is in, that I find it more restful to think of him as being with Christ and learning how to enjoy Christ; a thing which we know very little about in our busy life here."

"May 27, 1884.

"I am slowly picking up, though it is a harder rub than ever before, yet I see through, I think. Only you outlive me if God wills. . .

"The Boy looks out at me here through every door and window. . .

"You must not feel anxious for me.

"You don't know how ardently I long for Mrs. Prentiss' sense of the reality of *Christ*. If it was a

possible experience to her, why not to us? I am sure that our conquest over sin and wretchedness lies there, and is not possible without it. If death does not give us a new power to see and enjoy Christ, I do not see how that life can be very essentially different from this, except in the very small matter, relatively, of bodily pain. I am often oppressed with the feeling that He is near, within hand reach, and that I lack the power to see and feel Him as He is. I wait for the hour of discovery; it will come when I am able to know it, not before."

"BAR HARBOR, May 18, 1884.

"Safely here. Everything worked together for good to *one* who tried to trust in God. Our rooms were all right; weather made for invalids; sea still as glass till the last hour, when it behaved as if it wanted to, and couldn't. I *willed* it through, counting moments. The house was all open and warm; the rink still at half-past ten. I am very, very grateful. It is in little things that God cares for us little beings."

"Poor Professor —— has written me again. He says, 'It is to me one of the darkest of Providential mysteries, that we are born. I am sure I never wanted to be born anyway, and there has been scarcely a year of my life in which I should not have been glad to pass into entire nonentity; but I love Christ and trust Him implicitly.' What do you think of that? I thank the Lord that I never saw an hour, except when I was in religious despair and thought there was no chance for me, when I did not feel thankful for *existence*. Come what may, *being* is an

unspeakable gift to anybody who knows and loves Christ. Do you take Papa's word for that, and in the 'sweet fields beyond' remember 'I told you so,' and let the dear Lord have the good of our blind gratitude, if we can muster no better as we go along."

"December 14.

"I am very grateful for your loving care about me. But I really think you had better not try to come again. To tell the truth, I am a little glad to evade the good by. I never part with you without a sinking at the heart from the fear that it may be the last time. Yet why should I *fear* anything? God is so unspeakably good to me and mine. I reproach myself if I feel anything but love and trust. You don't know how much I see now of Christ's loving presence all my life through! *Led* — *led* by His loving hand from beginning to end! I ought to have been the most quiet and trustful man alive.

"You ask how I am: as well as I can be till I get back to my 'dear cottage.'"

"Bar Harbor, Me., October 6, 1886.

"I am fascinated with Mr. Blaine. He called on me, and I made an exception to my rule and called on him. He is one of the most magnetic talkers I ever met, and knows everything that is knowable."

"October 12, 1886.

"Every day here is a part of the golden age to me."

"I hope you have burned that bit of raving I sent you. I was ashamed of it long before it reached you.

A man who has been walking along the 'silent shore' so long as I have, looking off upon infinitely great and holy things, ought not to become so slipshod, even for an hour. Do not think of me so when I am gone! Oh, it is so great a thing to be worthy of existence among such surroundings! Usually I feel it, and not without great peace."

"BAR HARBOR, March 31, 1887.

"I felt the usual tonic of the air the first day I was here — voice improved — strength increased — sleep good. All will go well unless the time for the end has come. If it has, that will be well. I do not yet feel that it has come; but God's will is my will. Think of me therefore as being at rest, come what may. The bay seemed, when I crossed it, as if He who said to the waves which swamped Peter, 'Peace be still,' were there. A snow-storm raged overhead, not exceeded by any we have had in Andover, yet the water was as still as in mid-summer; it was marvellous. A close carriage waited for us on the wharf. On the whole journey such incidents constantly occurred. Thank God that I can die *here*, if die it is to be.

"May God be always *at home* with you both!"

"ANDOVER, MASS., December 18, 1888.

"You ask about me. You know I don't like to talk of ailments. Emerson says it is not civilized to do so. I am in trouble, and am losing a good deal of sleep, that is all."

"BAR HARBOR, ME., May 16, 1889.

"I mourn the loss of this beautiful spring in a sick-room. But everything else has been so well for

me that I am grateful beyond words. The countless little things on which a sick man's comfort depends are marvellous tokens of God's condescension. 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him? And what is a sick man's easy-chair that Thou carest for it, and for the pillow on which he rests a weary head?'"

"Bar Harbor, May 26, 1889.

"The goodness of God to me is something wonderful. I am speechless before it; it is as if He existed for me alone. For what end He is giving me some return of strength, I do not know. He will disclose it to me.

" . . . About the autumn: if I leave here I fear that I shall never get back. It is very faithless in me to be downcast about it, after all that God has done for me."

"Bar Harbor, July 20, 1889.

"My strength improves slowly; I cannot yet walk far without weariness. But I putter over the woodbines, and stroll on the piazzas; a noble object of life, isn't it?

"One thought has assumed a new reality in my mind of late, as an offshoot of my useless life. It is the value of *prayer* as a means of usefulness. It is fixed in the everlasting purposes of God that this world is to be converted to Jesus Christ. It is to be brought about mainly by believing prayer. When a man can do nothing else, he can add his little rill to the great river of intercessory prayer, which is always rolling up to the throne of God. The river is made up of such rills, as the ocean is of drops. A praying man can never be a useless man."

"Bar Harbor, August 25, 1889.

"It is very thoughtful in you to express your sympathy with me on the approach of the anniversary which must forever make this month of August sacred to us.

"I am for the most part at peace about him. Yet there are times when I would give my life for an hour's talk with him — to tell him . . . My faith does not permit me to pray for the departed, but I do often pray to God that He will send some messenger to my boy, to tell him what is in my heart. When Daniel prayed, Gabriel went *swiftly* to relieve the burden of the prophetic anxiety. I love to believe in the *eagerness* of God, and of ministering angels, to give us the help we need. But every year drops a link in the shortening chain that holds me here, and soon I shall see the boy again.

"It is good in you also to tell me of the pleasant things which people say of me. I only wish I could think them true. But I understand ——'s feelings when he said, 'Oh, I am a fraud; they haven't found me out!' I do not mean to indulge any mock modesty, but I am drawing near to the world where we shall be seen, and shall see ourselves as we *are;* where every other being's thought of us shall be a reflection of God's thoughts and not a reflection through human judgment. My anticipations are very, very moderate. Yet I do not think that God will fling my record here in my face when I see Him there. He is a magnanimous judge of character. He sees unconscious graces which we do not.

"I write, not because I have anything to say, but to keep up the habit."

"June 10, 1890.

"As to my health, I do not know what to say. I am weaker than ever before. I feel an intense reluctance to return to Andover. I think I should suffer more there than here; should be unable to return; should linger on till August, and die. But I dread to ask anybody to stay with me here."

"September 8, 1890.

"My strength slowly but surely declines. My eyes are discouragingly blind."

"September 17, 1890.

"But I do not think there is more than an even chance that I can leave here at all. I am very weak.

"I would as soon see your oculist as any one; but it would be of no use. Amaurosis is like chipping a piece of the enamel out of a pearl; it never grows again.

"It has been raining day and night here for a week or more. Either that, or my eyes make it dark at two P.M."

"September 20, 1890.

"I think too that the near future is very doubtful for me. It will not surprise me if the end is near. If I did not think it unmanly to think much about it, I should say that I hope it is so. But the love of life and the *resentment* of the mind to dying are so intense, that I think there must be some other reason for them than the obvious ones. The wise way is to *wait* till it comes.

"God bless you always!"

To a Friend.

"If it may be, I should be glad to leave this world, if not in the light of a golden sunset, at least in the silver twilight which shall be the emblem of a coming rest."

ADDENDUM.

In June, 1891, a service in honor of the memory of Professor Phelps was held in Andover Chapel. The Address was delivered by Rev. Dr. D. S. Furber. Rev. Professor W. J. Tucker and Professor J. W. Churchill took part in the occasion.

Of the books published by Professor Phelps, the following list contains the most important: —

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